THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1963 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

35 CENTS

TRUE ®

THE WORLD WAS HOAXED BY "The Birdman of Alcatraz"

NEW FACTS ABOUT LIFE ON MARS

By Pat Frank

Revealed! HOW RUSSIA STOLE OUR ATOM SECRETS

By Ralph de Toledano

TOKYO

By Ian Fleming

7up the man's mixer

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Any vodka devotee will tell you this: One of the beauties of vodka is its elusive flavor. It should be allowed to assert itself. So 7-Up treats it gently. Never turns it into something unrecognizable. What 7-Up does turn it into is one of the most refreshing and delectable of all coolers. Sparkling as the sun on the sea.

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COMING...

FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS TO MAKE A FORTUNE SELLING

STARTLING INFORMATION THAT OPENS A GREAT NEW SALES-ROAD TO WEALTH

HERE is explosive new information that will turn the selling world upside down—a startling new approach to selling that can make any salesman rich.

But first a word of warning. It's not for men of modest ambition who want $10,000 a year.

It's for terrifically ambitious salesmen who want to make a fortune selling—for men who want to accumulate a quarter of a million, a half million dollars, or more.

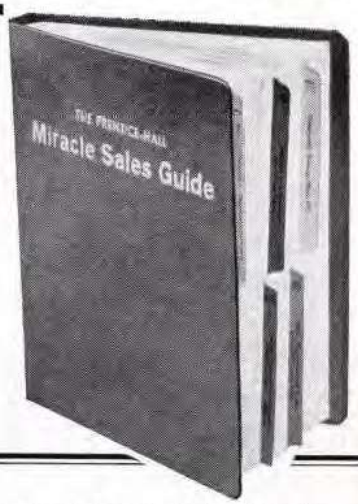
This hot new information comes directly from a study of 300 of the greatest salesmen in America—men who are making from $50,000 to $100,000 a year. The results of this study nearly floored us. Here's what they showed—

These great salesmen ignore traditional selling techniques—they use their own methods for all 9 steps of the selling process—they sell with their own set of rules.

This seemed so incredible we put it to the test at once; their techniques were applied in a dozen different sales organizations to see if they would work for other salesmen. The effect was staggering. Men who had been in a rut for years swiftly doubled and tripled their incomes—men who had been mediocrities zoomed to top-bracket success.

There was only one conclusion: the man who wants to make a fortune selling should discard traditional selling methods and use the techniques of these selling giants.

The full story is now available in the "Prentice-Hall Miracle Sales Guide." It explains the techniques these great salesmen use in all 9 steps of selling.



- **Over 300 pages of sales dynamite.**
- **Nine separate sections, with tab cards for easy reference.**
- **Full 8½ x 11 pages lie flat for easy use.**
- **Beautifully bound in simulated leather.**

Here they are:

1. Idea Magic These great salesmen use ideas as their stock in trade. They build each interview around a powerful central idea. This gets the prospect excited—gets big-volume business ordinary methods never get. The Guide gives you a technique that *supplies* these *ideas*—shows how to bring them into play—use them as the selling giants use them—and literally make a fortune.

2. Stop "Overcoming Objections" Great salesmen are not out to win arguments—they're out to make big sales. So they never "overcome" objections. Instead, they use another door which the objection opens to them. This puts them on the prospect's side—and he loves it. The Guide shows how to spot the open door each time an objection is made—how to move right through and make the sale.

3. The Only Five Appeals The Guide shows how big men concentrate everything on the *only 5 appeals that work*—and drop all other selling talk. This clears the deck for action—moves right to the prospect's self-interest. It is mature selling—and it works with a vengeance.

4. Sets Up The Sales Before You Arrive How great salesmen go to the interview with the sale ¾'s made. The 3 simple steps to take before the interview. The Guide shows how to use this *pre-approach technique* and use the interview to nail down the transactions. It ends the up-hill work most salesmen make of an interview—sends earnings soaring.

5. Making Each Call Worth Much More Special formula tells how much each interview must be worth if you want $40,000, $60,000—or $80,000 a year. This will shock most salesmen into a whole new concept of selling. How to move up to bigger game . . . whom to drop. The Guide shows you three ways to enormously step up the dollar value of every call.

6. Closing Greatness How to take all the pressure off the close—for the prospect and for you. Remember—if you can't close you can't sell. Here is an *invincible closing technique* exactly as used by the selling giants. When you see this you'll know why they're great—and how simple it is to join them.

7. The Power Of Dramatized Selling Big men know how to dramatize the facts to give them ten times the selling power—and get tremendous results. The Guide shows how these men make every presentation a *selling bombshell*—how they build into it the persuasive power that sweeps everything before it.

8. Big Enough To Dominate? 3 moves that put you completely in charge of the interview—permit you to steer things the way you want them to go. These techniques immediately give you great new selling power—plus that inner strength fundamental to becoming a selling great.

9. Always in Fighting Trim How to keep in top selling trim—emotionally and physically—day in and day out. This is no "act-enthusiastic" bunk, but the real thing. There are dollars at stake here—thousands of them. The Guide shows you how to keep selling at concert pitch—and make a fortune.

****The Miracle Sales Guide* **gives you these selling giants' 9 methods—fully explained for immediate application to your own work. The choice is up to you. You can make $5,000 to $10,000 a year, or you can make $50,000 to $100,000—it depends entirely upon whether you use traditional selling methods or the special techniques of these selling giants.**

DON'T RISK DISAPPOINTMENT
SEND FOR YOUR COPY TODAY

Get hold of a copy of this Miracle Sales Guide. It can be worth a fortune to you, it can make you rich. Demonstrate in your own life how this "giant approach" can bring you 10 times the success you get with traditional selling methods. Use the coupon to send for it TODAY!

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Please send me the "Miracle Sales Guide" that shows how a salesman may multiply his income tenfold, and enclose your bill for $15 which I understand is not payable in the usual 15 days after delivery.

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THE BIG SPLIT

Those who wonder why nothing has been done about the divorce scandal in the U.S. (*Divorce: The Swindle That's Breaking Men's Backs*—May) might ask themselves these questions:

Why are judges, lawyers, and legislators afraid to meet the United States Divorce Reform in an open public debate about divorce?

Why is the National Association of Women Lawyers for divorce reform and the men lawyers against it?

Why, with all the hundreds of Congressional investigations going on, is everyone afraid to investigate the divorce scandal?

Why is the right to a trial by jury denied in the divorce courts when Article 7 of the Bill of Rights guarantees this right?

Why is alimony deductible on income tax but not child support?

Why does the U.S.—the leading Christian nation in the world—have such a high divorce rate?

Why are Americans so concerned about orphans abroad, and so unconcerned about the 12 million "half-orphans" in the U.S.?

Why are divorce lawyers against our "Family Center" solution to marital problems—manned by human relations experts—instead of the "Trial by Combat" procedures in the divorce courts?

—George Partis, National Chairman
United States Divorce Reform, Inc.
Santa Rosa, Calif.

An avaricious wife can make more from marriage and divorce than social security, life insurance, steady employment and the race tracks all combined. For sheer net profits there are divorce settlements on record which make a boom-town prostitute appear to be a rank amateur. It is past time when all interested persons should unite, pressure and obliterate this foul blight on our society.

—John R. Koos, M.D.
San Diego, Calif.

Am compelled to congratulate you for this thought-provoking article. It typifies the adage, "What is women's, is women's; what is man's, is negotiable."

—W. Elliott Abbitt, Jr.
Charleston, W. Va.

The Anglo-Saxon law of Monogamy which states that marriage is a contract with equal obligations between husband and wife was first diluted by the Roman Codified Law under William the Bastard King of Normandy who conquered England and whose law we inherited. Thus, divorce became cause for ex-communication from religion. When re-established by Henry VIII, who became head of the church as well, husbands were handed the perplexing problem of disposing of the divorced spouse. They could hardly emulate old Henry the King and what a stinking mess we've made of it ever since.

—Abram Cabell
Redwood City, Calif.

I was very disturbed after reading Max Gunther's article on divorce. Our country is deteriorating morally with people making a farce of the Sacrament of Marriage. The betterment lies not in making it easier for men to get a divorce, but in making it tougher for women.

—Mrs. F. P. Hines
Jacksonville, Fla.

I want to register some applause before the inundation of soprano screams and Biblical quotations swamps you under.

—Thomas J. Kelley
P.O. Box 161
Belmar, N. J.

Applause outnumbered screams on a ratio of 25-1.

[*Continued on page* 4]

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Love Letters to Rambler

Lt. David A. Corey

U. S. Coast Guard Lieutenant David A. Corey of Quaker Hill, Conn., has owned many different cars—is now driving his first Rambler. But you can bet it won't be the last, to judge by his enthusiastic comments on his Classic Sedan with stick-shift. He writes:

"NEEDED NO CORRECTIONS ON THE 2,000-MILE CHECKUP"

"I have owned at least one each of the cars of all the so-called 'big three,' and the success I had with them could not even approach that which I have had with Rambler.

"This is the first car I've ever had that needed no corrections on the 2,000-mile checkup.

"I have just driven my 20,000th mile...(with an outstanding mileage of just over 22 miles per gallon). Aside from the gasoline, oil and lubrication costs, the only money I have spent has been for one fan belt.

"These have been the most enjoyable miles I've ever driven. Too bad more people don't experience this 'delightful driving'."

But thousands and thousands of people *are* discovering Rambler's "delightful driving"—year after year. Proof: more than 2 million of them have made the switch to Rambler and the number's growing at a record clip.

Why? Simply because Rambler gives them more in value and comfort and economy. And Rambler '63 is Motor Trend Magazine's "Car of the Year"! See your dealer and see it for yourself.

[*Continued from page 2*]

Saving Stamps Parade

In reading *It's a Man's World*—(April) which deals with Mrs. Edna McClain, who owns a bakery in Cleveland, Tennessee, and gives away U.S. Savings Stamps with purchases, I was brought to mind of a similar situation in my own town, New Richmond, Ohio. Since March, 1960, the A.P. Motor Company has been giving U.S. Savings Stamps with purchases of gasoline. This has proven to the consumer to be of far greater value than the trading stamps.

—*Emilie Donham*
New Richmond, Ohio

. . . This practice is nothing new in our small town of New Richmond, Ohio. Since March, 1960, the A.P. Motor Company has been giving U.S. Savings Stamps on gasoline purchases . . .

—*Mary Alice Faulkner*
New Richmond, Ohio

I would like to call attention to the A.P. Motor Company of New Richmond, Ohio, which has been giving these saving stamps away since March, 1960.

—*Jack Horn*
New Richmond, Ohio

We would like to bring to your attention the fact that in our area of New Richmond, Ohio, the A.P. Motor Co., has etc., etc.

—*Gelaine Lews*
New Richmond, Ohio

This practice is in no way unique. I should like to bring to your attention, etc., etc.

—*Daniel Light*
New Richmond, Ohio

Must be some truth in that rumor.

Mighty Man Mannix

Let's have more like *My Life and Laughs in a Household Zoo*—(May). That's something everyone will enjoy reading; I sure did. But only 57 pieces written for True by Mr. Mannix? You should be ashamed.

—*J. M. Tims*
Hobart, Okla.

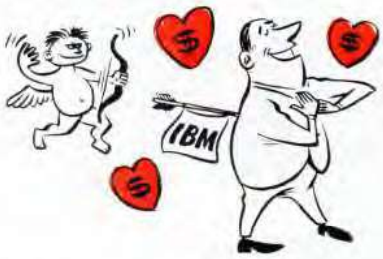
There is only one word for men like Dan Mannix—Bravo! I'm happy to see there is at least one man such as he who appreciates wild life alive and not slaughtered.

—*Noel Crawford*
York, Nebr.

His pretty wife, Julie, says the one word for Dan is "Noah."

Machine Age

Your article, *Man vs. His Terrible Tempered Machines*—(May) reminds me of what happened to a friend of mine—perhaps the only man who ever triumphed over the machine age. He applied for a job in the



sales department of a large corporation, and dutifully filled out an endless questionnaire on his past experience and background. Also on the form was a blank marked: "Expected Salary." My friend filled in the form, then handed it in to the personnel manager. "What happens now?" he asked the man. "Well," he was told, "we feed all this information into an IBM computer, and soon know whether or not you're good enough for the job. Come back in two weeks."

"What a dreary pass this country has come to," he complained to me, "when a man's whole career, his *life*, can be jeopardized by a clanking, blinking contraption!"

Two weeks later he went back. The personnel chief took out the questionnaire and well-ventilated IBM card. He studied my friend nervously, and said: "Well, Mr. Witherspoon, it seems you have the job. And, according to the machine's computations, we have to pay you $4,000 a year more than you asked for."

My friend has never again complained about Man and his terrible-tempered machines.

—*Mort Gerberg*
New York, N. Y.

I owned five Model "T's" and got along with them well. They needed to be babied sometimes, cussed at, other times. With one, I used to have to kick the fire-dash to start the four separate coils operating, even though I tried several different sets. A really docile "T" you could shut off when hot, go in for a quick one, come out, turn the key to "Battery" and need never touch the starter. On a cold morning, if you were cranking a "T," it would try to run over you when it started. The Model "T" has been touted as the best practical car ever built; it wasn't. But it *was* a personality machine, a laborer with the soul of a poet, and an inferiority complex. It was always trying to prove something, and if you weren't sympathetic, it would.

—*H. William Egger*
Meadville, Pa.

Branding Irons

Regarding *Brands for the Burning, Man's World*—(May), I am reminded of a brand suggested as a fitting one for an excessively unenergetic cowman: 2 ⊼ P.

—*John Burnham*
Tucson, Ariz.

URA ⊢

Bird Watchers

As an Oriole fan and even though I might

[*Continued on page 8*]

Super Hi-Miler (at left) vs. comparably priced truck tire (at right) after typical accelerated, high-speed, overloaded, 50,000-mile test on same equipment, over same roads, with same driver.

yes, outwears! yes, any other!

Goodyear's New Super Hi-Miler truck tire

yes! Super Hi-Miler is made with TUFSYN—toughest, longest-wearing synthetic rubber in Goodyear history. And it's been proved over millions of highway miles!

yes! A new wide-tread pattern lengthens Super Hi-Miler life. Tread wear is distributed over much greater area to reduce *rate* of wear and increase mileage.

yes! Super Hi-Miler beats tire-killing heat. Dual-compounded tread has a resilient inner tread to cut heat buildup. Open shoulder grooves dissipate heat further.

yes! There's longer wear in compact continuous ribs, too. No small segments to squirm and scuff away mileage. Deeper outer grooves for extra traction, extra safety.

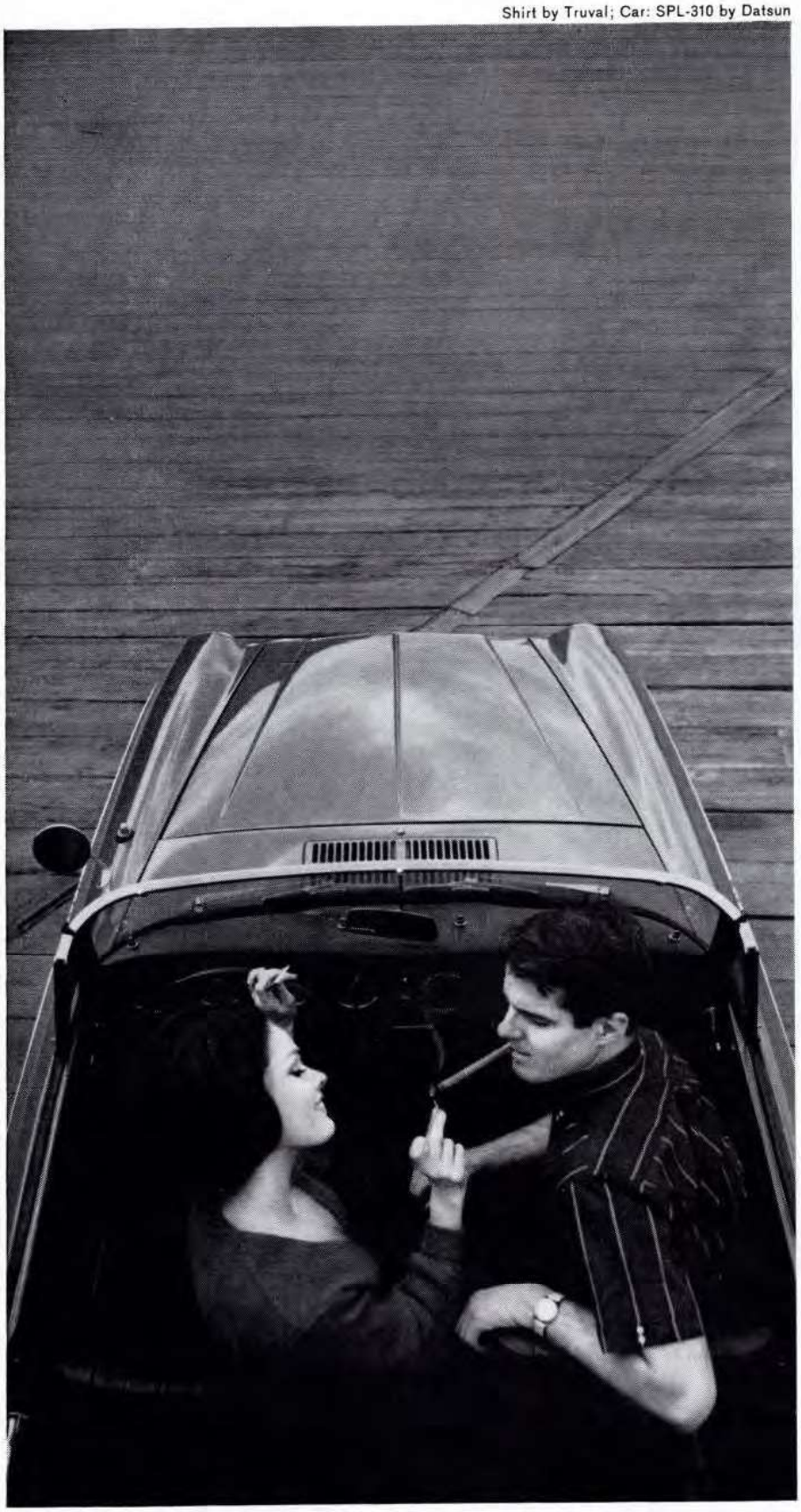
yes! Super Hi-Miler rides with a new "muted sound" for less "rumble" at high speeds on the road. Variable zigzag tread segments are acoustically engineered. Listen!

yes! Goodyear's new Super Hi-Miler with TUFSYN rubber outwears any other truck tire of its kind. Save with Super Hi-Miler truck tires! Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

GOODYEAR

Hi-Miler, Tufsyn—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Shirt by Truval; Car: SPL-310 by Datsun



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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange —stranger than fiction. **Byron**

JULY ◆ 1963

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This condensation of the just-published book is one of the most shocking indictments of Russian treachery in World War II. Aptly titled "The Greatest Plot in History," it details Russia's massive scheme to steal our nuclear research.

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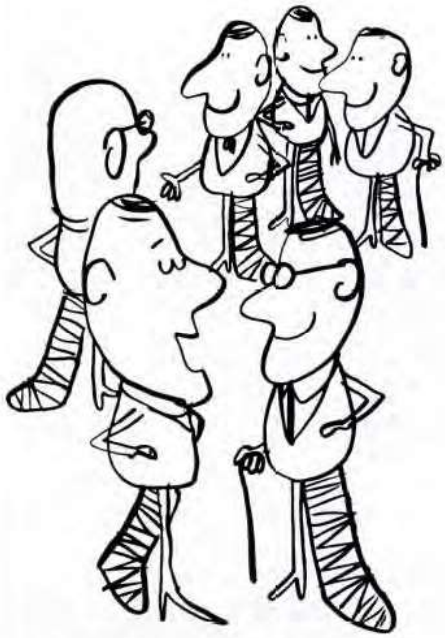

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You actually come out ahead when you insure your income to meet your family's needs, instead of deciding they will have to struggle along on much less after your income stops.

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ONE FOR THE ROAD

Cavalier, never one to overlook glamor in a girl (Miss July Week-end, starring in "Hay Fever," attests winningly to this) finds the action elsewhere as well in the July issue, with "Ten Portraits of Instant Speed." A portfolio of smashing new sportscars, with special comment by Raymond Loewy, famous designer of automobiles and hundreds of other modern **vita**-mobiles. Then there's "Meeting With Henry Miller," a personal visit by Lionel Olay with the inimitable author of The Tropics. Ditto, with the news-making Mr. James Hagerty, now of TV, in a Beth Day personality-feature. The stars of the Actors Studio, caught off-guard by photographer Wallace Litwin during rehearsals for their triumph in O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." A trip through Scotland, lad, side by side with "Study Of A Call Girl: Part II." "Water Whoop" explores Southern waters, girls and games. And, naturally, lots more in the complete, new, magazine for young men in motion. At your newsstand June 11.

Cavalier

[*Continued from page* 4]

agree with Mr. Veeck's comments about Billy Hitchcock (*Baseball's Expendables*—May) I cannot agree that the picture shown is Hitchcock. It bears a strong resemblance to Jim Gentile.

—*Joseph Smith*
Baltimore, Md.

. . . not a picture of Mr. Hitchcock, but of the Baltimore Orioles' slugging first sacker, Jim Gentile.

—*Warren J. Silk*
Baltimore, Md.

Photo shown as Hitchcock was Hitchcock. There is a resemblance between the two players, however, as photo below indicates. Hitchcock is shown with hat.

Cleaning Fluid

Until two months ago, I had always referred to True as a clean, wholesome man's magazine. I had subscribed to this magazine both for my own reading and to leave in my office for customers to read. In one of your recent issues there was an article about Bikini's (*Girl Watching on the Riviera's Bikini Beach*—Mar.), which I consider to be out of character in your otherwise fine magazine.

—*Mitchell Quality Service Cleaners*
Owensboro, Ky.

May you never refuse to dry-clean a Bikini—or we refuse to publish pictures of a pretty girl wearing one.

School Daze

I hope your column encourages more men to attend and hold office in the PTA (*It's a Man's World*—May). As a former principal and teacher for 30 years, I believe the PTA to be a valuable organization in our democracy. On the national and state levels it has made some fine contributions in improving educational opportunities for youth, protecting youth from exploitation and in other areas of child welfare. It is true that on the local level it sometimes does not carry on a valuable program, but this is true of any democratic organization.

—*Eugene Sweazey*
Winona, Minn.

. . . Any smart woman values a man's opinion and should be guided by it. Should this be printed please use my initials only. I don't want to get poison pen letters from the PTA members. They're against male advancement of any kind.

—*Mrs. K. W.*
New York, N. Y.

You should move to Levittown, Pa. See below.

Every time the PTA females spot a male who attends meetings regularly they manage to elect him president. And about nine times out of 10 he's the guy who likes to make speeches, plan social affairs, get his name in the paper, and doesn't know the first thing about education, and cares less. You see, the PTA and the teaching profession are in the same state of blissful conformity: "Don't talk about changing the status quo; don't encourage controversy."

—*George Caisse*
Levittown, Pa.

The Ladies Speak

My husband receives True every month. The first thing I read is *Truely Yours*. For too many months now I have put up with complaints from women about the magazine and many of its articles. So I would like to say a few words to these women: True is a man's magazine with articles written for men to enjoy. If you have to read your husband's magazine, the least you can do is keep your mouth shut if you disagree with it.

—*Mrs. C. I. Cei*
Vine Grove, Ky.

So what's so terrible about a wife reading her husband's True? My husband buys me a subscription to your magazine as a birthday present, and then he borrows it from me.

—*Laurel Murphy*
Whitefish, Mont.

A Scotch-Irish Murphy, no doubt. A sense of saving and a sense of humor.

"It's been fun."

. . . but not as much fun as reading TRUE. Check one of the boxes and place your order TODAY. It will guarantee your fun for many TOMORROWS.

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Night Beat

Thanks for Bob Lipsyte's *Night Beat in the Asphalt Jungle*—(May), a rough outline of a New York "cop's" tour of duty. As a resident of the 18th precinct, I'm damned glad men like Giarnella, Ford, Driscoll and all the others are on our side.

—*James J. McCormack*
New York, N. Y.

DAV Speaks Up

Your writer Ralph Lee Smith (*Stop the Canshakers' Shakedown!*—March) unfortunately did not follow Al Smith's advice to "take a look at the record." Certainly there is another side of the Disabled American Veterans' Idento Tag coin. Apparently Mr. Smith did not care to look at DAV's Idento Tag record since 1958. Some 300 employees do work in DAV's Cincinnati Idento Tag plant turning out miniature license tags. Author Smith calls this work "fund raising." He did not explain the great majority of "fund raisers" are severely war-disabled veterans or their dependents. He did not explain jobs at the Cincinnati plant, classified as "sheltered employment" by the Veterans Administration and Social Security Administration, are not subject to minimum wage laws. We chose, however, to pay the minimum wage, or more. He did not explain the Idento Tag program helps pay 120 full-time DAV National Service Officers (the only veterans organization to provide such service free of charge) who have helped 1.5 million disabled veterans obtain jobs, get needed hospitalization and secure disability compensation since World War II. He did not explain the $1,336,500 DAV paid Abraham K. Koolish (with whom DAV severed all connections in 1952) for the Idento Tag idea also included cost of complicated, semi-automatic equipment used in manufacture of the little tags. The equipment is still in use today. Those of us close to the DAV organization and the Idento Tag program invite all Americans to "take a look" at our record.

—*Peter L. Dye*
National Commander
Disabled American Veterans
Denver, Col.

Author Ralph Lee Smith did look at your records and he further reports that an audit of DAV funds for the year ending December 31, 1961, prepared by Haskins and Sells, shows that, of $3.75 million received through the Idento Tag campaign during the preceding year, $2.98 million was spent for fund raising. This is a fund-raising cost of 76 percent.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

WORTH HIS WEIGHT

A store in Houston gives a wife one trading stamp for each pound of her husband's weight when she drags the chump into the joint for a weigh-in. Any wife with the gall to impose such an indignity should be beaten regularly, like a gong (to crib an imperishable simile from Noel Coward) and any husband who puts up with it has a fair estimate of his personal worth: 150-odd stamps made to be licked.

LESS PAY FOR WOMEN

Why are women paid less? Because they're worth less (that's two words, suh). Even though a man and a woman do the same kind of work, the woman doesn't do so much of it, what with time lost for nose-powdering and such. It costs an employer more to keep a woman, economically speaking, than a man. At least that's true for the Owens-Illinois Glass Co., whose officials told a Congressional committee that it costs 30 cents an hour more to employ a woman than a man. The high cost of females broke down to excesses of 14 cents an hour for absenteeism, more than 3 cents an hour for job-turnover, nearly 4 cents for lunch and rest periods, 8 cents an hour extra for health and welfare benefits, with a few other excess costs thrown in. Apparently women already get the same pay for the same work, relative to their productivity.

FABULOUS FELINES

We never associated cats with Martinis until we dropped in for a chat with Milan Greer, who runs a famous cat foundry called Fabulous Felines on Lexington Avenue in Manhattan. We have generally kept a cat around the house, but never owned a dog, which some of our friends think is a little queer, and we wanted to ask Greer if it's manly for a man to own a cat. The question roused his umbrage, which was quite a lot of umbrage, since Greer is a burly male with the physique of a 250-pound wrestler.

"It sure as hell is," he snorted. The false belief of many he-men that quasi-males are devoted to cats nearly wrecked Greer's business. Women shoppers for a family cat saved the day. "Bring your husband in," Greer invited them. Confrontation with the proprietor scattered false notions to the winds. Greer now sells more cats to men than to women. Cats like men a little better than women, he says, because men treat 'em rougher, and cats (like women) respond best to rough treatment. One of Greer's cats loves to be hurled down a waxed floor like a bowling ball.

Oh yes, the Martinis. A dog-owner comes home from a hard day's work, craving instant relaxation with a Martini, and what happens? His pooch paws him, slobbers affectionately, evinces incredible joy—and has to be taken out for a walk. Cats don't have to be walked. They show decent respect for a man with a Martini and never intrude upon his golden moments. Men's appreciation of the value of leisure, Greer thinks, explains why more and more men become fond of cats but regard dogs as time-consuming nuisances up with which they will not put.

It is true that cats are independent, dignified, and not given to preposterous flattery of their owners.

"A man has to have a supreme ego to own a cat," says Greer.

That's us.

PEERAGE

The Administration invites suggestions for trimming the national budget and getting a load off the taxpayer's back. We'll give 'em one: abolish preposterous boondoggling research on such things as a "peer-rating machine." This odious instrument has actually been developed under auspices of the U. S. Department of Commerce. It's an inhuman invasion of privacy. The general idea is that each of a group of men in an office, or wherever, rates the proficiency of his fellow-workers—like each kid in a schoolroom making a report-card on all the others. The "peer-rating machine," an electronic boob with tubes and pushbuttons, speeds this repulsive operation. Thus, in the Army, Joe Doakes is speedily rated by his fellows as "best cook," "good cook," or "bum cook." There's a simple way to bypass the flimflammery—let the CO sample the grub the guy turns out. The whole business of grown men being turned into schoolmarms giving marks to each other repels us. We hold that the constitution guarantees our right to keep our mediocrity as secret as we can. If anybody tries to put **us** through a peer-rating mill, we'll take the Fifth Amendment.

CALLING DR. SPOCK

A doctor warned a young mother that everything that might be put into her newborn baby's mouth should be boiled.

She turned pale and fainted.

LOOK OUT, TIGER!

Whenever we pass the new Princeton Club on 43rd Street in New York we're afflicted with total recoil. Don't get us wrong. Some of our best friends are Princetonians. But we remember the old Princeton Club, wherein women set foot at such risk as Ivy League perils afford. The sparkling new caravanserai not only invites women and children, in frenetic extrusions of family life, but actually bars lone males from the dining room. The place is planned "to please the girls." Princeton men are allegedly so infected with family-virus that they can't bear to stay away from their mates and offspring for restorative therapy. But were the men given a chance to vote by secret ballot? The club does make more money by admitting women. A pusillanimous excuse if we ever heard one.

Happily, new men-only domains spring up when cowardly old ones vanish. Dining clubs atop new skyscrapers, restricted to tenants, are tolerably or completely free of womankind. Numerous university and gentlemen's clubs still exclude women, with courageous disregard for the dollar. Men-only bars permit escape from shrill cocktail lounges. The poor man's club, the swinging-door saloon, shows signs of recrudescence. New York State authorities are considering revision of regulations to permit

(Continued on page 12)

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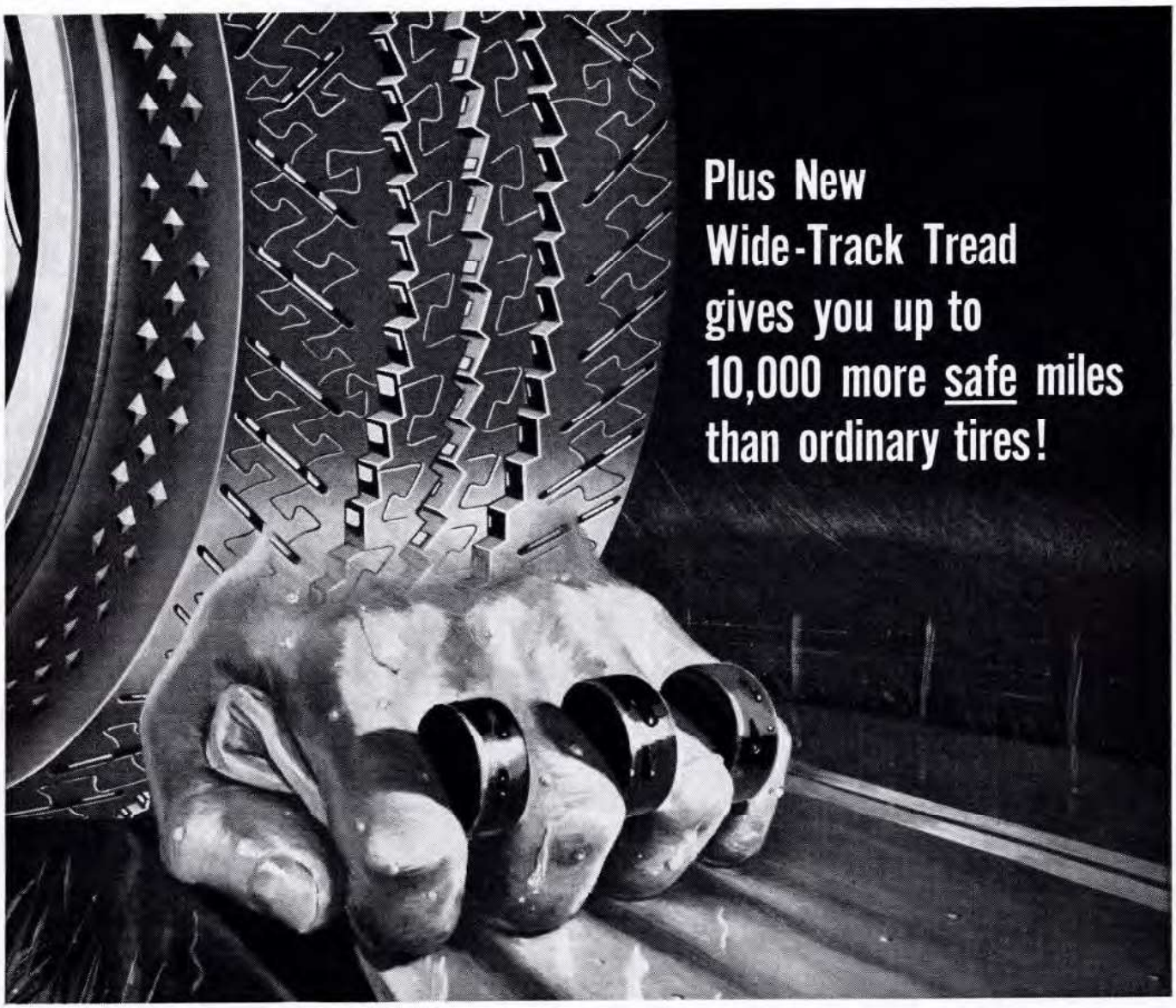

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)
modernized saloons, with or without sawdust on the floor. Low-decibel male refuges where women cease from troubling are essential for a happy society. They're as important to women as men. Women look a lot better to a man who comes out of a restful place where they ain't. Nothing erodes relations between the sexes like unremitting companionship.

JADED? JOG!

Physical fitness fads come and go. Remember the 50-mile hike? You have to jump onto a fad fast to be exclusive. Be the first jogger in your community. Jogging is simple. You run until you puff. Then you walk until you are breathing normally. Run again, walk again, in alternation. Jogging as a sport, or exercise, has caught on in the Northwest like a forest fire, sparked by Bill Bowerman, University of Oregon track coach. Bowerman caught the jogging bug in New Zealand and started the Eugene (Oregon) Joggers Club when he came home. Several hundred dogged joggers turn up for meetings at the university's track field. Any fat, lean, muscular, flabby, non-moribund person can jog within his capacities. Jogging is especially good for circulatory fitness. Jogging can even be done standing still—an advantage over 50-mile hikers who covered a lot of distance but weren't going anywhere. Enthusiasts claim that a jog is better for you than a jag.

HOT HEARTS

A while back we went through some remarkable "climatic rooms" at Tulane Medical School in New Orleans, under the guidance of Dr. George E. Burch, one of the country's eminent cardiologists. Every extreme of weather can be reproduced in these torture chambers, wherein volunteers are boiled, cooled, desiccated, fogged and miseried just as nature does it when the old dame acts up. For 20 years, Dr. Burch has been studying the effects of heat on the heart. They're not good. Extreme heat and humidity amount to violent physical exercise inflicted on the heart, even though you lie still and do nothing but breathe. Air-conditioning, sitting in a cool pool, or hiring a Nubian slave to fan you, will reduce the heart's work-load very beneficially. But it's smart to get lazy before hot weather hits. Northern winters whip up a man's body fires so that when the first heat waves come he's caught with his metabolism up and the sudden load may be bad for his ticker. We gathered that the thing to do, like right now, is to slow down, take it easy, ease up on the throttle, in preparation for summer heat. Don't rush out to mow the lawn on a hot day. Let the wife do it. Breadwinners should be coddled for the sake of the family.

BEERY TEETH

Where do consumers of Wisconsin beer and cheese get those big pearly teeth? Seems that some of the most famous Wisconsin breweries and cheese factories have for years been using water with a natural fluoride content considerably in excess of amounts artificially added to many municipal water supplies for benefit to children's teeth. This is a pretty pickle for people who oppose fluoridation but have been cheesily fluoridated for years without their knowledge.

CULTURAL BRUMMAGEM

The amount of pompous mumbo-jumbo with a built-in sneer that spews forth about the cultural state of the nation is stupendous. Coteries of intellectuals who look down their noses at the cultural illiteracy of ordinary people make solemn statements to themselves that are in some danger of being taken seriously. One August Hecksher, who is a consultant to the White House on the "arts," recently wrung his hands about "debasement" of the arts by inability of Americans to distinguish between amateur and professional artists. He suggested a "throw-away culture for amateur artists—do what you want to do, then throw it away." (How about that, Ike and Winnie?) The spread of amateurism is alleged to have brought loss of an objective approach to art as something "lofty and inspired. . . . What pleases us is considered more important than what is good." When greater nonsense is uttered, we'll expect August to utter it. If an ordinary guy can't tell the difference between a professional and amateur product, can it be that there is no objective difference and we need some condescending expert to explain why something is "good"? Over-rarefied custodians of culture have spots before their eyes that obscure the shenanigans, promotions and charlatans found in the art business as in others. There's nothing the matter with culture that a little humility can't cure.

FREEDOM OF THE BUMPS

Female pelvic contractions are not so unique as to constitute a property right, we were happy to learn from a court decision. Faith Dane, a dancer who bumped-and-ground and blew a bugle in the movie "Gypsy," claimed that certain pelvic excursions were specially developed and that she hadn't been adequately compensated therefor. The court decided that the little movements with a meaning of their own were not so extraordinary as to confer individual ownership. Girls are free to pursue the art without fear of patent infringement. Nice decision, judge.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

You have to work 2 hours and 21 minutes of every 8-hour day to pay your tax bills, according to the Tax Foundation, Inc.

A sterling silver shovel, suitable for ground-breaking ceremonies, can be bought from Tiffany for $1,000.

Pan American Airways equips all its planes with an instruction booklet for delivering babies en route. A sterile umbilical tape is stapled to the cover.

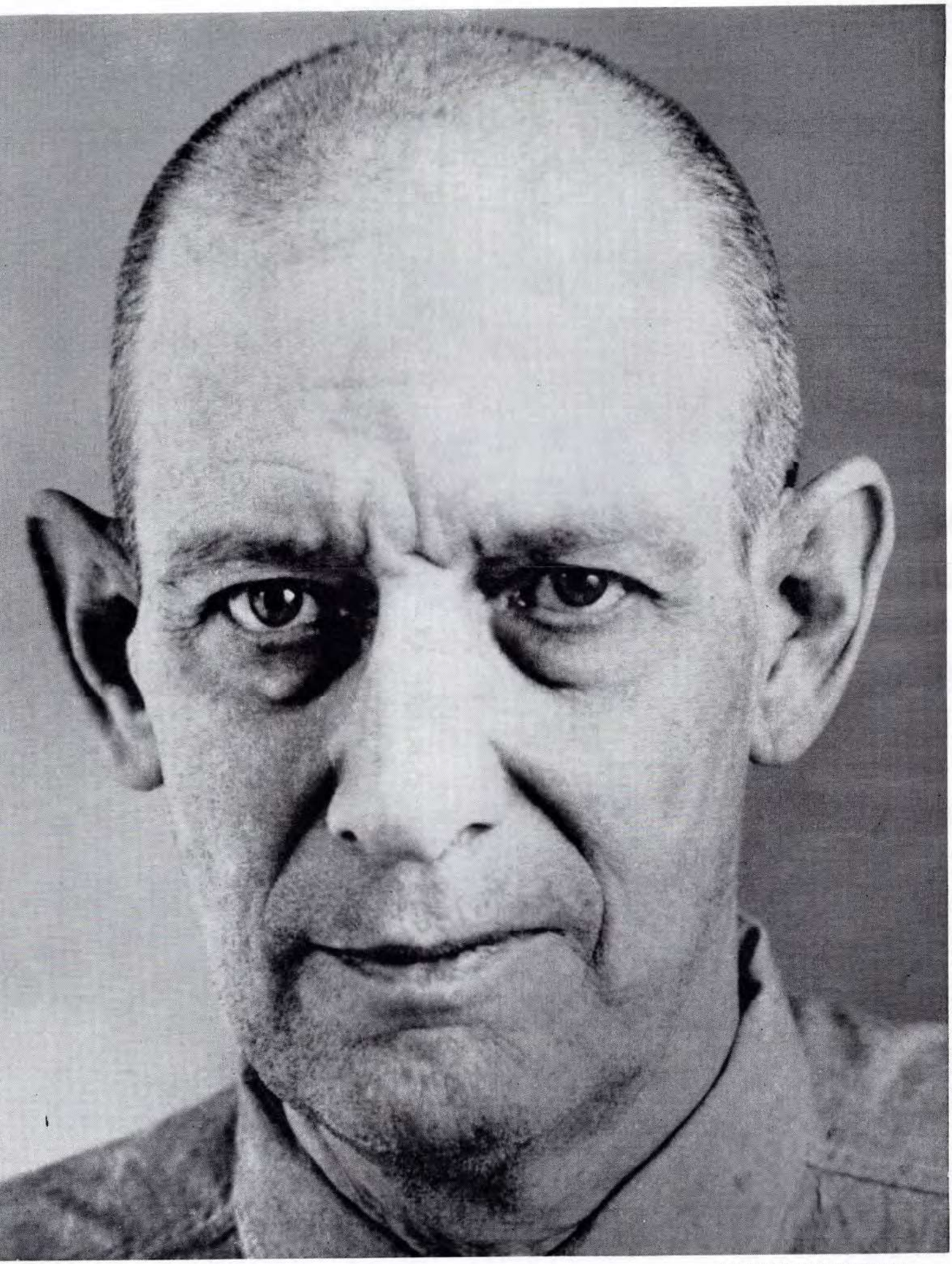
A 6-pound personal air-cooling unit worn on a belt is being tested by physicians of Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Co.

A wife's campaign to replace old appliances with new ones may be thwarted by Department of Agriculture estimates of the useful life of equipment: refrigerator or range, 16 years; washing machine, 11 years; freezer, 15 years; television set, 11 years; sewing machine, 24 years; upright vacuum cleaner, 18 years.

Major league baseball will struggle through this season with the help of $28 million ponied up for television rights.

—THE EDITORS

Mennen Speed Stick also available in Canada



THE PHONY FAIRY TALE OF "THE BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ"

A book was written and a movie made about Robert Stroud, the famous bird-loving convict. TRUE now presents the real truth, from federal prison records, on this double murderer

By CHARLES REMSBERG

■ If you are among the 10 million persons who have seen the current movie, *Birdman of Alcatraz*, or the 400,000 who have read the book on which the film is based, you'd probably like to slug a few officials. For the movie, the book, and the reams of magazine and newspaper propaganda cranked out about prisoner Robert Franklin Stroud, the celebrated Birdman, have delivered a single sledge-hammer message: a gentle scientific genius is unjustly behind bars because of vindictive politics within the federal prison system.

At 73, the legend goes, frail and brilliant Robert Stroud, convicted of two murders, has spent more than five decades behind bars, with a record 43 years in "dreaded deeplock"—solitary confinement. "Despite the opposition of prison officials," says a blurb advertising the book, he has compiled "a fantastic record of human achievement" by conducting in his cell the world's most exhaustive studies of bird diseases and their cures. He has, according to a sobbing review in *The New Yorker*, displayed "thrilling evidence . . . of rehabilitation." Claims a brochure that ballyhooed the movie: "This old man cannot now be considered a menace to society." Yet he has been ruthlessly denied parole for 26 consecutive years, because of what the Los Angeles *Mirror* has called "a vicious and vengeful campaign" of "medieval brutality" by federal prison director James V. Bennett.

Thousands of citizens, from actor Burt Lancaster (who gave an award-winning portrayal of Stroud on the screen) to housewives and high-school kids, have swallowed this hokum. In the United States, Canada and England, they have formed committees for his release and are flooding President Kennedy, Congressmen, and Attorney General Robert Kennedy with petitions and letters demanding his freedom. The State Department has even drafted a formal explanation of Stroud's case to soothe indignant Africans, who, along with other foreigners, are raising hell about his treatment.

Rarely have so many been bamboozled by so unworthy a cause. What the free-Stroud fanatics know of the *real* Birdman would scarcely fill the beak of one of his famous canaries.

The facts are:

—Robert Stroud has *never* spent extended time in orthodox deeplock.

—Much of his heralded work on birds was a convenient camouflage for a moonshine still in his cell and a smuggling racket in which illicit items were carried out of prison.

—Until recently, he wanted parole only on his own outlandish terms and has rejected at least one offer of a job caring for birds in an aviary-laboratory outside prison walls.

—He is a self-admitted sex deviate who must be closely watched to make sure he does not contaminate younger inmates. He openly espouses homosexuality as a "normal way of life" and has engaged in degenerate sex acts despite his age and infirmities.

—On the basis of recent examinations, psychiatrists have reported that beneath his carping, cantankerous shell lurk "sadistic" and "sociopathic" instincts. In the view of many who know and have examined him, he might be triggered into further violent crimes.

The evidence behind these charges is locked in 15 folders in the confidential files of the federal [*Continued on page* 20]

Birdman Stroud has served 54 years in federal prisons for two murders.

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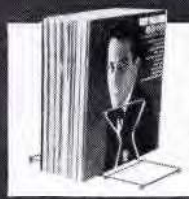

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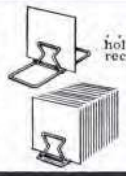

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HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

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10. Also: Truly Do, Come Softly to Me, Confidential, etc.

87. Wine, Women and Song; Explosions Polka; 11 in all

4. My Darling, My Darling; Here I'll Stay; 12 in all

5. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.

143. Also: Moments To Remember, 3 Coins In The Fountain, etc.

213. One Note Samba, Melodie D'Amour, Dansaro, 12 in all

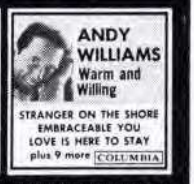
63. Also: A Guy Is A Guy; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc. *

7. Also: Swingin' School, etc. (Not available in stereo)

88. Performance is "most beautiful." —The Atlantic

223. It's All in the Game, Full Moon and Empty Arms, 10 more

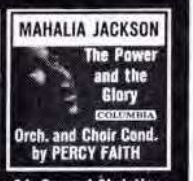
52. Splish-Splash, Gravy, 10 more. (Not available in stereo)



128. Also: More Than You Know, Warm All Over, etc.

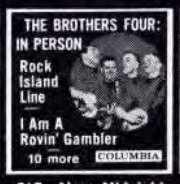
107. "Serkin in his finest recording." — Hi Fi/Stereo Review

75. Complete score of "another R&H winner!"—Newsweek



64. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all

130. Just In Time, Because of You, Rags to Riches, 12 in all *

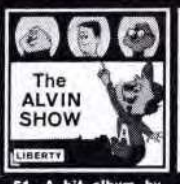


217. Also: Midnight Special; Whoa, Back, Buck; etc.

30. Sensational session by first jazz man to star at White House

100. An immortal work: "magnificent."—The Atlantic

137. Honky-Tonk (Part I and II), 'Deed I Do, Buster, etc.

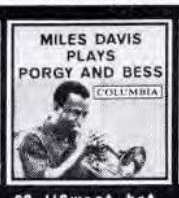


51. A hit album by the Chipmunks for all the family to enjoy

89. "His Chopin is uncommonly satisfying."-Phila. Inquirer

211. Mack The Knife, Fascination, Ruby, Ramona, 12 in all

218. Stranger in Paradise, And This Is My Beloved, etc. *



62. "Sweet, hot, and haunting." — McCalls

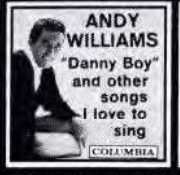
164. "Stunning virtuosity . . . elegant color."—Hi Fi Review

114. Also: Because of You, Be My Love, I Remember You, etc.

156. Dazzling performances of these marvelous works *

136. Also: Route 66, Witchcraft, My Kind of Girl, Hurt, etc.

212. Also: Solitude, Intermezzo, Ebb Tide, Beyond the Sea, etc.



214. Secret Love, It Could Happen to You, Misty, Tammy, etc.

167. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth."—HiFi Rev.

125. Virile, sensitive singing of Rodgers & Hammerstein's hit *

12. Also: Chains of Love, Send for Me, Looking Back, etc.

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TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

14. Also: Calcutta, Green Onions, Red River Rock, etc.

73. "Attractive score ...wonderfully sung." —Am. Record Guide

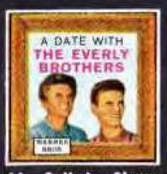
83. "Charming . . . enchanting music."—N.Y. Journal American

3. Also: The Bossa Nova, La La Limbo, Baby Come Back, etc.

8. Also: Around the World, Volare, Teach Me Tonight, etc.

79. More inspiring songs from world's best-loved choir

158. "America's most celebrated organist!"—Newsweek



44. Cathy's Clown, Lucille, A Change of Heart, 12 in all

13. Also: In My Little Corner, Pretty Lies, The Wedding, etc.

45. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.

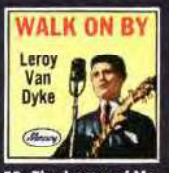
58. Also: Rinky-Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.

71. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc. *

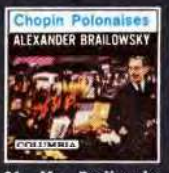
17. Also: Railroad Bill, Cotton Pickers' Song, Whistle, etc.

84. "Magically good performance!" — Time

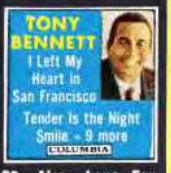
34. Harbor Lights, I Wish, Sleepy Lagoon, My Secret, 8 more



55. The Image of Me, Handful of Friends, Big Shoes, 12 in all

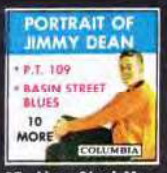


81. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N.Y. Times



29. Also: Love For Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

70. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all



37. Also: Steel Men, Have You Ever Been Lonely, Nobody, etc.

65. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, Mam'selle, etc.

168. "Richness of the harmonies...gorgeous."—HiFi Review

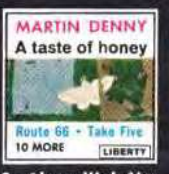
21. Delicado, Baia, Tico-Tico, Brazil, The Bandit, 7 more

39. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

86. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."-High Fid.

57. Stranger On the Shore, Midnight In Moscow, 12 in all

66. Cry Your Eyes Out, My Heart, Your Heart, 12 in all



9. Also: Violetta, A-Me-Ri-Ca, Exodus, Clair de Lune, etc.

175. "Appealing tunes and lush romanticism."—Life

28. Also: Take Me In Your Arms, Little White Lies, etc.

46. Crying, I Can't Help It, True Love, Mr. Lonely, 8 more

80. Also: Dr. Kildare, Bonanza, Gunsmoke, 12 in all

95. "Electrifying performance . . . overwhelming"-Hi Fi Rev.

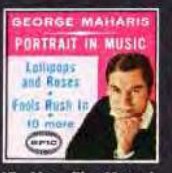
36. Where Are You, Coquette, Red Sails In the Sunset, etc.

41. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

19. Casey Jones, Waiting for A Train, Chain Gang, 9 in all

121. Also: The Third Man Theme, Rumble, Honky-Tonk, etc.

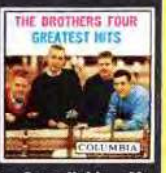
90. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos



47. Also: The More I See You, Talk To Me, Where Are You, etc.

22. Also: Do-Re-Mi, The Children's Marching Song, etc. *

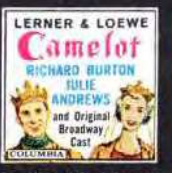
96. "A top-notch performance." — Amer. Record Guide



6. Greenfields, My Tani, Green Leaves of Summer, 9 more

178. "Faultless playing, fabulous sound." —Washington Post

123. Little Rich Girl, Worried, Progressive Love, 12 in all

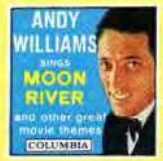


42. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph."—Kilgallen

177. "Brilliant performance . . . lush . . . rich."-Musical Amer.

24. Also: I Believe, Granada, That Lucky Old Sun, etc. *

60. "Strong appeal... lush instrumental treatment."Billboard



1. Andy also sings: Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, Maria, Tonight, Three Coins In The Fountain, 7 more

11. Vibrant folk songs: If I Had A Hammer, Lemon Tree, This Train, 500 Miles, It's Raining, Cruel War, 12 in all

82. Magnificent performance: "Quite possibly the greatest piano recording yet made!" — HiFi/Stereo Review

74. Irving Berlin returns with another great hit: "Delightful performance . . . first-rate score." —Show Magazine

23. Conniff's musical magic at its best: Lady of Spain, Malaguena, My Romance, Love Walked In, 12 in all

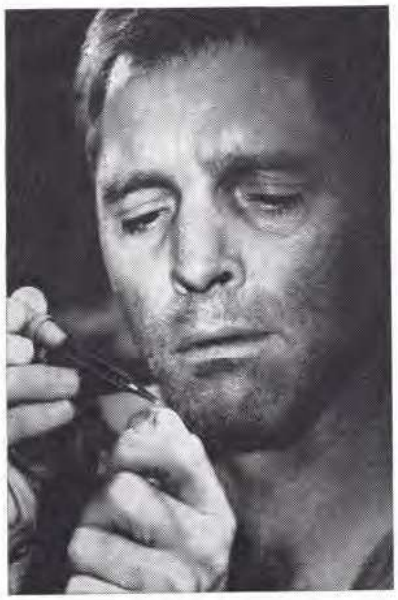
2. Bobby Vee swings with: Suzie Baby, Sharing You, Run to Him, Please Don't Ask About Barbara, One Last Kiss, etc.

162. The exciting artistry of Dave Brubeck in concert: "It soars and it swings . . . a breakthrough."—Playboy

99. Gershwin's immortal masterpiece is played with: "Fierce impact and momentum."—N. Y. World Telegram

18. This dazzling duo also plays: Near You, Exodus, Autumn Leaves, Canadian Sunset, Quiet Village, Bewitched, etc.

38. 76 trombones lead a glorious melody parade: "The music is exuberant with splendid tunes." —New Yorker



Movie: Stroud (Burt Lancaster) tends ailing friend. Truth: Stroud killed guard, stabbed one of his fellow cons.

Movie: "Isolated" Stroud treats sick canary. Truth: Stroud ran $8,000-clear mail-order business from cell.

Movie: Stroud loves birds. Truth: Stroud used birds as cover for still, turned down outside job offer in aviary.

[*Continued from page* 15]

Bureau of Prisons. It consists of official reports from prison personnel, psychiatrists, investigators, Parole Board members—and words from Stroud's own mouth and pen. Neither Thomas Gaddis, who wrote the *Birdman* book, nor screenwriter Guy Prosper ever saw this former secret information.

Representing TRUE, and with the help of the Special Government Information Subcommittee of Congress, I recently became the first magazine reporter ever to gain access to the Stroud file. Its contents are revealed here for the first time in any national publication.

To unravel the tight intertwining of fact and fantasy, it is necessary to go back 54 years to Stroud's first murder.

Muscular Robert Stroud, the barely literate grandson of a prohibitionist judge, had come to Juneau in 1908 at the age of 18 to help build a railroad through the icy Alaskan wilderness. Already, as he later told a Parole Board official, he had tried to kill his merchant father back in Seattle, once attacking him "with a rock in each hand . . . hard enough to break two ribs."

Nonetheless, the legend sees Stroud as just a city boy unfamiliar with the territory's backwoods ways. When he gunned down a bartender named Charlie Damer on January 18, 1909, the popular myth says he did so because Damer abused Kitty O'Brien, Stroud's "mistress, his first, last and only love." According to Gaddis' book, Stroud was offended because Damer blackened Kitty's eyes, stole a locket with her daughter's picture, and demanded that she live in sin with him.

Prison Bureau documents, however, offer a strikingly different view of Stroud's "boyish naïveté." A summary based on reports from the U.S. marshal in Juneau at the time and from a juror at the murder inquest states that Stroud was pimping for Kitty, a "woman of the streets who was addicted to dope." Once, after a night with Damer, Kitty told Stroud that the barkeep "paid her only $2, whereas the usual fee was $10." Enraged, Stroud went to Damer's home with a .38 caliber single-action revolver, "fired five shots, three of which took effect, then robbed" his victim.

On August 23, 1909, with an earlier jail record for larceny already behind him, Stroud was sentenced in U.S. District Court at Juneau to 12 years on a plea of guilty to manslaughter. He was committed to the federal penitentiary at McNeil Island, Washington, beginning a sojourn behind bars which to date has cost taxpayers nearly $200,000.

From the moment he disappeared into the cavernous corridors of McNeil, Stroud has been, in the words of prison director Bennett, "a constant source of trouble and agitation." It was only a matter of months until the jug-eared youth had lost all his good-time credit. On November 1, 1911, his hair-trigger temper broke loose of its tenuous moorings and erupted in the stabbing of a fellow McNeil inmate. Author Gaddis, a one-time Los Angeles probation officer who now teaches psychology at an Oregon college, wrote in his book that Stroud "secreted" food from the prison kitchen for a friend, and that he stabbed another inmate once in the "shoulder" when the victim "snitched," thus fouling Stroud's chances with the Parole Board.

But according to a report from Warden O. P. Halligan, Stroud asked Adolph E. Henry, a prison-hospital attendant, to obtain "certain poisonous drugs, stating to Henry that he wished to use them as knock-out drops" for a deputy U.S. marshal. Henry blabbed. Then, after Stroud admitted that the attendant "had supplied him dope on previous occasions," and promised to cause no more trou-

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ble, the warden let the matter drop.

Stroud didn't. In the prison mess hall a few days later, he jerked out a knife and attacked Henry "without warning or provocation." As Henry screamed, Stroud chased him down the center aisle and stabbed him "in the back" six times more before club-swinging guards came to the rescue. Warden Halligan reported "Stroud regretted that he was unsuccessful" in killing Henry and admitted that he had also intended to stab two other prisoners.

Stroud was sentenced to an additional six months for the vicious assault, and on September 5, 1912 was transferred to the grim new "hard joint" at Leavenworth, Kansas. It was in this concentraton camp of the nation's toughest criminals that Stroud's name and the bandwagon campaign to free him eventually began hitting the headlines.

The "Birdman" movie opens with his transfer to Leavenworth. Having thus ignored the first part of Stroud's grudge-fight against convention (except for a bare mention of the Alaska murder), it is only logical that the celluloid fairy tale proceeds to ignore many important developments that came later. Other propaganda pieces, too, have made no mention of numerous black marks on Stroud's disciplinary record. To do so would demolish Gaddis' contention that "there can be no mitigating circumstances offered by any officials in justification . . . for the treatment Stroud has received."

Yet prison officials told me, "Stroud has specialized in breaking rules. That has been his life."

In March, 1913, official records show, Stroud was tossed into solitary for making a hacksaw in the Leavenworth brickyard, and again in September, 1913 for trying to escape by cutting his way through the kitchen utility tunnel with a pipe-cutter, a hammer, and chisels. In August, 1916, a guard ordered Stroud to change cells so plumbers could make repairs. Stroud refused, kicked the guard, and threatened with a snarl to put him and an orderly "in the morgue in 24 hours." In June, 1917, Stroud tried to prevent a guard from quelling a prison-yard brawl. On several occasions he was caught in attempted homosexual acts with other inmates, especially with "young unsophisticated kids." He tried once more to escape in August, 1917, this time by gouging a hole through the west wall of his cell with a six-inch blade of filed-down steel.

One breech of conduct can't be ignored by Stroud's supporters. This is his fatal stabbing on March 26, 1916 of guard Andrew Turner—the crime for which he is now serving life.

A smirking Stroud, who later characterized himself as "too mild a personality" at this point in his life, described the incident in a letter now on file with the Bureau: "The guard took sick and died all of a sudden. . . . He died of heart trouble. . . . I guess you would call it a puncture of the heart. . . . Anyhow, there was a knife hole in it. . . . I killed him."

Ignoring this comment, the movie shows the murder occurring in the mess hall after Turner refused to "forget" that Stroud had broken a rule. That meant no visiting privileges. In the midst of Stroud's protests, the "screw" went for his club and tried to smash the convict's skull. Stroud stabbed in "self-defense."

Actually, Stroud himself has destroyed the self-defense theory. In a conversation reported by a Leavenworth senior officer, Stroud said he contemplated the murder before entering the dining room, even taking care to sew his homemade "shiv" into his jacket. When he started to discuss the disciplinary matter, Turner told him to get back in line, but made no move for his club. "Stroud said he turned as though he was going to step into line, and at the same time pivoted, doubled back on Turner and shoved the knife through his heart," the report says. Stroud's standing solution for grievances against guards, as he explained it to the officer, was "just grind out a good blade and shove it through a few of them."

In a series of trials and appeals in which he pleaded alternately that he was insane and acting in self-defense, the verdicts were consistent that Stroud had committed premeditated murder. The convict himself said, "I have had a fair trial." He was spared the hangman's noose only because President Woodrow Wilson commuted his sentence to life, against the advice of the attorney general.

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It was during his trials that Stroud began serving time in isolation, and after the commutation in April, 1920, he remained there. His supporters charge that authorities decreed "Stroud will never be permitted to associate with other prisoners and will be kept in segregated quarters for life." They claim this "cruel and inhumane" order was kept until 1959 for no reason other than to exact "the last full measure of suffering . . . from the prisoner who killed one of theirs," as the Los Angeles *Mirror* phrased it. A Salt Lake City paper once charged that for four decades Stroud never set foot outside "his dimly lit cell."

Justice Department officials assured me emphatically, however, that if such vindictive commands had been officially issued after the killing—the Prison Bureau denies they were—they would not have been binding on subsequent administrations. And there have been numerous changes in high command over the years. In addition, the records clearly show that after Stroud's transfer to Alcatraz in 1942, it was his own deliberate misbehavior that forced him out of contact with other inmates, not a prison policy of unrelenting hate.

Furthermore, Stroud was not kept in "solitary confinement." He was housed in an open-front cell in the isolation building and allowed all the privileges of an ordinary prisoner, except the right to move about the prison without close supervision. In correspondence with an inquiring Congressman, the Prison Bureau has indicated that he had "full meals, daily newspapers, regular visiting" and a cell "with a large window." The report said: "He is allowed as much time as he wants in the small exercise yard adjoining the building. . . . Other prisoners who are in separate confinement use the yard at the same time with him. . . ." When the prison began showing Sunday afternoon movies, Stroud attended, along with other inmates.

At the start he remained in the isolation section because it was the best place for him, and later because it was the place in prison he most wanted to be. After studying him, the prison psychiatrist reported he was "not prepared" to recommend Stroud's integration into the general inmate population "with any confidence," and Stroud himself told prison officials he did not believe he had the ability "to keep from getting into the same sort of trouble" that had blotted his past.

Later Stroud wrote Director Bennett: "Where I live, so long as it is pretty much to myself and I am permitted to live pretty much as I please, is of no great moment. . . ." Bennett says, "My associates and I made every effort to place him in the regular institutional population, but he steadfastly refused, enjoying the publicity and the role of martyrdom which he did everything possible to perpetuate."

The publicity, of course, centered around his famous birds. His story, printed in virtually every newspaper, was a heart-rending one. Starting with a broken nest of sparrows he found in the exercise yard, and with gifts of pet canaries from other inmates, the lonely con became known as a foremost authority on birds. When his flock was hit by disease, he conducted long experiments to concoct specific cures, studying for this purpose zoology, bacteriology, pharmacology, chemistry, and medicine. From his research, he wrote numerous articles for canary journals and authored two books, one of which (Stroud's *Digest on the Diseases of Birds)* was touted as "the best of its kind."

Stroud Committee members have missed no opportunity to charge that prison officials constantly hampered his efforts at research. Actually, authorities bent over backward to help him, and there is little doubt that part of the reason Stroud favored solitary was the fact that he was building up a wealth of extraordinary privileges there.

While other inmates occasionally kept one or two pet birds in their cells, Stroud at one time had 300 canaries—and was given an extra cell to use as an aviary at a time when the prison was so overcrowded that some inmates were sleeping in corridors. Records show he was allowed to amass more than half a ton of equipment—much of it material that by ordinary standards would have been considered contraband. It jammed his cell

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from floor to ceiling, and the place, according to a guard's report, "smelled like a chicken coop." He was granted unlimited correspondence privileges, and at one time was in contact with some 2,000 bird breeders throughout the nation. Canary lovers sent him as many as 12 sick birds at a time to be cured, and would-be scientists asked him to test various bird-disease drugs they had concocted. He was even allowed to market birds commercially, to sell his remedies, and to operate a brokerage business whereby birdseed companies paid him a commission for orders sent to him by bird breeders. Records say he was the only inmate in the entire prison system permitted to run a personal business from his cell, and Stroud himself once boasted of an annual income of $8,000.

While Stroud's massive ego prompted him to claim that his cures were "100 percent effective," that his research had been of "more benefit than all the work of government-supported laboratories," and that he had made "more original discoveries than any man since Louis Pasteur," less partial observers have other opinions. About 1930, records reveal, the U.S. Department of Agriculture notified Stroud that the labels on some of his bird medicines were "claiming to cure a disease for which veterinary science knows no cure." The labels, the USDA said, were "fraudulent and in violation of the Pure Food and Drug Act." Furthermore, Prison Bureau files contain complaints from bird breeders that while some of Stroud's discoveries were useful, "they are not what they claimed to be." In the 1950's, an editor of *Scientific American* told prison officials he had checked with various scientists and found that while Stroud had made contributions, he also "had put out a number of medicines that were of absolutely no value." And only last year, a scientist from Johns Hopkins University who evaluated Stroud's disease book reported that many of the 200 anatomical drawings in it were "not accurate in several annoying ways."

This criticism, however, has been largely drowned out by the tambourine jangle of Stroud's salvation band.

By and large, the drum-beating has been calculated to convince the public that the bald Birdman is nearly a saint. In a letter to a newspaper last September, for example, Gaddis repeated the myth that after Stroud started working with birds "not only was he no problem, but was notable for a perfect prison record. . . ." This is as far from the truth as Keokuk from Katmandu.

Stroud's demands alone constituted a monumental problem. While tear-jerking stories in bird magazines shrilled that he desired "only a little birdseed" and "an occasional piece of ice," prison records indicate that his demands were unprecedented.

At one point, he asked for 25 chemicals, claiming the list was "extremely conservative." He wanted mouthwash by the gallon and adhesive tape by the roll. A partial list from another "supplies needed" sheet includes: four kinds of seed in 100-pound lots, mineral feed, cuttlebone, disinfectant, insecticide, louse powders, sodium fluoride, cotton, cups, wire, sheet steel, glue, nails, paint, typewriter supplies, green feed, fresh eggs the year around, meal worms, bacteriological glassware, thermometers, technical books, and materials for making and testing cultures.

In a long letter to Washington soon after Bennett took over in 1937 as federal director of prisons, the two-time killer went even further, outlining concessions he felt would give him "moral, intellectual, and business freedom": 500 square feet of floor space "anywhere in the U.S., preferably on our side of the walls . . . and in a place divorced from prison routine"; a special mailbox number to appear on his stationery and advertising; a prison employee with "college education, medical background, pleasant disposition, and inquiring mind" to act as Stroud's personal custodian; and permission for an Indiana bird-fancier whom Stroud claimed was his "wife" by "contract" marriage to "keep house for me."

Such ceaseless requests were harrassment enough for prison authorities who were trying to control and rehabilitate

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some 2,400 other cons within Leavenworth's walls. But even more serious, Stroud was not, as his supporters claim, maintaining "an exemplary record of behavior."

Quite the contrary, I was told by Senator Edward Long of Missouri, who recently probed the case as chairman of the Federal Penitentiaries Subcommittee. "There had been no desire on his part to rehabilitate himself and become a good citizen in the institution. He knew how to play every angle to his own advantage."

First, the records indicate, prison officials discovered that during exercise periods Stroud, instead of playing handball, was engaging inmates from the isolation section in homosexual practices. His privilege of exercising with other cons had to be cut off, which explains why in the movie he always appeared alone in the yard.

Then, after another inmate confessed "a little bird" was helping him smuggle uncensored letters out of prison, officials discovered that illicit mail was being secreted by Stroud in the bird cages he used for shipping out canaries.

The most startling discovery, however, was that Stroud was using his bird paraphernalia to camouflage a moonshine still! After officers found him drunk "on several occasions," they shook down his cell in December, 1942, and confiscated nearly four gallons of mash and various quantities of alcohol concealed in sealed glass tubes, pint and quart bottles, and gallon jugs marked *Poison*. Stroud proudly pointed out that he had constructed a crude distillery from an old pipe, electric-light bulbs converted into flasks, glass and rubber. At one time, under the guise of conducting experiments, he had amassed in his cell more than 60 pounds of the sugar required for fermentation, and for his mash had utilized birdseed. The jungle of equipment and the foul odor of the birds had masked the distilling process. Stroud boasted that he had transformed both chemicals and medicines with alcoholic bases into high-proof hooch for 12 years without the "dumb bunch" at Leavenworth becoming suspicious.

Besides the still, the inspection unearthed a stiletto-like dagger, cleverly concealed in a hollowed-out chamber under the table-top. The dagger was so placed that it could have been grabbed in a fraction of a second and used as Stroud had used another knife to kill guard Turner in 1916.

The year of the shakedown was the year Stroud was transferred to Alcatraz, "the Devil's Island of the federal prison system." His sympathizers, busy bellowing about his "surprising feats of self-rehabilitation," pounced on the move as another example of "government persecution," a "vengeful" means of destroying a "dedicated scientist's" bird empire.

But prison records show that the move was recommended as another attempt to get Stroud out of isolation by Leavenworth's classification committee, which annually reviewed each inmate's case to decide whether he was being handled properly. In a special progress report, the committee advised Washington that Stroud's "homicidal traits and impulsively dangerous tendencies" made it inadvisable to return him to the general population at overcrowded Leavenworth, where he enjoyed a notorious reputation. On the other hand, the committee felt, Stroud might be "safely and effectively" confined with other cons on the Rock, where a small population was intensively supervised.

In the cold bleak dawn on December 16, 1942, appearing "dazed as if he had had a shot of dope or a drink of intoxicating beverage," Stroud was roused from his bunk and taken by bus to Kansas City to start the three-day Pullman ride west. Behind in his cell he left an inventory of items—much of it contraband—that covered six pages. Among the items were a hypodermic syringe and a letter from Stroud explaining that the needle had been used to inject a Negro prisoner with "a lethal dose of pilocarpine" and that Leavenworth doctors tried to use the syringe to murder Stroud in a similar manner. The charges, thoroughly investigated by Senior Surgeon M. R. King, were ultimately interpreted as evidence that the aging Birdman was "becoming increasingly paranoid."

Stroud's profane conversation en route to Alcatraz, reported to Washington by a senior officer, suggests that he was not, as his supporters have claimed, "gradually transformed into another man" by his work with birds. He vividly recalled shooting at Charlie Damer five times because "he did not pay a woman enough for her services," and expressed sorrow that "the gun didn't hold more shells."

He mentioned "carving up" Adolph Henry at McNeil. And even though handcuffed and in leg irons, he tried to demonstrate his artistry in thrusting the dagger into Andrew Turner's heart.

"Every time someone dies," the officer quoted him, "they are making the world fit for someone else to live." Just two months later, *American Canary Magazine* was chirping about Stroud's "God-given love of the creatures inhabiting this world. . . ."

At Alcatraz, according to the Birdman's lawyer, Stanley Furman, the only trouble Stroud caused his keepers stemmed from his "courage to complain when maladministration became annoying." And Gaddis contends he was "punished in ways that are almost unbelievable."

Again, let's consult the thick file in Washington.

It says that Stroud was considered unsuitable for immediate integration with the general prison population, so he was housed in an open-front cell in D-block, the treatment unit for prisoners who have difficulty adjusting to institutional routine. Although in single cells, these men can talk to one another, have recreation yard privileges, and are *not* in solitary.

A guard's report states it was not long before Stroud established "leadership over the 40 to 50 inmates confined in the treatment unit and consistently agitated and incited various members of the group to create disturbances and destroy government property. . . . Inmate Stroud is a self-professed homosexual who by his own admission not only engages in homosexual practices when in a position to do so, but also openly advocates and promotes the proposition that homosexuality is entirely a proper way of life. Stroud has been heard repeatedly . . . encouraging other inmates to defy officers, cause frequent disturbances, and adopt degenerate homosexual ideas." It was further reported that Stroud "has openly boasted he would not hesitate to take human life if necessary."

Disciplinary reports show that in December, 1946, Stroud tried to "draw a guard into a conspiracy to carry out an unauthorized letter to his brother in Minneapolis asking for $50, no doubt for purchase of contraband articles." A month later, during a shakedown of his cell, he tried to destroy an obscene story he had written and "had been circulating among other inmates and any officers he could involve, in an attempt to make contacts for contraband." (Stroud has since admitted writing pornography "for amusement.") In October, 1947, he was "active in a food strike in D-block," inflaming other inmates to take part in demands for "more yard privileges and second helpings of food." He organized another week-long strike in August, 1948, "agitating and influencing other inmates to refrain from eating" because a Negro convict had been assigned as orderly for the cell block and Stroud wanted him out.

At this time, illness prompted Stroud's removal to the prison hospital. The strike ended abruptly. An annual progress report observed that his "absence from the treatment unit has greatly curtailed the confusion and dissension. . . ." Officials decided to keep him in the hospital.

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Except that an entire ward had to be vacated to house him peacefully, Stroud at first enjoyed ordinary hospital privileges. The door to the ward was left open and he could converse with other inmates. Soon, however, it became necessary to keep the door locked. Explains a report: "Stroud took advantage to induce other inmates to pass contraband items into his cell, including unauthorized drugs and razor blades." The medical staff reported him "dangerous and treacherous."

Despite the alternatives open to him, Stroud had succeeded in working his way back to isolation.

In the 1950's he twice attempted suicide, once by gulping an overdose of drugs and once by slashing his groin with a blade broken from his locked razor. Before the last try, which prison officials say was prompted by his belief that he "didn't have enough handkerchiefs," Stroud inscribed on his thighs a message that he was being "driven insane." Warden E. B. Swope described him as "psychotic." Thereafter, he was kept under even tighter supervision. A guard had to be present when he shaved or bathed, and he was not allowed out of his room. The movie, ignoring all this, said the only reason he was not returned to the general prison population was because of official rage over a manuscript he had written on the history of the federal prison system.

During the same period, beginning in 1952, Stroud refused to appear for his annual hearing before the classification committee. "The committee," prison officials told me, "was trying to determine if he was ready to go elsewhere. His refusal to appear indicated he wanted to stay at Alcatraz and had no especial complaints." Despite his public charges that he was constantly being "persecuted," he admitted to his brother in 1955 that an Alcatraz warden "many times offered to build me a place for my work, but I turned it down." Later, a psychological report concluded that Stroud "seems almost to invite hardships and deprivation so he can continue to have a basis for his crusade."

When I discussed the case recently with Stanley Furman and Thomas Gaddis, both stressed that Stroud's "sanity" and "abstinence from violence" in recent years (except for his suicide tries) are among the strongest arguments for his release. Indeed, Furman told me he would "withdraw" from the campaign if it were "proved" that Stroud has "any emotional instability which would make him dangerous" to society. The crusaders base their contention that Stroud "does not need psychiatric help" on a letter from prison director Bennett to that effect. But, I discovered, the letter was written 12 years ago. The results of recent examinations by prison psychiatrists have not been known outside officialdom until now.

In July, 1959, a combination of physical infirmities and a desire to try once again to effect Stroud's gradual return to a general prison population caused his transfer to the federal Medical Center at Springfield, Missouri. After a battery of tests there, psychologists and psychiatrists concluded that Stroud displayed evidence of "repressed hostility, a basic sociopathic personality disturbance, egocentricity, preoccupation with sexual matters, poor judgment, moderately severe intellectual impairment, and paranoid thinking." Gaddis himself admitted to me that these are symptoms of "a psychopathic personality."

"Even at 70," states a psychiatrist's report, Stroud "describes the scenes of violence in his life . . . in detail and with an apparently sadistic pleasure, repeating the acts symbolically with vigorous motion, then laughing." A Rorschach (ink-blot) test revealed that Stroud is "a person who has a compulsive need to do the big thing . . . a much too ready tendency to superimpose generalizations on facts whether they fit or not . . . a paucity of inner resources to fall back upon in periods of unusual stress and so insure avoidance of uncontrolled impulsiveness." Psychiatrists noted he "made special comments in some of the tests, revealing that in early life he had an intense wish to be a girl."

This desire is reflected, perhaps, in a homosexual incident which occurred at Springfield in 1960. A guard caught Stroud, naked from the waist down, on the floor with another inmate. Stroud, taking the female role, admitted he had been the aggressor and said he had been a pederast for years, "taking every opportunity at both Leavenworth and Alcatraz." Yet Furman told me recently that Stroud "doesn't have any real sex drive any more" and that he has "never engaged in *aggressive* homosexuality."

On another occasion, authorities confiscated an erotic manuscript Stroud had written. The story, so vile it must be locked in a Prison Bureau vault for fear secretaries might encounter it in the regular files, describes degenerate intercourse between a 14-year-old boy and his 8-year-old brother.

Authorities at Springfield soon discovered it was necessary once more to place Stroud under tight supervision. At this writing he is forbidden to work without a guard and is allowed no young helpers in the bindery where he works.

In light of all this, why has the halo been woven around Stroud's head? Why has more misinformation been churned out about this case than probably any other in prison history?

One reason lies with the research used for most previous accounts. In preparing his book, Gaddis told me, he was denied access to the Prison Bureau files. Thus, he relied largely on newspaper accounts, court hearings, letters from Stroud, and interviews with persons who had talked with the Birdman. He never met Stroud until after the book was written, and then only briefly in a courtroom.

As author of the book and chairman of the U.S. Committee for the Release of Robert Stroud, Gaddis has been most responsible for getting Stroud's story to the public. The movie producers, also unable to see prison records, relied almost entirely on his work. Yet when I mentioned many of the breeches of conduct I have documented here—including Stroud's homosexuality, his attempts to smuggle drugs, his refusal to accept parole, and his leadership of the hunger strikes—Gaddis claimed he had found no "factual proof" of these charges in his years of research. Other incidents, such as the moonshining, he claimed were "exaggerated." Even though he has never consulted the prison files, he told me flatly: "I think much of Stroud's 'record' is fabrication after the fact. Some of the things got in the files because they are self-serving from the Bureau's standpoint." This was only 24 hours after Stanley Furman had, in answering my questions, admitted that Stroud is a homosexual and had indulged in misbehavior. Furman, treasurer of the committee, claimed he and Gaddis discovered these things after the book was written.

The hazard of depending so heavily on what Stroud has said about himself lies in the fact that, as Springfield officials have pointed out, "He persists in writing information to various people, chiefly his attorney, which is at variance with facts." Among the more flagrant examples are his statements that Dwight Eisenhower visited him weekly at Leavenworth; his contention that we could have won World War II "in two weeks" if we had not ignored a lethal, paralyzing drug he invented; his claim that he had a "foolproof" plan for eliminating Communist agents which he would reveal in exchange for freedom.

The myth goes that Stroud remains in prison only because Bennett wants to keep him there. Actually Bennett has no authority to release a prisoner except at expiration of sentence or through parole by the U.S. Board of Parole or pardon by the President.

Since 1937 the Board has reviewed his case every year, and for 25 years Stroud has demanded release only on his terms. In 1958, for example, he was offered a job by a Connecticut bird-breeder. Although a job outside is essential to parole consideration, Stroud rejected the offer, saying, "This man imagines I would enjoy taking care of a flock of birds, which is not the case. . . . I most certainly would never accept such employment."

Today, however, I have been advised that Stroud is now willing to discuss compromise, and the committees for his release are making every effort on his behalf. Already they have gathered 100,000 signatures on a petition asking President Kennedy for executive clemency.

But in light of what official records reveal, is the Birdman of Alcatraz, even after 54 years in prison, ready yet to live in society? —**Charles Remsberg**

COMING . . .

Have mental institutions in the U.S. become

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BY GENE CAESAR

A REMARKABLE FRENCH NOBLEMAN BUILT A LEGENDARY MONARCHY OF OLD WORLD SPLENDOR ATOP THE BLUFFS OF THE BLEAK DAKOTA TERRITORY. HERE HE WELCOMED ALL—WITH CHAMPAGNE OR BULLETS

THE DAMNEDEST DUDE THE DAKOTAS EVER KNEW

■ Early on the morning of June 25, 1883, the telegraph wires brought a frantic call for help to the Dakota Territory town of Mandan:

RUSH LARGE ARMED FORCE TO LITTLE MISSOURI ON FIRST TRAIN. VILLAGE IS IN HANDS OF DESPERADOES WHO ARE COMMITTING ALL KINDS OF DEPREDATIONS. HOTEL HAS BEEN SHOT FULL OF HOLES. UNLESS ASSISTANCE IS SECURED SOON, MUCH BLOODSHED MAY FOLLOW.

As serious as the message sounded, Sheriff George Harmon grinned when he read it, and he laughed aloud at the unusual signature: THE MARQUIS DE MORES. He'd met this soft-spoken young foreigner everybody was talking about, and in spite of the fancy clothes and fine manners, he rather liked the man. But clearly enough, the Marquis had a lot to learn about the West. Beyond a doubt, the so-called desperadoes were merely some celebrating cowhands or market hunters with an overdose of what was locally known as Forty-Mile Red-Eye.

"Hank," he told his brother, Deputy Henry Harmon, "go on over to Little Missouri. Tell the boys to knock it off."

The deputy read the telegram and laughed, too. "They got that crazy Frenchman worried, huh?"

The sheriff shrugged. "Kind o' money he's bringin' into the Territory, folks out there'd be smart to humor him a bit." [*Continued on page* 30]

THE DAMNEDEST DUDE THE DAKOTAS EVER KNEW

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

[*Continued from page* 29]

Hank Harmon took the next train westward eagerly. He'd only half-believed most of the stories he'd heard about this already legendary character who'd materialized so suddenly a couple of months ago. The Frenchman had plans for building a vast commercial empire in the near-wilderness. He was something, all right—the way folks told it. He offered iced champagne to every passing saddle tramp and retired each night with a luscious redheaded wife in a lavish private railroad car while waiting for a 28-room mansion to be completed. Now Hank Harmon was going to see for himself, and his curiosity wasn't clouded in the slightest when a rancher named Howard Eaton met him at Sully Springs with a message from the Marquis.

"His Lordship got a wire from your brother, and he just cain't understand why they'd only send one man," Eaton dutifully reported with a straight face. "But he says he'll be waitin' and have a couple of his hired men spotted on the diff'rent trails out o' town. You get killed, they'll consider themselves deputized and try to stop your killers from gettin' away."

"Now that's mighty comfortin'," the deputy commented dryly. "If I was figurin' on gettin' myself killed, that'd make me feel real good, wouldn't it?" He shook his head slowly. "Like George says, that fella's got a lot to learn about the West!"

Arriving in Little Missouri, Hank Harmon soon saw that the depredating desperadoes were just three hell-raising hunters—Frank O'Donnell, Riley Luffsey and Dutch Wannegan. "I got a warrant for your arrest, boys," he warned them. "Hate to have to serve it."

"We ain't done nothin'!" O'Donnell sounded sincerely astounded. He and his two partners had used various local landmarks for target practice. They'd publicly discussed the Marquis with some rather unflattering comments about his ancestry and loud descriptions of what they'd do with his needlepoint mustache if he dared show his face in town. They'd also threatened and roughed up every employee of his they could find. But they'd neither killed nor robbed anyone. With their rifles in their hands, they reminded Harmon of their rights as freeborn American citizens and contemptuously rode off.

Hank let them go. He knew exactly what would happen. They'd bluster a little longer, fire a few more shots to save face, then get out of town fast. Just as he'd figured, the long-haired trio were soon heading home for their hunting camp. [*Continued on page* 96]

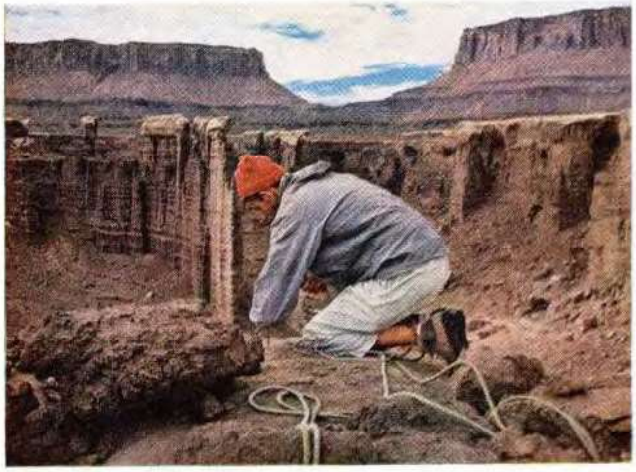
What happened next shocked not only the hunters but everyone who later heard of the incident. For the pretty-boy tenderfoot took sudden aim and killed Riley Luffsey with a clean, perfect shot and reloaded.

ROCKY ROAD TO THE TOWER TOP

■ The desert tower called Standing Rock, in Utah's remote southwest corner has always been an irresistible challenge for rock climbers. Layton Kor, well-known mountain pioneer, with Steve Komito and Huntley Ingalls, who have made many first ascents, met the challenge recently in a scrambling, two-day ascent they afterward described as one which "none of us would do again." Standing Rock is one of a group of strange rock towers left in the desert by ancient streams carving away softer surrounding rock. It took two days to climb 300 feet to the top. Fifty feet up the team encountered a 40-foot band of very loose, rotten rock which broke off on touch. Slightly higher, Kor, driving a piton into an overhang, was temporarily pinned down by a falling 100-pound block. The next section was easier, although the rock was still crumbly. Two thirds of the way up, the climbers rappeled off, leaving their ropes hanging for the next day's climb. The last third was climbed in a cold wind under heavy clouds. Finding no holds, the team had to hang from pitons with slings. Descent was fast; Ingalls described it as "very airy rappels." ■

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HUNTLEY INGALLS

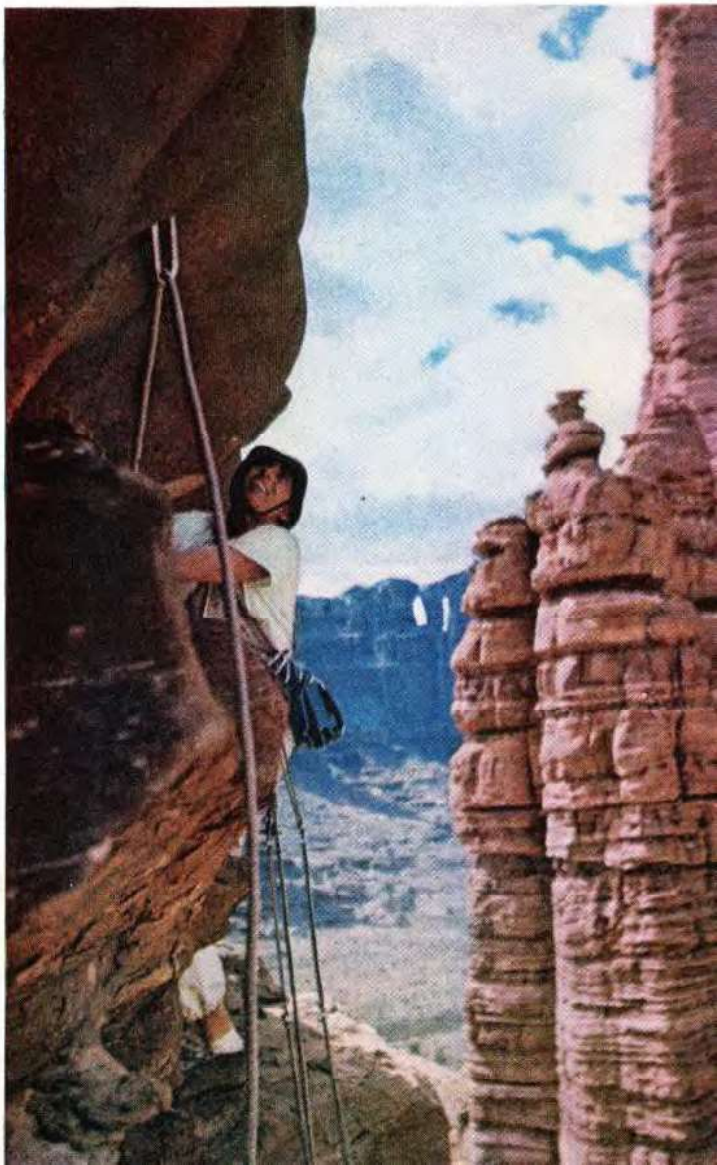
Layton Kor drives piton while hanging in slings. Cover shows him making last of four breathtaking rappels to bottom.



After final climb, described by Kor as being "beyond the vertical," he reached tower top at noon of second day.

◄ First day's climb reached this point despite several falls of heavy blocks from bands of loose, weathered rock.

Team advances slowly up rock layers, looking for holds. They considered Standing Rock a very dangerous climb.



The screwworm fly annually kills cattle and game valued at over $100 million. Now, an ingenious genetic trick is winning man's war against it

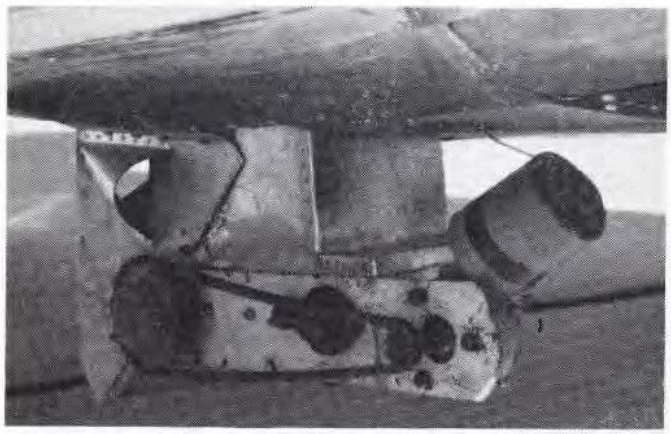
SEX and SCIENCE DOOM a PEST

Calf sick with screwworm infestation. Death is sure for any animal that goes undoctored.

In "fly factory" a female lays eggs on meat kept at body heat to simulate living flesh.

By BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

Cartons of flies are released from planes that fly a carefully marked grid, shown on map, seven days a week.



Homemade ejector on plane belly has distributed flies by the hundreds of millions over the huge Texas rangeland.

Cartons of sterilized screwworm flies are put on USDA plane nicknamed "atomic bomber."

■ The sight was totally repulsive. Row on row of meat-filled trays were crawling with maggots like a scene from some horror movie. The man at my elbow said casually, "These are screwworm-fly maggots. When we get the new plant going down at Mission, Texas, we'll raise and release 100 million adult flies each week!"

He was Dr. Raymond C. Bushland, a slight, quick, nervous and agile-minded entomologist who gazed upon the scene that revolted me with immense satisfaction. Well he might, for here in this gruesome factory-laboratory was nightmarish evidence of a great scientific idea brought to reality. The screwworm fly—perhaps the most costly and diabolical pest native to this country—was in the process of total eradication.

"It sounds enigmatic," he'd said when we first met, "that we should raise and release millions of flies to bring extinction to the species."

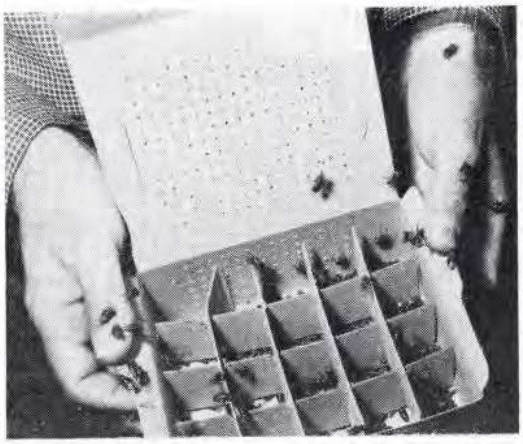
It had, indeed. But in that seeming paradox is hidden one of the most fantastic tales of the century, a startling demonstration of new-found powers of science over nature.

That horror-house creation, the adult screwworm fly, is innocuous enough in appearance. It is about twice as large as a house fly, blue-green, with three darkish stripes down its back. Its name derives from rows of spines winding around the body of the larva, or maggot, making it look screw shaped. This fly belongs to the blowfly group. But ordinary blowflies, as everyone knows, lay their eggs in carrion, upon which the maggots feed. The vile screwworm fly deposits its eggs in wounds on living animals, both wild and domestic, from birds and deer to cattle, sheep, goats—and even man. The maggots gorge on the living flesh. Results are too ghastly to bear description.

When I first heard about the amazing Texas screwworm project I went immediately to the U.S. Department of Agriculture Entomology Research Station outside Kerrville, Texas, Dr. Bushland's headquarters. I found an intense, chain-smoking, busy man whose title, under the Agricultural Research Service, is Investigations Leader for Livestock Insects Investigations. He heads up, from the Texas location, a group of research labs scattered over the U.S. Bushland is all scientist to the core, precise, with endless ideas and persuasive opinions and manner.

"Years ago," he told me, "when I was just out of college and working for the department as an entomologist, the screwworm intrigued me because of its utter viciousness, as well as the tremendous economic damage it did. We were always being urged to do something."

But what to do? The range of the fly, Bushland explained, was to some extent controlled. Known only to the western hemisphere, the species cannot tolerate cold weather, thus is limited to the South and Southwest. After the larval stage, the pupa are formed, drop to the ground and bury themselves in



Box of pupae hatches into box of flies ready to be dropped from plane, releasing sterile males.

From the mouth of this separator drop 100 million factory-grown larvae (maggots) each week.

Tremendous quantities of blood—upward of 6,000 gallons a week—are used at the Mission, Texas, "fly factory" as part of the food for hordes of maggots.

SEX and SCIENCE

the soil. They survive throughout winter where soil temperatures are not low enough to kill them.

With warm weather they emerge as adult flies, spread northward, traveling up to 35 miles a week. The females lay about 250 eggs at a time which hatch in warm weather within 24 hours. The cycle—egg, maggot, pupa, fly—requires only 21 days in summer.

"Sometimes," Dr. Bushland related, "outbreaks occur far outside the breeding range. Ten years ago I was rushed to South Dakota to see what was wrong with livestock. Farmers were horrified. Herds were being decimated. It was screwworm, brought in through a shipment of Texas steers. As soon as cold weather came it was over. But meanwhile a million dollars' damage was done."

During mild winters in screwworm territory the pupae spread over a broad range, get a head start next season over a much broader region before cold curtails them again. Following severe winters, damage is less widespread. But damage, regardless of winter's severity, is awesome.

"Let me show you something," Bushland arose, pointed with characteristic quick gestures to a map of the Southwest. "Associations of ranchers across this territory estimate screwworm losses of," he paced the words slowly, "one – hundred – million – dollars – every year!"

I had already witnessed to the last shudder individual instances of how this damage begins and ends. Let's say a steer cuts itself on a fence. Screwworm flies locate the blood, often within minutes. If the steer is not promptly found and doctored, the maggots launch their gruesome attack, proceed with such horrible effect that the steer soon dies. When young domestic animals are born in warm weather, mother and young must be doctored immediately to prevent screwworm infestation. Otherwise maggots literally eat the belly out of the young, and if the mother has hurt herself even slightly during birth, the same type of fate is hers.

"It's not just the loss of livestock that runs up the bill," Dr. Bushland said as we discussed these distasteful aspects. "Since ranching first began in the Southwest, cowboys have ridden the range doctoring 'wormies.' Each must be attended to at least twice a week. Cowboys never find them all. And untold miles of extra fences must be built to hold infested stock."

It is in the undoctored wildlife realm that one can see most dramatically just how diabolical is this winged killer. In screwworm areas, at least 12 percent of adult buck deer trapped in summertime have infestations caused simply from rubbing velvet from their antlers. These deer invariably die, their faces literally eaten away. That's one buck in 8 lost at adult size to antler rubbing alone. The astonishing loss of fawns is the real jolt: some years it's as high as 90 percent! Many of the mothers die, too. Other wildlife, right down to skunks and

Fly eggs in uncountable numbers are removed from racks to be hatched. Getting flies to lay under conditions simulating live flesh was tough problem.

For tight control over breeding, various batches of eggs are checked, graded for superior traits.

Canister of pupae is hooked to chain for conveying to remote, shielded radiation chamber.

various small animals, have to cope with the same problems.

Back in the late 30's, Bushland and another young USDA entomologist, Edward F. Knipling, were doing routine screwworm research. "We were," Bushland says with a grin, "the lowest rungs on the ARS ladder. It was Knipling who hit on the basic idea that launched this whole thing."

Observing captive flies, they began to suspect that the females mated only once, avoided males thereafter and died without further egg production in about three weeks. Knipling said, "If our suspicion's correct, and we could find some way to sterilize the males, we'd overwhelm the race and bring it to eventual extinction."

It was a daring, fantastic scheme. But like many such, putting it into practice was something else. First came the long struggle just to be listened to. There was the general impression that Bushland and Knipling were young scientific crackpots.

But later Knipling moved up to head the ARS lab at Orlando, Florida. During the war it produced sensational results in many fields such as insect repellents and sprays. So impressive was Knipling's record there that he progressed swiftly, finally was sent to Washington to become Director of the Entomology Research Division of the ARS. Immediately his word went out to Dr. Bushland, who also had gained steady promotions: "Investigate that screwworm eradication idea we were plugging back in the Thirties."

People had ribbed them originally about how they'd catch and sterilize male screwworm flies, but they'd planned to raise their own. Bushland patiently learned to raise screwworm flies in captivity, by adding a preservative to meat, keeping it at body temperature, adding blood and water.

"The flies get everything they'd get from a living creature," he explained, "and are fooled by temperature into thinking it's alive."

Not until the 1950 harangue about whether or not to build the H-bomb did the irradiation idea hit like the bomb itself. Gamma rays emitted by cobalt-60 might possibly be used for sterilization.

The general idea was to raise large quantities of screwworm flies, sterilize them, release them in areas where wild flies were concentrated. There they would breed with wild flies and each other. No matter how they were mixed up, no progeny would be forthcoming. Carried far enough, the result on paper was total decimation.

Slowly Bushland learned a technique of irradiation that worked well in the lab, and felt ready to test the scheme, which sounded wilder by the day, for the range of the pest was vast almost beyond conception. In 1954 the island of Curacao in the Caribbean, where screwworm flies swarmed, was set as a test site. Surrounding water served as a natural barrier against new infestations from other islands. [*Continued on page* 75]

A Bonus Book Condensation

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By RALPH de TOLEDANO

HOW RUSSIA REALLY STOLE OUR ATOM SECRETS

THIS CONDENSATION OF THE JUST-PUBLISHED BOOK IS ONE OF THE MOST SHOCKING INDICTMENTS OF RUSSIAN TREACHERY IN WORLD WAR II. APTLY TITLED "THE GREATEST PLOT IN HISTORY," IT DETAILS RUSSIA'S MASSIVE SCHEME TO STEAL OUR NUCLEAR RESEARCH

■ On May 17, 1938, Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams crossed the Canadian border into the United States. Immigration officials took only routine notice of him, paying but casual attention to the Canadian birth certificate he carried with him. Customs officials had no reason to suspect that the sole contraband in his possession was a master plan, well-memorized, for penetrating the secrets of his host country. The United States was at peace, and to most people the potential enemy spoke with a German accent.

Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams was but one more traveler crossing the unguarded frontier which separates the United States and Canada. It would be years before American security agencies would know that the birth certificate he carried was fraudulent, obtained from a secret member of a Toronto Communist cell. It would be years, too, before these agencies

ATOM SECRETS

learned that a group of Americans in New York, on instructions from the Fourth Section of Red Army Intelligence, had already prepared for Arthur Adams a safe cover for espionage. But at that moment neither Adams nor his superiors in Moscow could have known that he would play a key role in history's greatest plot: the theft of America's most closely guarded nuclear secrets and the formation of an effective apparatus which, in its Phase Two, would confuse public thinking on atomic energy, influence the deliberations of Congress, and muddy up the waters of international policy.

In 1938, no reader of spy thrillers would have looked twice at Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams or considered him a menace. Yet Adams was an Old Bolshevik, one of the elite of Soviet communism until Stalin began to slaughter them by the thousands in the grisly cellars of Moscow's Lubianka prison. More significant, he was a highly trained agent—a veteran and charter member of the secret police created by Felix Dzerzhinsky under orders from Lenin when the Bolsheviks overthrew the democratic government of Alexander Kerensky. Now, he had been tapped by the Red Army General Staff, Military Intelligence, Fourth Section, for what was to be his most important and most delicate mission: to head the "illegal network" in the United States.

This was not a snap decision. It was made at a very high level and for reasons the world would not guess until more than a year later. Behind the plan to install Adams in the United States as a resident director was a long-range projection of Joseph Stalin himself. At that time, the Soviets and the Nazis had already put out the first feelers for what would burst on the world as the Hitler-Stalin Pact in the late summer of 1939.

Communist leaders were fully cognizant that this pact would be the signal for a Nazi attack on the West. And Stalin, who always assumed that others would act as he did, took it for granted that this would lead to a diplomatic rupture between the United States and the Soviet Union. Under those circumstances, the entire "legal" apparatus —the Embassy, the consulates, and Amtorg would be forced to shut up shop. The "illegal" apparatus would therefore become Stalin's only way to continue plundering the United States of its industrial techniques—an operation vital to the backward Soviet economy, which was struggling to drag itself back to the position Russia had held in 1913, before World War I and the 1917 Revolution had crippled it. Stalin knew that his overtures to Hitler, though more than reciprocated, would not be consummated in the pact for some time. He could afford to plan carefully.

The Center did not foresee that events beyond its control would compel it to act on a crash basis

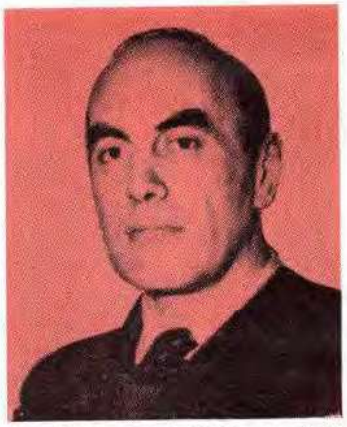
KLAUS FUCHS went behind iron curtain after prison release.

BRUNO PONTECORVO, physicist, was associate of Enrico Fermi.

JULIUS ROSENBERG chose death rather than admit his treason.

ETHEL ROSENBERG shared Julius' manic dedication to espionage.

DAVID GREENGLASS turned over nuclear secrets to Harry Gold.



DR. ALAN NUNN MAY was first of atom spies to be apprehended.

THESE WERE KEY FIGURES RUSSIAN ATOMIC ENTANGLED THE U.S.

IGOR GOUZENKO broke Canadian spy ring, feared red reprisals.

ABRAHAM BROTHMAN was first chink in Harry Gold's armor.

DONALD MACLEAN, "golden boy" of diplomats, was Soviet agent.

GUY BURGESS escaped to Soviet Union with MacLean in 1951.

CLARENCE HISKEY was contact of apparatus head, Arthur Adams.

HARRY GOLD, "the sad-eyed spy" carried atom secrets for Fuchs.

IN THE VAST WEB OF ESPIONAGE THAT THROUGHOUT THE 1940's

—to send Arthur Adams to his new assignment ahead of schedule. Those events concerned Whittaker Chambers, like Adams an "illegal," whose battle with his conscience had led him to break with the Soviet underground early in April of 1938. Chambers' defection had caught the Communists flatfooted and sent agents throughout the United States diving for cover. Col. Boris Bykov, resident director of several groups and Chambers' superior, was immediately summoned to Moscow, disgrace, and a bullet in the back of the head. For a brief period, everyone even remotely connected with Chambers was put "on ice," and even those who were relatively safe lived in a period of panic. They had no way of knowing that Chambers would remain silent—or that when he spoke up, goaded by the implications of the Hitler-Stalin pact, his disclosures would be brushed aside by President Roosevelt.

When Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams was given the order to salvage what he could of the demoralized American apparatus, he was already in Canada. All of American industry, with its techniques, processes, and know-how—what Stalin lacked after 20 years of revolutionary mismanagement—awaited his plundering fingers.

In a city like New York, a man preserves his anonymity so long as he pays his rent, does not get too friendly with bartenders, and avoids trouble with cab drivers. But a spy, watching the reflections in store windows at all times to see if he is followed, feels that he must establish himself as a solid citizen. Adams checked in at the Peter Cooper Hotel and, almost before his bags were unpacked, had given the identification signal to Jacob Aronoff, a lawyer with offices at 165 Broadway. The two men, with Philip Levy, a small businessman who knew only that there was a profit in it somewhere, set up Technological Laboratories, Inc.—a business which was all name and no activity.

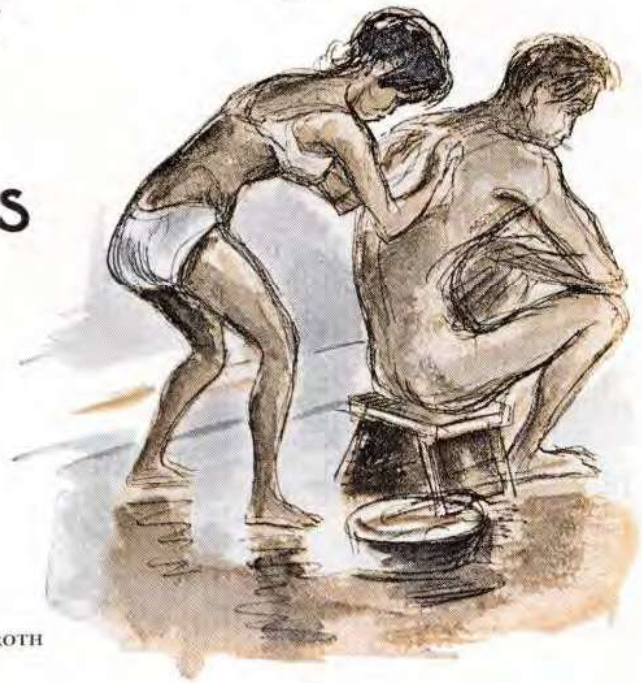
There were others on hand to make solid the Adams claim that he was an engineer and a machine designer. Eric Bernay, whose record shop just east of Times Square featured domestic Communist and Soviet music, went into "partnership" with Adams. Bernay was also the head of Keynote Records, whose musical social protest was financed by party funds and at least one Park Avenue angel. Bernay had at one time been business manager of the *New Masses*. His contribution was to put Adams on his payroll for $75 weekly, a not ungenerous sum in 1938. Adams also used as a base Novick's Electronics, Inc., a company which received $6 million in defense contracts for secret radar equipment—and a Navy accolade, the coveted "E" for excellence in production. To pad out Adams' income, a Hollywood businessman and [*Continued on page* 108]

TOKYO

SWINGING CITY OF THE SENSUOUS EAST

BY IAN FLEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH



■ I was full of reservations about Japan. Before and during the war they had been bad enemies and many of my friends had suffered at their hands. But many other friends whose opinions I value love the country and its people, and my compardor, Richard Hughes, who came with me in the Comet and who, being an Australian, should have been predisposed against Japan, was totally enamored of it. There was nothing to do but clear my mind of the splendors of Hong Kong and prepare myself for a great deal of hissing and bowing.

We had a happy landing. Japanese friends of Dick Hughes were at the airport to meet him and I was at once taken with "Tiger" Saito, editor-in-chief of *This Is Japan*, the massive and beautifully produced annual which the privileged receive through the Japanese Embassy around Christmas time. He was a chunky, reserved man with considerable stores of quiet humor and intelligence, and with a subdued but rather tense personality. He looked like a fighter—one of those war-lords of the Japanese films. He had, in fact, been a judo black-belt, one rank below the

From the mild earthquake that might awaken you in the morning to the less mild earthquake (self-induced with sake) that tucks you in at night, you'll have a tumultuous time in Tokyo

BEER

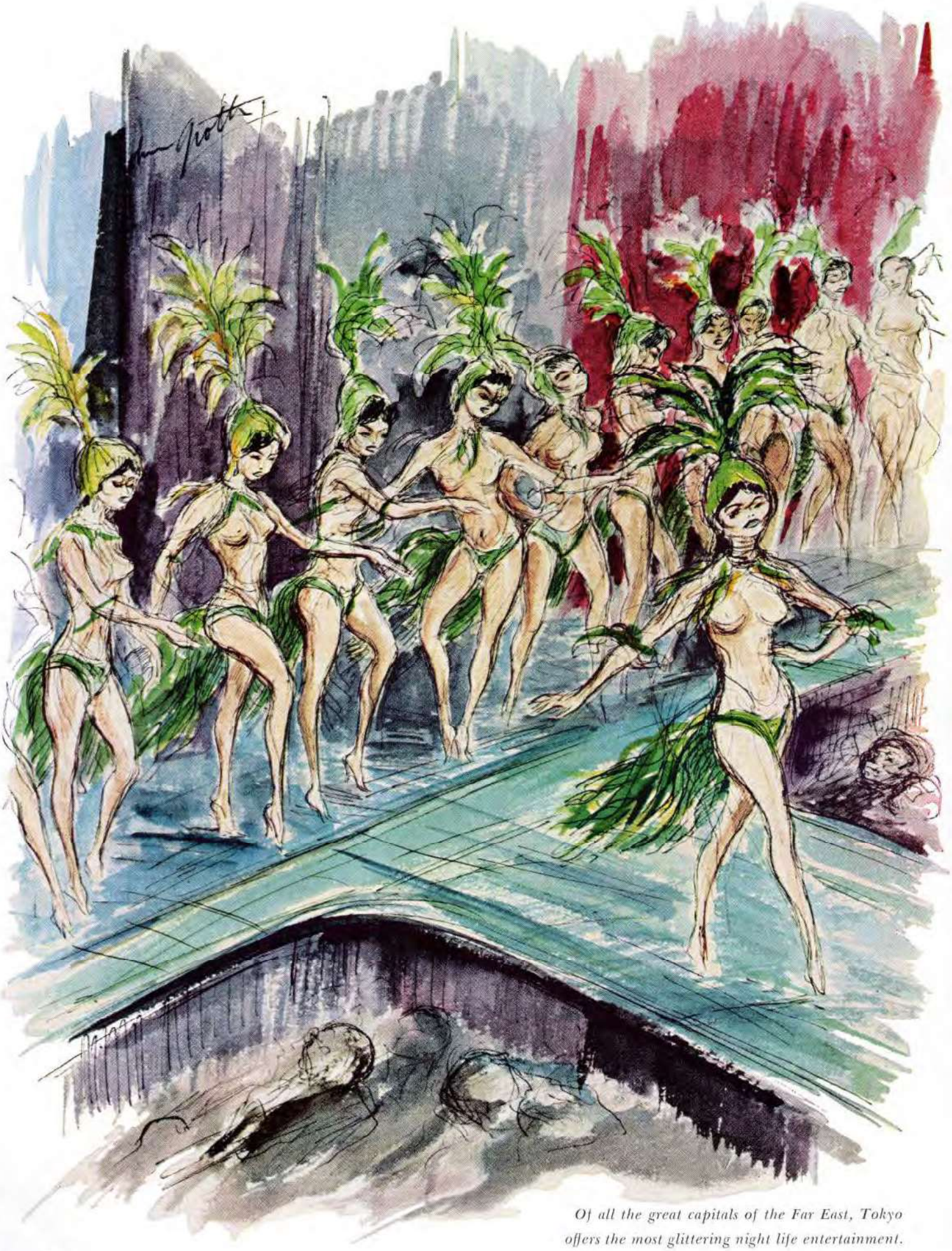
At judo academies, even the very young are taught the science of self-defense.

red-belt élite, and there was a formidable quality about him which I enjoyed. We crowded ourselves into some kind of a car and hurtled off into the night. It was an hour's run through endless and very depressing suburbs (Tokyo, with a population of 10 million, is the largest, and incidentally the most expensive, city in the world). It had been a four-and-a-half hour flight from Hong Kong. It was 1 o'clock in the morning and everyone was chattering about people I didn't know. I began to long for bed and solitude.

Dick had tried to get us into a Western hotel but, on top of hordes of American tourists who'd arrived for the fashionable autumn or chrysanthemum season, six hundred delegates to a conference had descended on the town and Dick had finally had to accept rooms in a Japanese inn. "They're wonderful," he enthused. "Much better than those ghastly Western hotels. You'll really be seeing the Japanese way of life."

We bumped and clattered through darkened side streets, stopping every now and then to verify our whereabouts and consult about the next turning. My depression grew. In due course, down a rutted lane, there was a glimmer of light coming from a pagoda-form entrance. We piled out. Immediately there were two wideawake, bowing women in full traditional dress on the door-step. A polite rattle of Japanese ensued. Behind the *porte cochère* were the dwarf shrubs and firs of a tiny Japanese garden and the outlines of some kind of a villa. My companions seemed excessively cheerful. I fixed a Japanese grin on my face and followed them to the front door and, for the first of many [*Continued on page* 100]

Not prostitutes but artists, geishas are trained entertainers and charming conversationalists.



Of all the great capitals of the Far East, Tokyo offers the most glittering night life entertainment.

By ROBERT LIPSYTE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL MEURER

STANLEY DANCER (and his winning prancers)

Horseman of the Year in 1962, Dancer trained and drove top winner Su Mac Lad.

NEW EGYPT, N. J.

■ There was a time when only a man with the smell of farm on his boots would be caught dead at a harness race. It was strictly a bumpkin's sport to stand on what was once somebody's back pasture and watch a caravan of trussed-up horses haul their carts and drivers around a half-mile dirt track. The drivers were either booze-drenched Slim Summerville types who rolled their own cigarettes, or 17-year-old stable-muckers like Stanley Dancer who bought broken-down nags with 4-H prize money.

Time trots on. More than 25 million people watched harness racing in 1962, and most of them had never milked a cow. Men with diamond pinky rings and their fur-trimmed ladies sat in pastel-and-chrome Sodoms like Roosevelt Raceway in New York, shoveling down the shrimp cocktail and anteing up almost a billion dollars in pari-mutuel bets. And Stanley Franklin Dancer, the 35-year-old Horseman of the Year, has new problems: Summoning the courage to speak before the tuxedo-clad sports buffs on the banquet circuit, and suffering the Internal Revenue Service's flattering attention toward the $765,408 he won sitting down last year.

It was a hell of a year for anybody, especially a New Jersey farmboy who quit school after the eighth grade. He trained and drove the two top horses, Su Mac Lad and Henry T. Adios; led the sport in winnings for the second year in a row and boosted his 10-year purse total to a gaudy $4,570,204.

But success has not yet corroded the soul of Stanley Dancer. He is still the Boy Wonder who burst into the big time behind crippled horses he had nursed into winners. He is still the modest kid who never tells anyone he is driving with a broken bone, who sneaks out of the hospital after being trampled by six horses in a race. He wouldn't dream of buying a Cadillac, although he could afford 10 of them, and last Christmas he gave his wife a sewing machine.

He is almost too good to be rich—this slim, wiry man of medium height with a bright-eyed, open face and brown curly hair [*Continued on page* 76]

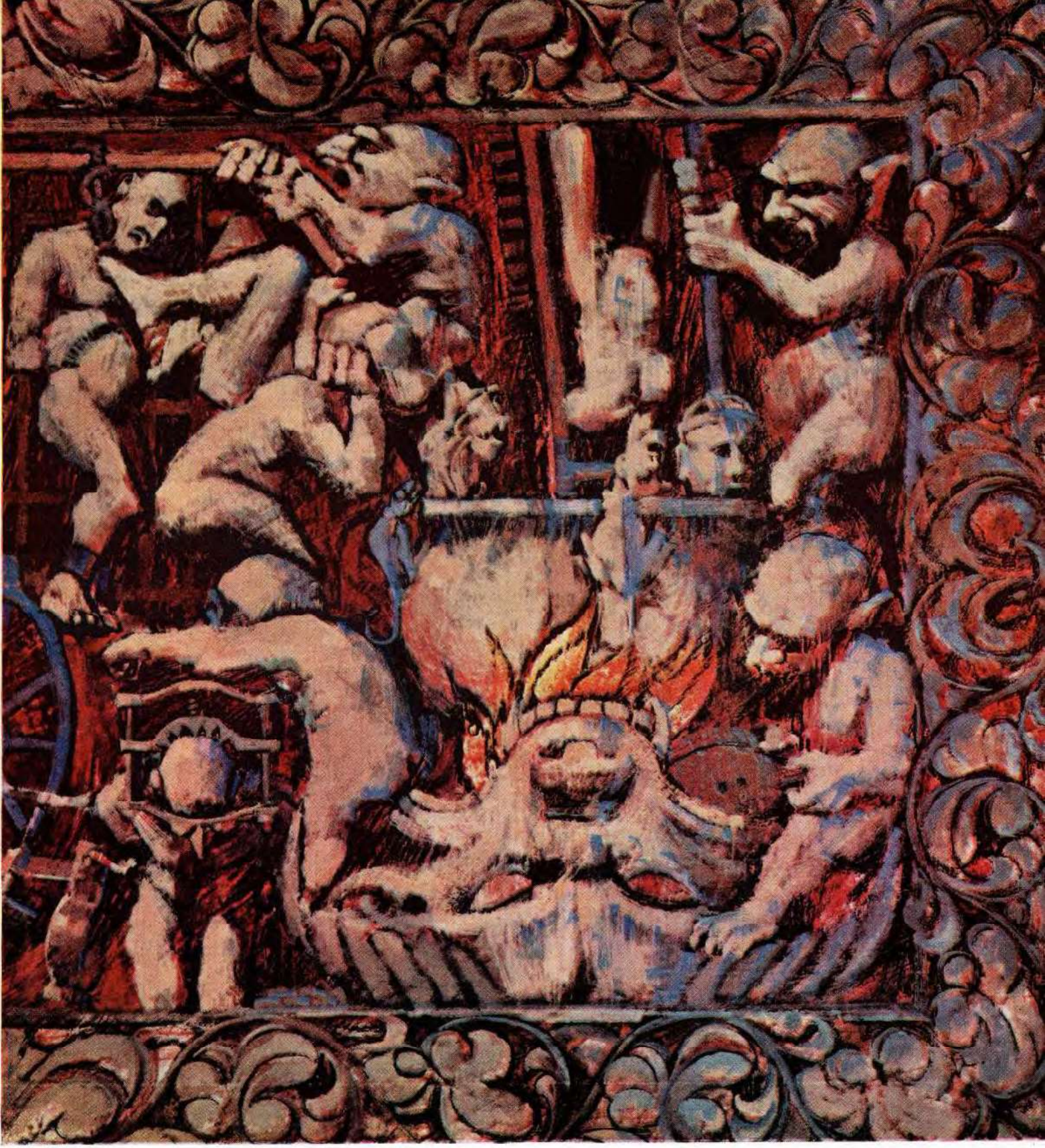
The Boy Wonder of trotting keeps $5 MILLION WORTH OF HORSES in his stables and makes $100,000 A YEAR just being a guy from Alfalfaville

Dancer gives world champion trotter Su Mac Lad a careful workout on practice track at Roosevelt Raceway with stablemate from training farm.

DAILY DOUBLES SOLD HERE

THE TORTURER'S ART OF MAKING MEN TALK

Every excuse has been used by man to inflict pain on other men and women. For religion, politics, punishment, pleasure, bones have been broken and flesh torn



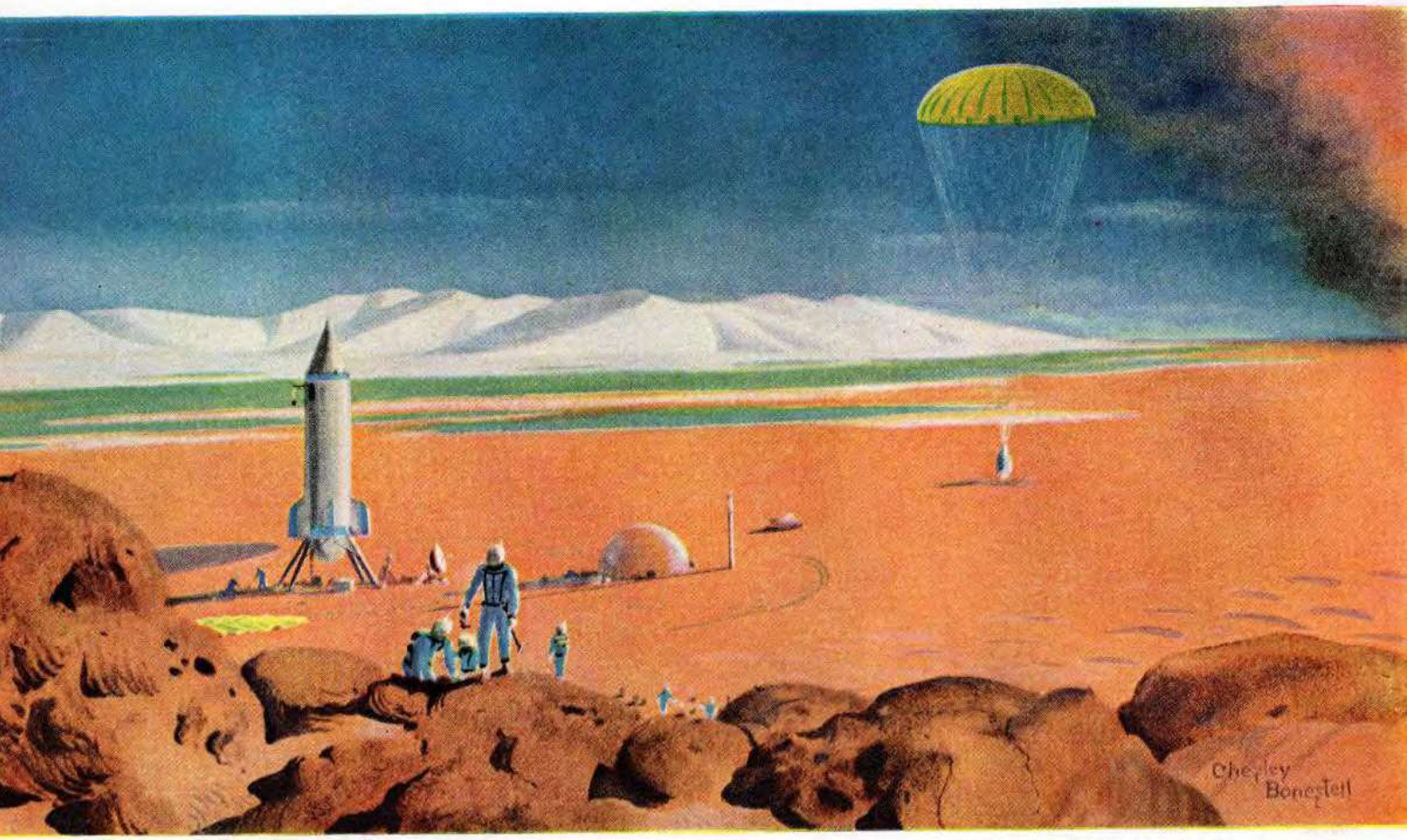
By Daniel P. Mannix

ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. WATSON

■ "We do not like to show these devices to the general public," explained the director of Nuremberg's Germanic National Museum as he unlocked a heavy oak door and disclosed a flight of stone steps leading to the underground vaults. "Germany has had enough of horrors. But since you've come so far to see them, an exception can be made in your case."

The museum was formerly a Carthusian monastery built in the early 14th century, and its walls are eroded like butter that has run on a hot day. We descended the steps and walked through a labyrinth of corridors, the director's flashlight as inadequate as a firefly in Carlsbad Caverns. He stopped by a door set in the wall, turned a key, and swung the door open. Here was the room where the museum keeps its world-famous collection of medieval torture instruments.

I stepped inside and nearly cried out. I had expected to see mechanical devices; instead I was surrounded by demons out of a madman's deliriums. Grotesque iron faces leered down from the walls. Monsters carved in stones [*Continued on page* 88]

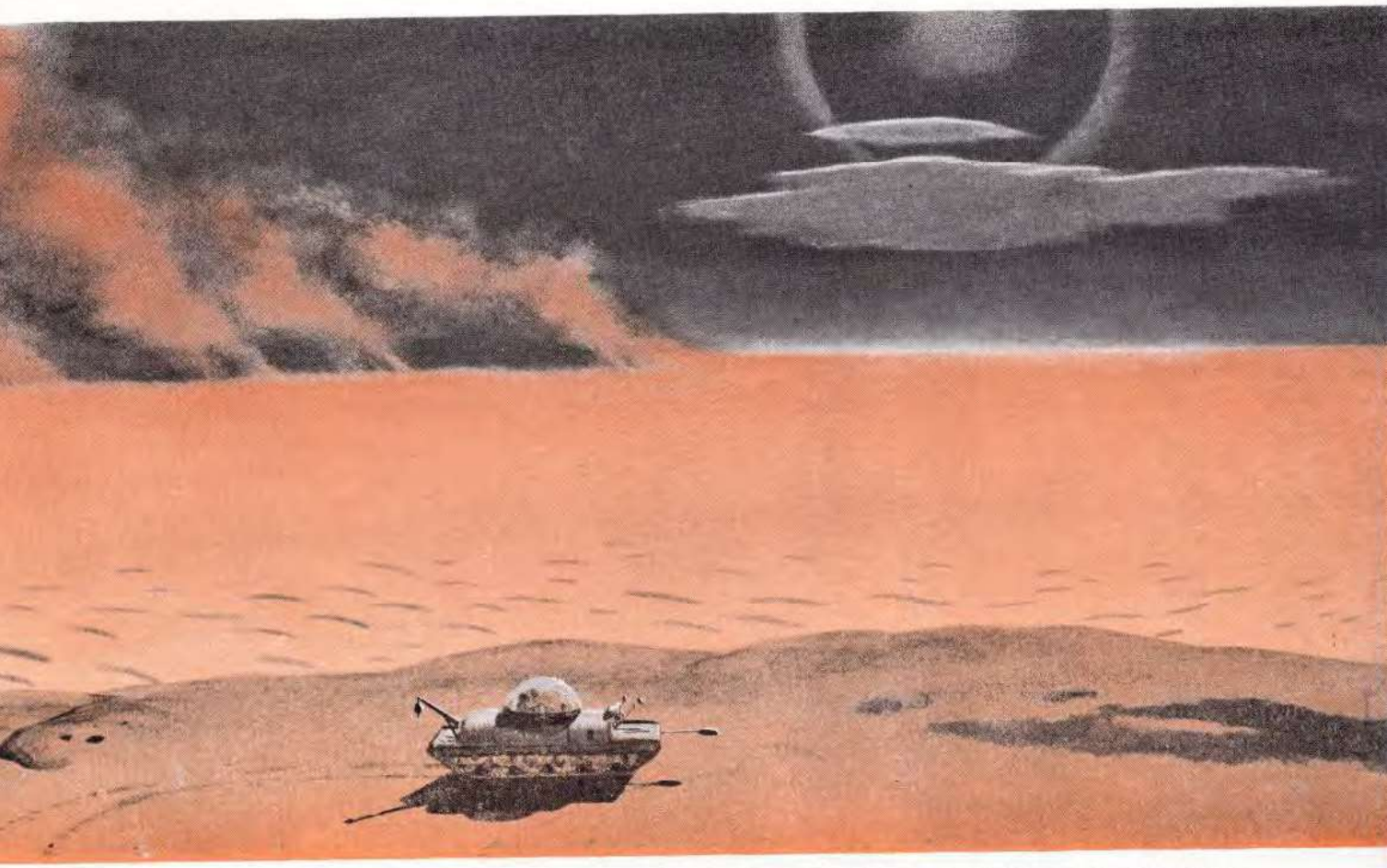


Visitors from Earth have made camp near Mars' south polar cap. Vegetables are grown under inflatable plastic dome.

WHAT WE'LL FIND ON MARS

Men have long had an instinctive feeling that there is life on Mars. New scientific discoveries back up that feeling with solid evidence. And it won't be too long before we send a man there to check the facts

By PAT FRANK



Dust storm is darkening Mars' horizon as Earthmen in tractor explore sand drifts. Ice crystals form rim around sun.

CAPE CANAVERAL, FLA.

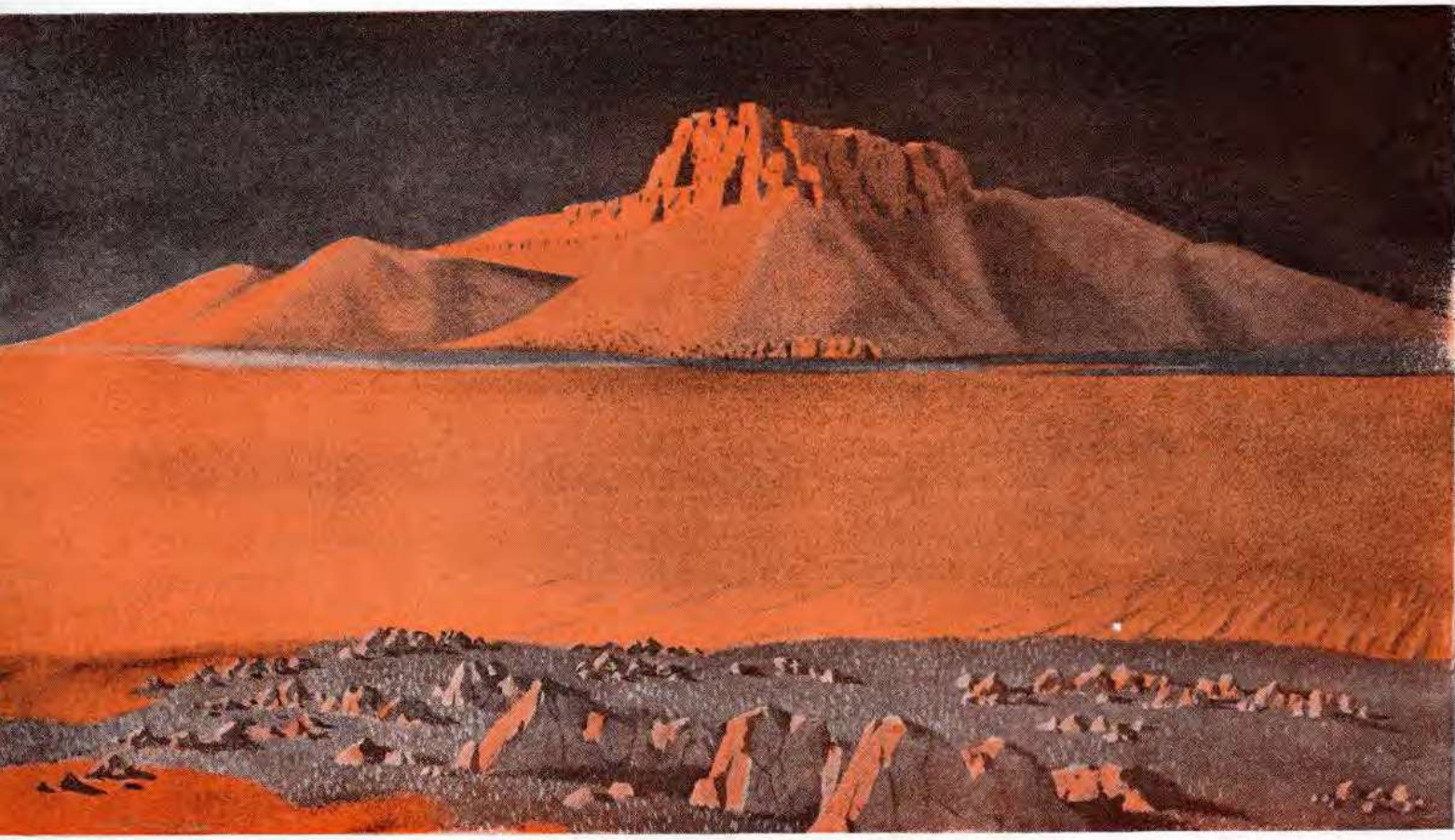
■ On August 25, 1971, Mars and Earth will be separated by a mere 35 million miles. Relatively speaking, that's very close indeed. On that day, if we're lucky and if we work hard, the first man may step from a spaceship onto the surface of the mysterious red planet. He will be a highly-trained space scientist and what he sees, we at home will be able to see three minutes later via television. Beyond reasonable doubt, he will find some form of life.

Only once every 15 years are Mars and Earth as close as they will be in 1971. But they'll be close enough for the trip again in 1973 and 1975. If we don't make it by 1975 we'll have to wait until 1983. But with accelerated development of Project Rover, which is concerned with nuclear power for rocket propulsion, we'll make it before then. What that first scientist on Mars discovers will truly shake Earth. Nothing will be quite the same, ever again.

Something is alive up there. We know that already. Through advanced infrared photography, by monitoring the planet's surface with enormous radio telescopes and fingering it with radar pulses, and by direct observation of such phenomena as the dust storms, cloud formations, and seasonal color changes as the ice caps melt, the presence of vegetation on considerable areas of Mars is now regarded as close to certain. In addition, the Air Force maintains a "Marsarium" at Brooks AFB, near San Antonio, where Martian temperatures, atmosphere, soil, and solar radiation are simulated as precisely as earthly knowledge permits. They are growing things in it—hardy plant and animal organisms that require little or no oxygen and only traces of moisture.

Almost all scientists confidently expect discovery of life on Mars, but few agree on what form that life will take. An abundant plant and animal life that has adapted to the present harsh environment of Mars as cheerfully as our own biota to hospitable Earth is suggested by Frank B. Salisbury, professor of Plant Physiology at Colorado State University. Others feel that all we can expect are lethargic microorganisms huddled in the company of primitive plants. Dr. Joseph Ziomek, physicist at Martin of Orlando, where they are planning to mate the Titan III booster to a nuclear third stage for Mars reconnaissance and landing, told me he wouldn't be surprised to find oxygen-producing algae and fishes in seas under the Martian icecaps. This life in the seas would be ruled over by smart,

ILLUSTRATED BY CHESLEY BONESTELL



Mars is old and enormously eroded. Or could its decomposed cliffs be architectural ruins from a dead civilization?

porpoise-like mammals who enjoy a seafood diet.

Ever since ancient times Earthman has contemplated the heavens in the wishful hope that he was not alone, but it was not until 1957 that Sputnik I beeped out a message clear to every scientist in the world: the last chapter of science-fiction had been written, and we had crossed the threshold into a new era, fascinating, dangerous, and real. The space highway was open. Voyages to the planets were possible, and therefore inevitable. First, put men into orbit. Accomplished. Then, in this decade put men on the Moon, an airless corpse shrouded in the absolute zero of space, but a necessary test of life-support systems, vehicles, and techniques. Finally, Mars. Now that a Mariner probe has sent back word that Venus, with surface temperatures of 800° Fahrenheit, would incinerate even the toughest microbes, Mars has become the only sister planet in our Solar System which may support life.

A few months ago I stood beside Maj. Winton Hammond, the senior destruct officer at Cape Canaveral, and gazed up at a Saturn rocket ready for test, nestled in a gantry towering above us like the skeleton of a 30-story skyscraper. "This one," Hammond mused, "could do it."

I said, "Do what?"

"With nuclear upper stages it could go to Mars and bring 'em back alive. Mars is the big one. I hope I never have to blow one that's bound for Mars."

This illustrates the mystique of Mars, the almost instinctive feeling that Mars is a live planet and that awaiting us on Mars is something tremendous. This mystique partially explains the nationwide panic on the evening of October 30, 1938, when Orson Welles broadcast a radio dramatization of the H. G. Wells' fantasy, *War of The Worlds,* describing the invasion of the United States by Martians. And when hysterical citizens see little green men pop out of Flying Saucers, where are they from? Mars, of course.

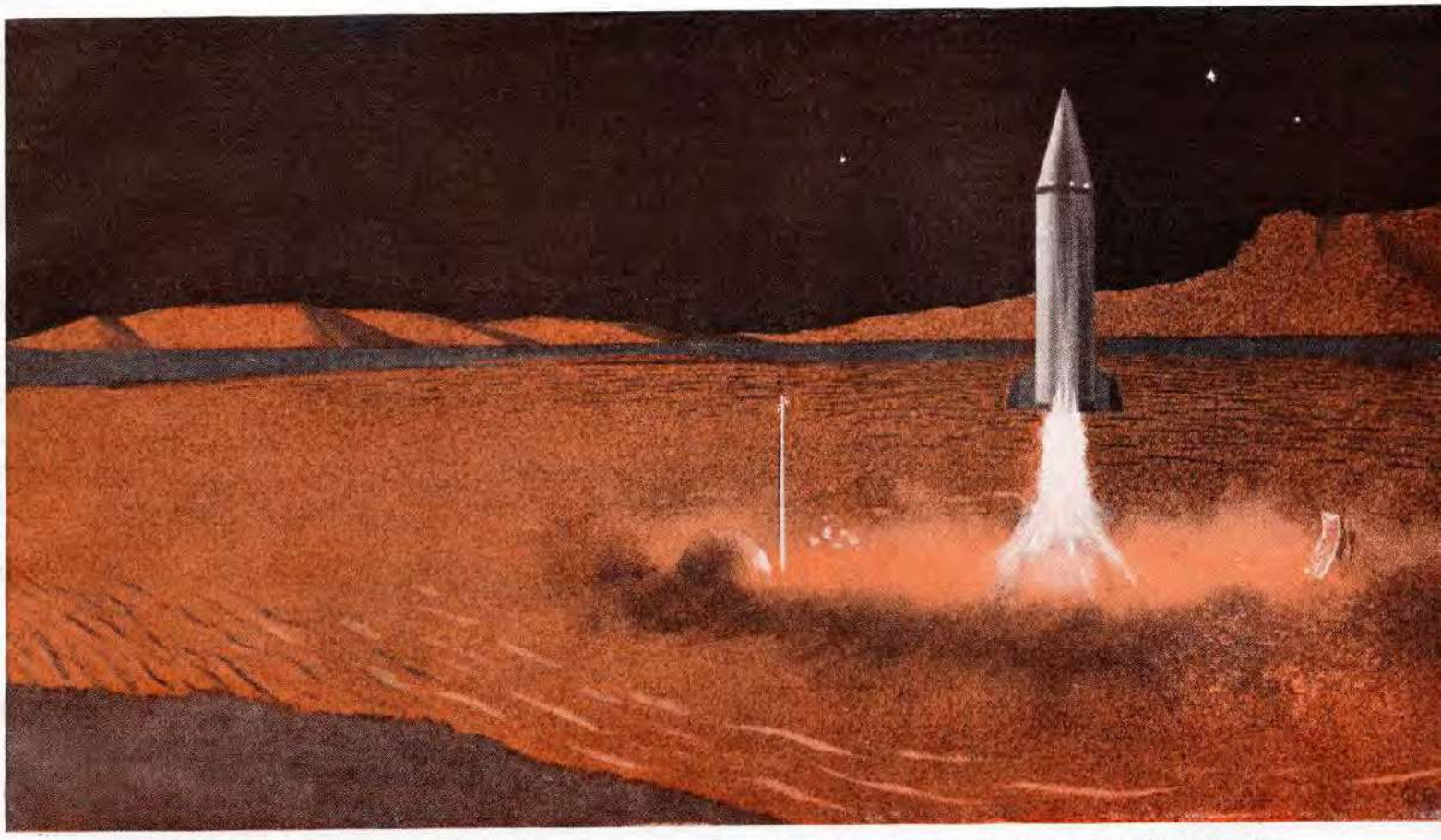
In literally hundreds of laboratories and offices and factories, on isolated deserts and within test tubes, the essential preliminaries to the great exploration are underway. Equations crawl across the blackboards in dozens of universities and such seats of specialized knowledge as the Marshall Space Flight Center in Alabama. Tons of blueprints are taking shape on acres of tables. Everything is under test, from methods of recycling body wastes, to procedures for sterlizing robot "telepuppets," to shielding for the nuclear power plants. In a single month—December, 1962—the Air Force alone awarded research grants for aerospace studies to 43 universities and 12 private firms. They will be of value both to Project Apollo, the man-on-the-Moon enterprise, or to the Mars expedition, which doesn't even have a formal name as yet. Even more research grants are being awarded by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Atomic Energy Commission.

Only thorough exploration by trained Astro-Scientists will tell us all we need to know about Mars, but Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, chief Science Advisor to President Kennedy, believes the question of life on Mars may be solved "in advance of a manned landing, because we can send instrumented devices to the planet."

Mars will be examined from a distance and at close quarters and its surface will be investigated a number of years before men are dispatched on the long round-trip journey.

NASA's Mars timetable goes like this:

1964-65—Launch Orbiting Astronomical Observatories. The OAOs will be boosted into a 500-mile high orbit. The 3,300-pound, octagon-shaped capsule will



Chemically-powered space ferry blasts off to rendezvous with nuclear ship orbiting 150 miles above Mars' surface.

house a 36-inch telescope. Beyond interference of Earth's atmosphere, it will be able to photograph Mars by visible light and other bands of the spectrum and transmit the pictures back to Earth, using solar cells for power supply.

1964-67—Fly-bys by Mariner capsules using the souped-up Atlas-Centaur as booster. NASA plans two shots each year. These Mariners will carry cameras as well as sensors.

1966-70—Voyager, a space bus to be launched toward Mars by giant Saturns, to orbit and land. This is a dual-purpose, complex operation. The big, six-sided space bus will first be placed in orbit around Mars. The bus will then eject from its center a bell-shaped object, about as large as the Mercury capsules which orbited the first Astronauts. The capsule will slide down through the Mars atmosphere and be lowered to the planet's surface by parachute.

The bus, continuing to circle Mars, will televise the planet's terrain, store the information, and on command radio the pictures to laboratories on Earth.

The role of the capsule will be more complex. For one thing, robot hands (sterlized as thoroughly as any surgeon's) will dig cores from the soil of Mars. Various types of biosondes have recently been developed which can scan these cores and telemeter the results back to Earth. They will hunt for and identify bacteria, proteins, amino acids, carbohydrates, and DNA, the basic genetic material of life.

The capsules will carry cameras to record closeups of the planet's surface—and any creatures that may come into view. It will also carry a microphone. A microphone can pick up the rustle of leaves, the scratching of insects, and whatever sounds an intelligent Martian animal (if any are present) might emit when confronted with a genuine Unidentified Flying Object from outer space. These noises will be rebroadcast earthward.

Dr. Hubertus Strughold, the gray-haired, 65-year-old chief scientist of the USAF Aerospace Medical Division, probably knows more about Mars than any man on Earth. He is known as "the father of space medicine," and is founder of the new science of astrobiology.

Fascinated by the possibility of life on Mars, he decided to reproduce a tiny segment of Mars on Earth. It is recognized that temperature is the primary determining factor for the existence of life. Some bacteria survive in hot springs with temperatures of 170° F. Tolerance to cold varies. Some lower organisms survive in a dormant state in cold approaching –460, absolute zero. Active life requires temperatures not far below freezing, exempting fur-coated animals like polar bears.

Temperatures on Mars average 20 to 30 degrees below those on Earth, but there are extreme swings between the daylight and darkness hours. On Mars it can be 85° at high noon on the equator, and at midnight (the Mars day is 24 hours, 37 minutes) it may fall to –50. Question: Could any earthly plants endure such drastic fluctuations?

Dr. Strughold conducted his initial experiment in the privacy of his kitchen. Near Grant, Arizona, on a barren desert he thought resembled the arid wastes that cover three-fifths of Mars, he found lava material with moss and lichens growing on it. Nights, he placed this material in the freezing compartment of his refrigerator. Days, he brought it out into the kitchen's warmth. After two weeks, the moss and lichens were still living.

He then moved his experiment into the laboratory, and the now famous Mars Jars. More than 100 glass jars, about the size of gallon [*Continued on page* 81]

Caracciola: SWIFT SPHINX OF RACING

■ When he died on Sept. 28, 1959 the world took no notice, not even the motor racing world in which he had once been a superstar. He lay dying for a week, and knew it, but no one kept watch beside him except his second wife. And when he was dead, finally, the Daimler-Benz company in whose Mercedes cars he had won more than 110 races, held a memorial service in his honor; but only a few hundred curious people came—certainly nothing like the huge crowds which have seen many far lesser drivers to their graves.

Only about a dozen persons attended his funeral in the village near Lugano, Switzerland, where he had lived: his wife; Alfred Neubauer, the former Mercedes racing manager; and one or two old drivers like Louis Chiron and Hermann Lang. That was all. Neubauer and Chiron made short eulogies. Neubauer said: "All his life was a race, and now he has crossed the finish line for the last time." Neubauer and Chiron both had admired him, and if they did not love him it was because they did not know him. No one knew him.

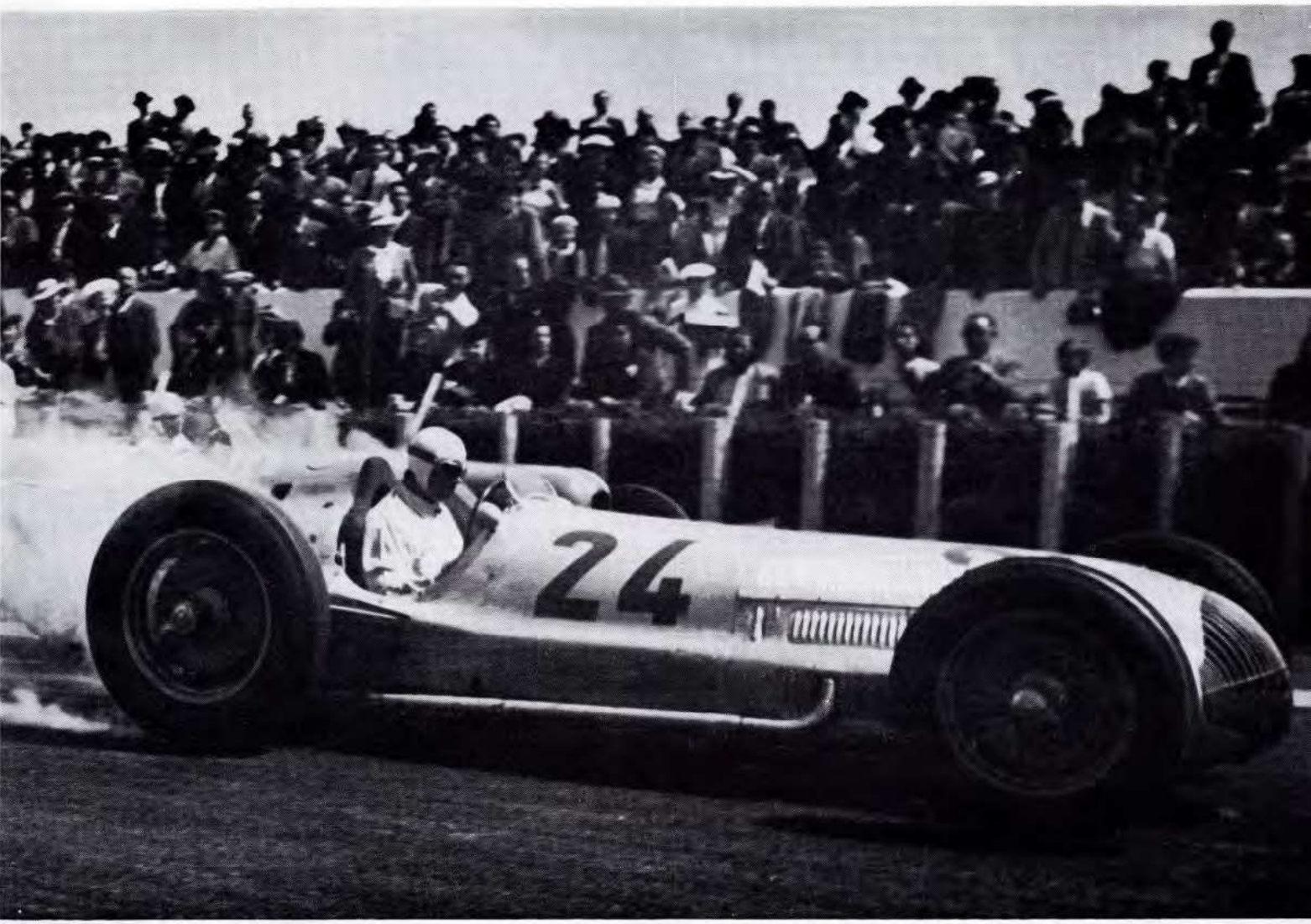
His obituary in the world's foremost sporting newspaper, *L'Equipe* of Paris, ran only a few lines:

"Rudolf Caracciola died yesterday in a clinic at Kassel, Germany, of a liver ailment. He was 58. He was a former racing driver for Mercedes."

It was a poor enough attempt to describe such a man. It made no mention of the victory and tragedy which had been his life, nor the dramatic crashes he survived, nor his flight from Nazi Germany where he had been, by personal appointment of Chancellor Hitler, an NSKK Storm Leader. It said nothing of the heartache overcome, the glory so dearly bought. It did not even note that Rudolf Caracciola had won more of the Grand Prix races than any man who ever lived.

He won the grand prizes of the race track with Teutonic calm, but—unlike the other dashing knights of the sport—he lived in secluded mystery

By ROBERT DALEY



At the wheel of a Mercedes, Caracciola made a rubber-burning start in the 1938 French Grand Prix.

The greatest driver ever? Perhaps. Certainly he was the greatest of the 1934-1939 era, when the great silver cars of Germany overwhelmed—terrorized even—all opposition. He was European Champion, the equivalent of World Champion today, in 1935, '37 and '38. He beat all the vaunted names of the period, not once but many times: Varzi, Nuvolari, Rosemeyer, Fagioli, Chiron. Not only were all of them in their prime then, but all drove cars as fast as his, either Mercedes like his own, or rival Auto-Unions. He was tremendously fast, even in driving rain when others recoiled in fear and eased off. But he never mauled his cars. One of his proudest achievements was that in 1937, when driving the biggest, fastest Grand Prix cars of all time (their engine size was over six liters, giving 646 brake horsepower—as opposed to the 1½ liter, 250-hp Grand Prix cars of today) Caracciola never crashed, never went off the road, never even bent a wheel, while holding the car to speeds up to 210 mph and winning the German, Tripoli, Swiss, Italian and Czech Grand Prixs.

His life was more full of victory than most men's, but fame eluded him. He cared only about racing. The boom of the engine, the wind whistling past his ears, was everything to him. And if he were killed? "It would be good to die this way—quickly," he said once. What was death compared to the intoxication of speed "the toughest, hardest, yet most wonderful sensation that fate can give!"

He lived and breathed racing. He cared nothing for high living, publicity, night spots. He lived like a recluse away from the track. And somehow he never was able to talk about himself, his hopes and disappointments, the demon that drove him. He was never even able, during the years he raced, to put into words how much he loved it.

So people knew him only by his victories. He seemed a man who had been born 30 years old behind the wheel

Recovered from injuries, Rudi (left) had great success with Mercedes in prewar years. Here he chats with team manager Neubauer (right) and Korpsführer Hunlein (uniform).

Grand Prix racing drew huge, fanatic crowds in Nazi Germany. Below, Caracciola is signaled that he leads Mercedes teammate von Brauchitsch by 39 seconds in 1937 German G.P.

SWIFT SPHINX OF RACING

of a Grand Prix Mercedes. He won without flamboyance, without tempestuous hand waving, without spectacular crashes. He simply won, over and over again in all the countries where the fast cars raced. He earned plenty of prize money, but rarely spent it. Much was written about him, none of it intimate.

But the story of a man's life is not in his victories, but in his strivings and disappointments, in defeat and tragedy. To understand Caracciola, one would have had to probe deep beneath the trophies he won and his impeccable handling of the fastest race cars the world has ever seen.

He was born in 1901 in Remagen, a German despite the Italian cast to his name. He began racing in 1922. For four years he tried desperately to break into Grand Prix racing, but no one would have him. To keep eating he worked as a car salesman. Year after year he bombarded Mercedes directors with appeals If they would just trust him with a car—He would show them. Just give him a chance. Just one chance.

But those were hard times in Germany. Inflation was so bad that the price of a car one week would not buy a pair of headlights the next. Salesmen could accept payment only in dollars. No one had any dollars, so there were no sales. Dozens of discouraged salesmen imagined themselves capable of driving race cars to fame and fortune. What was there to separate Caracciola from the others?

Only his persistence. In 1926 Mercedes decided to skip the German Grand Prix because the date clashed with a more important race in Spain. The Spanish race had history and prestige. The German Grand Prix had never been run before. Caracciola, hearing about this, hurried to the factory at Stuttgart and made another impassioned appeal for a car.

This time the Mercedes directors weakened. Caracciola, driving borrowed cars, motorcycles, whatever he could get his hands on, had won some hill climbs and other minor races. Perhaps he might be capable of putting up a respectable showing. They decided to lend him a car, but he must enter as an independent, not as a factory driver. That way, if he failed or crashed, the factory could not be held responsible by the public.

So Caracciola went to the Avus track in Berlin to race in the first German Grand Prix. Alone, believing this was the only chance he ever would have to prove himself, he climbed into the car and drove as fast and furiously as he could. The race was run in a driving rainstorm. Half the time he could not see; when he could it was often just long enough to spy a car which had crashed and was burning, or a body in the road. Two cars got into wild skids, broke through fences and cut swaths through the crowd; a third splattered itself against the scoreboard. The road surface was incredibly slick. Caracciola, driving right on the limit of tire adhesion, had little experience, no trained pit crew to help him, and had no idea all through the race where he stood. He simply [*Continued on page* 66]

Caracciola (here, during a pit stop at Pescara in 1937) was a calm master of the fantastic Mercedes race cars.

By GEORGE X. SAND
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

New Way to Seduce a Sailfish

Catch sailfish with an old bass plug? Don't scoff—it's the hot new way to lure Florida's famous leapers

BOCA RATON, FLA.

■ If there is any one thing the Atlantic sailfish is noted for, it's finicky eating. Charter-boat men often go to considerable trouble to have iced fish such as balao and flying fish flown in for use as sailfish bait. The matter of just how a bait is sewn on a hook so that the trolled offering will jump and skip over the wave tops is so important that many a mate considers his particular method a secret to be shielded from inquisitive eyes. All of which has never invited the fishing of artificial lures for sailfish.

Until now.

For years, rumors of sails hitting lures with abandon off the east coast of Panama have been trickling into Florida, which regards itself as U.S. Atlantic sailfish headquarters. And to give them credit, some charter-boat captains have tried various lures again and again over the years.

"You might as well try to pass off paste pearls on Zsa Zsa Gabor," a disgruntled angler recently announced.

He wouldn't have said this if he'd been a fishing friend of Pat Woodall, a young tackle salesman from West Palm Beach who one day a couple of years ago started a chain reaction that led to what may be the most exciting breakthrough in the entire history of sailfishing.

Woodall was fishing for bluefish with fresh mullet for bait and catching them when they suddenly rose to the surface. End of interest in trolled mullet. While the bluefish ripped and slashed small bait fish on the surface, Pat Woodall dug frantically in his tackle box for something to throw at them and finally came up with an old Jim Pfeffer Shiner lure, a conventional multi-hook bass lure with little spinners fore and aft. It had been de-

New Way to Seduce a Sailfish

veloped 35 years ago in the Orlando area for fresh-water fishing.

Well, the bluefish assaulted the old plug with abandon. Soon afterward, while shooting the breeze with George Cargan, a fishing-camp operator at Salerno, Woodall mentioned his salt-water success with the Jim Pfeffer Shiner. Cargan was sceptical.

But later Cargan was fishing off the Florida coast when some king mackerel were being difficult and . . . you guessed it . . . fed them the Shiner successfully, though kings normally are not interested in surface lures.

Camp operators in Florida are not noted for shyness, and a short mention of Cargan's surprising flurry with the kings appeared in the Vero Beach PRESS JOURNAL. And who should read the item but Pat Woodall.

Back to sea he soon went with Bob Jewett, a neighbor. They were going to try the beat-up old bass plug on dolphin, often found at the edge of the Gulf Stream lurking under floating grass and flotsam. Dolphin love a bit of shade.

They trolled a pair of the Shiner lures just beyond the wash of their twin outboards. Suddenly Woodall gasped in disbelief as a sailfish's big dorsal fin appeared just behind his plug. The sail struck and instantly went racing away.

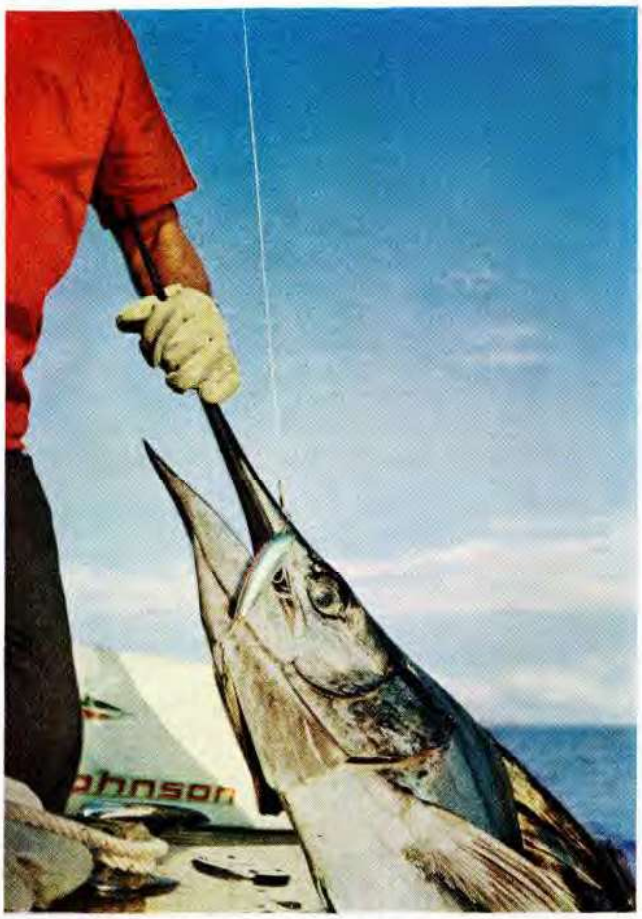
Leaping and lunging, the sailfish tore across the indigo Gulf Stream as Woodall prayed his 12-pound-test monofilament line would hold. It did, and eventually the 6¼-foot fish was landed and wound up mounted on the wall of his den.

That was only the beginning. Pat Woodall told another West Palm Beach angler, Dick Fink, of his astonishing luck and Fink went out and caught a big sail on the little bass plug.

"Imagine bass fishing for sailfish," Pat Woodall says, shaking his head at exciting memories, for he has caught five more since.

Meanwhile, an old sailfishing tenet has fallen —the bit about "dropping back." When fishing with bait an angler always put his reel on free spool to allow the bait to drop back without drag, or waited while the line drifted back from the outrigger pole after a strike. The belief was that a sail insisted on swatting a bait with his bill to stun or kill it before turning on it to wolf it down.

There is no doubt that dropping back has caught sailfish in droves in the past. But it is no longer necessary with a plug; in fact, it's usually impossible. One moment you'll be trolling and the next you'll be fighting a wildly leaping sail and mounting blood pressure. ■

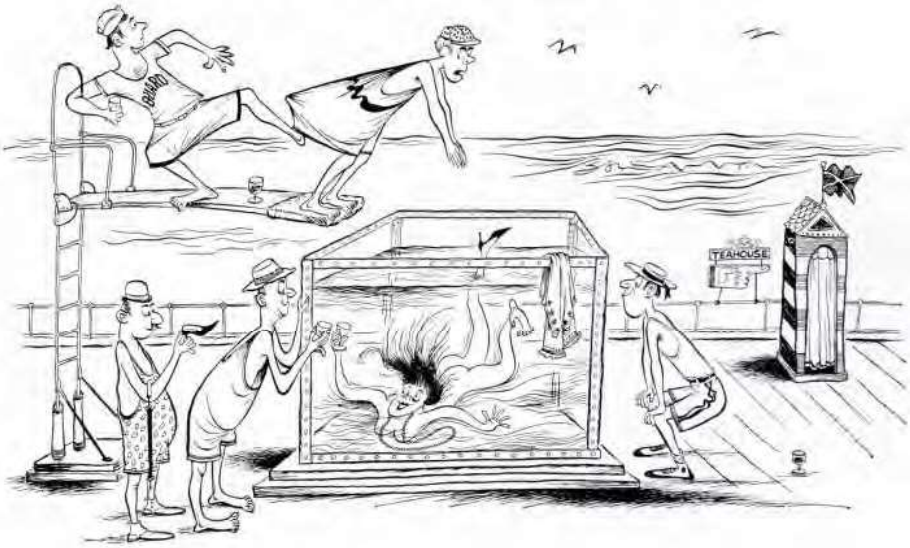


Plug-caught sailfish leaps by boat of pioneering anglers.

This old bass plug sparked new fishing method for sails.

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin



Drinking a toast originated 300 years ago in a novel English development of the age-old relationship between wine and women. It began, innocuously enough, with some gourmet's idea that floating a toasted piece of bread in a bowl of sack, the harsh white wine of that day, improved the flavor. This became a general practice. When a loving cup, sent round the table and sipped by everybody, returned to the host, he ate the toast to honor his guests. But nobody drank anything but a "health" until one memorable day at Bath. At that fashionable spa, gentlemen had gathered around a tank wherein a celebrated beauty stood in her bathing gown. One gallant dipped up a glass of the tank water and proposed her health to the company. A gay blade, half fuddled, replied that he liked not the liquor but would have the toast, and started to climb in until someone restrained him. The witticism set a new style; every man's inamorata thereafter became his "toast," and a reigning belle might be the toast of the town. Toast-drinking grew extravagant; giddier cavaliers toasted their lady in wine drunk from her slipper; some sprinkled their drinks with chopped bits of her ribbons. As the craze wore off, the pieces of bread that had started it all likewise went out of fashion and were discarded. The object of a toast ceased to be necessarily a woman, and became, as it is today, any person or thing to be drunk to. *By Lee C. Owens, Cincinnati, Ohio*

A strange disease once brought the life of America's largest cities to a standstill. Streets stretched empty of traffic, normal business stopped, and a solemn hush lay everywhere. Yet, paradoxically, nobody was stricken by the disease. Its appearance in each city from Maine to Washington, D. C., and west to Chicago became known to the inhabitants when, in October and early November of 1872, horses began coughing. The plodding beasts that pulled people and goods grew feverish and weak. It was equine influenza, of a peculiarly contagious sort. Tramcar, stage-line, livery and drayage operators tried to keep their sick animals going, but it was no use. Their stables turned into huge horse hospitals. The practically total loss of horse power had the same numbing effect on city life that would result today if all gasoline suddenly evaporated. People walked miles to jobs or stayed home, goods piled up unmoved, and the cobblestoned streets became eerily silent. For urgent needs, humans worked like horses. Men trudged between cart shafts to deliver milk and food. Teams of laborers wore rope harnesses to pull garbage wagons. In Boston and Baltimore, idle drivers and conductors hitched themselves to a few tramcars to pull passengers willing to pay high fares. That service didn't work out too well, because the men couldn't do anywhere near the brisk 5 mph of horse-drawn cars—the rapid transit of that era. Happily, the Great Epizotic, or animal epidemic, was brief; the horses recovered; and civilization rolled on once more toward what a New York newspaper had pessimistically bemoaned as "The awful future—a city without a horse!"

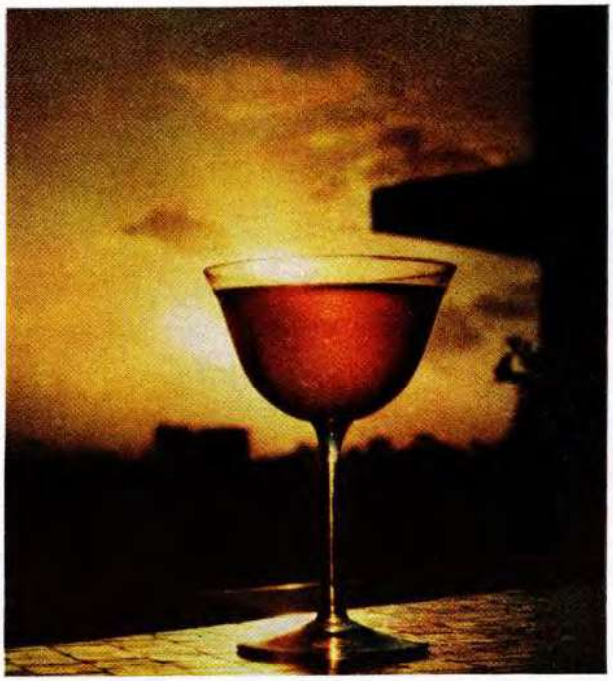
The wettest and driest towns in the world, as far as rainfall is concerned, have climates that are contrary in more ways than one. At Cherrapunji, in the hills of northeast India, about 38 feet of water descends yearly. At Iquique, on the coast of Chile, years go by without a single drop falling. Yet Cherrapunji, because its downpour is narrowly seasonal, pants for water in parched and dusty winter months. And Iquique drips with sea-breeze humidity that rusts iron and ruins furniture in one of the muggiest climates on earth.

When kings chose their queens a few centuries ago, they didn't go in for long engagements. The lady, often selected sight-unseen in another country, wasn't given time to change her mind. No monarch would risk such a slight. His envoys got a signed contract; sometimes, to seal the deal, the lady was immediately married by proxy. A stand-in for the bridegroom went through a ceremony with her and completed it by entering her bed. This was symbolized in a bizarre rite. The lady, fully clothed, was bedded under a sheet amid her courtiers; the groom's delegate took off a shoe and stocking and thrust his bared leg against hers beneath the sheet. It rendered her securely married until she joined her spouse for a regular wedding later. Among betrothals consummated in this way were those of Maximilian of Austria with Anne of Brittany in 1495, and Louis XII of France with Mary, sister of England's Henry VIII, in 1514. A revival of the rite in 1761 took the bride by surprise. Charlotte, 18-year-old princess of a small German court, hadn't known that she had been picked by George III of Britain, with her family's consent, until two gentlemen came to inform her. Flustered, she knelt in marriage with a Mr. Drummond, then was placed on a sofa, and shrank when he put his leg next to her. Her brother chided, "Don't be a baby, you are going to be Queen of England!" She was history's last queen to be so betrothed. *By W. P. Evers, St. Joseph, Mo.*

Young gentlemen at the opening dance of the exclusive Tuxedo Club near New York in 1886 flaunted a new type of jacket, cut to their design, that has since become America's national costume for evening wear. Unwittingly, by eliminating the tails of a formal full-dress coat and thus creating the "tuxedo," they imitated the word's origin. Tuxedo comes from Algonquian Indian *p'tauk-seet*, "the bear" . . . an animal black and tailless.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Summertime! *The season to widen your world of pleasure.*



Another wonderful summer is on its way. So much to see and do—and enjoy. Like the great summer drinks 7 Crown makes. Why 7 Crown? Because only the whiskey that tastes so good by itself will taste so good so many summertime ways. When you try 7 Crown you will understand what we mean. And why it is the favorite whiskey. Every summer. And every fall. And every winter. And every spring.

All summer long, say Seagram's and be Sure

Top left, **7 Crown Stinger:** 2 parts 7 Crown, 1 part white Creme de Menthe, shake with cracked ice, strain. Top right, **Pineapple-Grapefruit Juice Cocktail:** 1 part juice, 1 part 7 Crown, shake with ice, strain. **7 Crown & Cola:** 1½ ozs. 7 Crown over ice, cola to fill. Lower left, **7 Crown & Seven-Up:** 1½ ozs. 7 Crown over ice, add Seven-Up to fill **7 Crown Collins:** Juice one lemon, tsp. sugar, stir, add ice and 1½ ozs. 7 Crown, fill with soda. Lower right, **7 Crown Whiskey Sour:** ¾ oz. lemon juice, 1½ ozs. 7 Crown, 1 tsp. sugar, shake with cracked ice.

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PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY RICHARD WAITE

Glen plaid coat with slash pockets and muted stripe lining; wash & dry; London Fog; $37.50.

Women's all-weather fashions by "March and Mendl."

All wool worsted gabardine coat combines all-weather protection with handsome styling; by Alligator, $49.50.

Photographed at TWA Terminal, New York's International Airport at Idlewild.

Weather-ready, 100% cotton denim coat with flap patch pockets, gold print lining, by Plymouth, $19.95.

■ Let the skies darken and the rain fall where it may. Here's the latest in rainwear—the foul weather coat with fair weather design. No need to let sudden summer storms dampen your style; you'll always be well dressed in an all-purpose, weatherized coat. Friendly to both your wardrobe and your budget, it's two coats in one—raincoat and dress coat. It can repel heavy downpour or the slightest sprinkle, a coat that can be worn for traveling to the office ... or traveling to Japan. Coats are available in all styles and colors, for casual or formal wear, for a stroll through the park or for an evening at the theater. Needless to say, you'll also find yourself subject to an unexpected shower of attention from the world's most gorgeous women. (Ever notice that girls who walk in the rain are always beautiful? The dampness does it.) The day of the sick slicker is definitely over, no more hot, sticky, rubberized material. Scientifically treated, raincoats are cool and comfortable, easily cleaned, wrinkle resistant. It's fashion's biggest splash in years ... rain or shine.

Cotton gabardine coat at right features Continental stitching and a bold, vertical ribbed cord pattern; by Alligator, $22.95.

Swift Sphinx of Racing

[*Continued from page* 56]

drove as fast as he could, pressing on and on in the rain, heartsick with the belief that others were ahead of him, he would never catch up, he would fail and that no factory would ever lend him a car again.

And then the race ended. He hurtled past the checkered flag, drenched, cold, miserable, convinced he had lost.

When they told him he was first by miles he could not believe it. Elation soared through him. He had won, he had won! The aching, constricted present had become the limitless future.

In the glow of victory, he summoned his courage and asked the girl of his dreams to marry him. She had lived in a hotel opposite the Berlin showroom where he sold cars, and he had loved her, mostly from a distance, for months. They got engaged that night. On the strength of that victory also, Caracciola quit his job. Henceforth he would be a race driver only. "The best," he promised his bride-to-be, "or none at all."

And he was indeed very good during the years that followed, up to 1932. He won two more German Grand Prixs, the Tourist Trophy (again in pouring rain; Caracciola was always sensitive to the play of a car in the wet), the Irish Grand Prix, the Mille Miglia, and something like 40 hillclimbs. Hillclimbs were major events in those days, and were always raced in Grand Prix singleseater cars, rather than in sports cars as today.

But he was far from the best. It was as if he lacked the consecration, the tempering, which only tragedy could bring to his life and his work. Perhaps he simply had not been defeated enough.

Defeat and tragedy were on the way. The next three key races in his life were the Grand Prixs of Monaco of 1932, '33 and '34.

After the 1931 season, Mercedes retired from competition. There simply was not enough money. Germany was in a state of financial chaos which would, within two years, lead to Adolf Hitler.

So, in 1932, Caracciola signed to drive for Alfa-Romeo.

But there was a catch. It was the Alfa factory that wanted him. The other Alfa team drivers did not. They were all Italians: Tazio Nuvolari, Mario Borzacchini, Guiseppe Campari. They raced as a team, they split their winnings, they drove a small, light car which they supposed that Caracciola, used to the big Mercedes, would not know how to manage.

But Mercedes was out of it, Caracciola had no other worth-while offers and so, even in the face of such coldness and distrust, he signed the contract. It stipulated that he was to drive Alfa-Romeos as an independent. He was not, officially, a member of the team.

His first race was the Mille Miglia, the 1,000-mile race over Italy's open roads. He led the pack all the way to Rome, then, possibly due to heavy-handedness, broke down at Verona. When he got back to the factory, he bumped into Campari. Other Alfas had finished first, second and third, and the smile Campari gave him was smug, as if to say (Caracciola reported later) "we knew you would be no good in our cars."

The Alfa team went on to Monte Carlo for the Grand Prix, Nuvolari leading from the start and running away from the field—except for Caracciola. Caracciola, who had fluffed his start, worked his way up slowly, gaining on Nuvolari, lap by lap trimming seconds from the Italian's lead. At last he was second, and still gaining. During the last laps Caracciola realized that Nuvolari's engine was sputtering. Caracciola gained ground at a faster and faster rate, and soon was wheel to wheel, so close he could see into Nuvolari's car.

The crowd was wild with excitement, watching the race between the factory Alfa of Nuvolari and the "independent" Alfa of Caracciola.

But now Caracciola began to worry about the understanding which exists between all drivers on the same team. They must not fight it out among themselves. He who leads at half distance shall win. The other shall not press him, for to do so might cause both cars to crash or blow up, letting some rival factory car win the race, together with its financial and publicity rewards.

Caracciola now was racing nose-to-tail behind Nuvolari's blood red Alfa. He saw panic in Nuvolari's movements, something was definitely wrong with the car.

Caracciola could have passed at any time. And why not pass? He was not a member of the team. He was an independent. The other drivers had refused to have him. He owed nothing to them, nor to the factory either.

But instead of passing he slowed, let Nuvolari build up a lead again and cross the finish line in front.

When Caracciola stopped his car and climbed out, the crowd in the grandstand at the finish line rose in fury. The air rang with the harsh derisive whistling of thousands of persons. There was yelling and threats and men waved handkerchiefs at him contemptuously.

The crowd knew he had let Nuvolari win and, noting that he was entered as an independent rather than a team driver, imagined that he had lacked the guts to fight it out wheel to wheel through the dozen dangerous corners of Monte Carlo.

Caracciola had never been booed before. Now he stood with his head down, wretched, listening to catcalls and worse. His mechanic came toward him.

"Why did you do that?"

"I don't know," Caracciola answered miserably.

The Alfa pit manager came up with outstretched hands.

"That was decent of you, Rudi," he said. "Really very decent. They want me to ask you if you'll join the team."

"And Campari?"

"It was Campari who suggested it. The other boys are all for it too."

And so Caracciola won a place on the Alfa team.

He raced for Alfa-Romeo all that year, winning 10 races including the Grand Prixs of Germany, Poland and Monza. He was second four times and third once. That year taught him something about the give and take of a team, and about defeat too. But it is chiefly important because it refutes the chief claim of Caracciola's detractors: that he won because he had the best car (Mercedes). In 1932 he drove the same machine as Nuvolari, but in it Nuvolari won only six races to Caracciola's 10.

The following season Alfa did not enter races as a factory team. Caracciola had spent the winter skiing near Arosa with his wife and Louis Chiron. Chiron had just been dropped by Bugatti, so both drivers would be without cars for the 1933 season. They began to talk over

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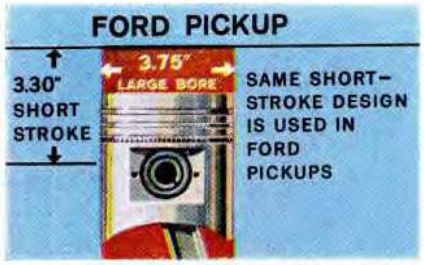

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a plan Chiron had. Why did they not buy two Alfas from the factory and run under their own names? They could call their team "Scuderia C.C."

Finally they signed a contract, and bought the two cars. Mercedes lent Caracciola a diesel transporter to carry them around in. Caracciola's car was painted white with a blue stripe, Chiron's blue with a white stripe.

They went to Monte Carlo to practice a week before the 1933 Grand Prix.

Caracciola was of course familiar with the Alfa. Chiron had never driven it before, so Caracciola led the way around the circuit, increasing speed lap by lap. He was delighted with Chiron's quick mastery of the skittish little Alfa. As speeds went up Caracciola watched Chiron in the rear view mirror, driving just as fast as he, hanging on his tailpipe. At last, Caracciola signaled enough.

The two cars eased up for the last lap of the day, passed in front of the Casino and dropped down the steep, twisty street onto the sea front again.

Suddenly Caracciola noticed that Chiron was not there, a few feet behind him.

Caracciola decided to slow, to wait for his partner to catch up. Had something happened?

He kept watching his mirror. A moment's inattention was enough. Along the quay the car raced, up the sort of ramp where the street turns 90 degrees left. For an instant the car was airborne, and when Caracciola realized he was going too fast it was already too late to brake. He braked violently, one wheel locked, and the car skidded toward the stone balustrade guarding the outside rim of the corner.

Caracciola reported later that his mind was functioning perfectly clearly. He steered into the skid, downshifted, estimated his speed at 65 mph, even decided he was making only about 15 mph too much to get around.

Then the car crashed against the stone balustrade and stopped.

Caracciola, sitting in the half crushed cockpit, breathed a sigh of relief. He was okay. He had gotten away with it.

He began to hoist himself out of the car. Chiron screeched to a stop beside him. Others came running up. But Caracciola waved them back. He was okay.

He swung his legs over the edge of the car, jumped down into the street and collapsed. Pain spurted through his leg, then through his whole body. Chiron was holding him. He had never felt such excruciating pain in his life.

He was carried into the tobacco shop on the corner, and placed in a chair. Sweat popped from his forehead and it took all his will to keep from screaming.

The ambulance came. It bumped toward the hospital with Caracciola digging his nails into the stretcher. X-rays showed that the thighbone was crushed. The doctor was of the opinion that Caracciola might lose the leg, would have a shorter, weaker, useless leg at best.

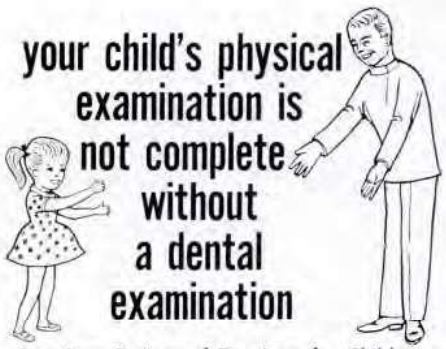
He was slapped into a cast which bit into his flesh. The pain was nearly unbearable, he did not trust the doctor, and he was frantic with fear that they might chloroform him and cut off his leg.

The Alfa people arranged to have him sent to Bologna, where he sat for six months, listening to radio reports of races won by other men, playing cards with his wife. He was not a man capable of losing himself in books or conversation. He was a racing driver, and all day the engines roared in his ears.

When he was discharged from the hospital, he and his wife went to Switzerland. He walked with the aid of canes, in great pain. Day after day he forced himself to do exercises. There was no progress that he could see. The pain at times was too much to bear.

Word came that Mercedes was returning to racing in 1934. Herr Hitler himself was behind it. The cars would be in part state sponsored, and would win great victories for the Fatherland. Would Caracciola be ready to drive?

He insisted he would be. Racing manager Alfred Neubauer was being sent down from the factory to see him. Hearing this, Caracciola forced the doctor to remove the bulky bandages. He practiced walking in front of a mirror. When Neubauer came he pretended that the leg was fine, allowed himself to be



American Society of Dentistry for Children

slapped on the knee, never once showed pain, pretended to grin and laugh. Would the fellow never go? He didn't know how much longer he could keep from screaming.

"Will you be ready?" Neubauer asked, in leaving.

"Depends on the terms," Caracciola answered tightly.

His lips were white from pain and the sweat stood out on his forehead as he showed Neubauer to the door.

Back at Stuttgart, Neubauer reported that Caracciola could not be counted on. Obviously his leg was not right.

Caracciola and his wife Charly went up into the mountains. They had both loved to ski, but now they talked and played cards all day. In the evenings they went for long walks, Rudi leaning on his wife's shoulder. He would not begin until dark. No one must see him like this, unable to walk.

Some friends came by and urged Charly to come skiing.

"Go with them," said Rudi. "You need the exercise and the change. You have been too long with an invalid. I will be all right for one day. I will go down to the station at 5 o'clock to meet the train."

And he did, but she was not on it. He hobbled back to their chalet and sat waiting, realizing how lost he was without her. The hours passed. The stars came out and a pale quarter-moon.

The last train came in about 10 o'clock. From the window Caracciola watched a figure walking up toward his chalet. At first he thought it was Charly, then realized it was a man, one of the ski guides.

A premonition passed over him like a chill. He limped to the door. His voice cracked as he called, "Come in."

"Mr. Caracciola—"

"Yes. Yes."

"There's been an accident. An avalanche. Your wife—"

"Oh no!"

"She fell directly into it. She's—" The guide could not go on.

"Dead," Caracciola gulped.

The guide nodded. He stood a moment then, as Caracciola began to sob, turned and ran down the stairs.

Chiron got there on the first train. Caracciola lay on a couch in the darkness. He refused to go out, to eat, to see anyone. For days Chiron stayed with him, working to cheer him up, to interest him in living again. There was no funeral. Charly's body was never found. Caracciola did not even have that to weep over. Day after day he stared straight ahead.

Chiron was the closest friend he ever had, and almost the only one. They had no language in common. They conversed in pidgin versions of French or German, and by sign language. There was something between them which words might have spoiled: an understanding of what the other man felt, though nothing had been said.

This understanding helped Caracciola over the worst days. Then Chiron had to go.

A few weeks later he was back again.

"Bonjour, Rudi," he said cheerfully. "How would you like to drive a lap of honor at Monte Carlo before the Grand Prix? They wanted to write you about it, but I said: Never mind, I'll go up there myself and bring him along."

"I'd rather not," said Caracciola.

He had hardly moved from the room since Charly's death. He was pale, still plunged deep in melancholy. Chiron bustled about throwing open the shutters, chattering cheerfully all the while.

Caracciola was not listening. Suddenly Chiron grabbed him by the shoulders. "You've got to get out of this hole," he cried. "You've had a tough break, but life isn't over. Her today, you tomorrow. If there was any justice in the world you would have been killed a long time ago. Life goes on. Do you know something, the births each day outnumber the deaths by over a hundred thousand?"

Chiron talked on and on in this vein. Caracciola understood little of it, or none at all. But he did understand that someone cared what happened to him, and at last he agreed to Chiron's offer. If it meant so much to Chiron, he, Rudi, would drive a lap of honor at Monte Carlo.

He arrived at Monte Carlo just before the race. A girl handed some flowers into his car and he began to tour the circuit. Wherever he passed many people stood

[*Continued on page* 70]

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BALLANTINE ALE

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[*Continued from page* 68]
cheering and waving, as if they wanted him back.

It hurt his leg to drive even so slowly for a single lap, and at the end he was braking with his left foot. He stopped at the pits and got out. He inhaled the burnt castor oil of the race cars, listened to the swelling engine noise. Then the flag fell and the cars howled away, the exhaust smoke blossoming behind them.

Caracciola felt shaken. After Charly's death he had not wanted to live, much less drive, but now he knew that the world of racing was his world. Without it he was nothing. He ached to climb into the cramped cockpit of a Grand Prix car again, to feel the power squirming and straining under him, to put his foot down and roar away, to feel himself again a giant among men. To race—

By God, he resolved, I will drive again. I will race and win again. I will live again.

In the fall Caracciola was well enough to enter the Grand Prix of Italy, at Monza.

The year before, three drivers had been killed in the same race; the result was a drastic overhauling of the track. Artificial chicanes were stuck in everywhere, and it became impossible to lap faster than 65 mph. But minimum distance for a Grand Prix had not changed. The race would cover 311 miles—meaning it would last more than five hours.

The night before the race Caracciola attended a strategy meeting held by race manager Neubauer. The other Mercedes drivers also attended. Neubauer talked endlessly. Caracciola sat there not listening, thinking of his leg. He had been practicing on the circuit since late August. The new circuit was so twisty a man must shift gears constantly. He had worked it out: more than 2,500 times in the race.

Could he last it? Five hours? On a leg that hurt to walk on? Neubauer's voice droned on. Caracciola could not stand listening anymore.

He left the room. In the street he drove slowly about. It was September, but northern Italy was hot as mid-summer. Men sat in front of their houses in undershirts. Women fanned themselves with newspapers. He knew he would have this heat to contend with too. He lay awake all night, listening to the trolleys passing his window. Five hours. Would the leg last?

In the morning, looking haggard, he went out to the circuit. A dense crowd was there, perhaps partly expecting another fatal crash.

Perhaps today I will crash to my death, Caracciola thought.

And then he thought: better that than to fail, to know that my leg is too weak, that I can no longer brake hard enough, work the pedals deftly enough.

The cars were wheeled to the starting grid. Heat shimmered up from the road surface. Caracciola, helped by his mechanic, climbed into his car.

The starting flag fell. Caracciola jammed his bad leg down on the accelerator pedal. His Mercedes surged away.

Not quick enough. He was in fourth place racing into the first turn, though he had had pole position on the grid.

The pits signaled his position: Stuck, Fagioli, Varzi, Caracciola.

The wind rushed past him. He braked, downshifted, accelerated out of the corner, upshifted, braked, downshifted, accelerated out of the next corner.

It was hot and the sweat was pouring off him. His feet worked frantically on the pedals, and a slow dull pain began in his bad leg.

By lap 10, Fagioli, his teammate, had broken down. Varzi had dropped back. Stuck still led and was pulling away. Now Stuck's stubby Auto-Union led by 20 seconds, now by 30. Caracciola hung grimly on. He must catch Stuck somehow. The leg was really hurting now.

An hour passed, Caracciola still second, still unable to gain on Stuck. Each time Rudi passed the pits, Neubauer flashed the "FASTER" signal at him.

Caracciola began to feel desperate. Never in his life had he worked so hard. There seemed a thousand corners per lap, and the structural steel tubing of the car was so hot in places that it burned his flesh. Flailing his way round a turn he whacked his elbow against the cockpit wall. It began to swell, and hurt as badly as his leg.

How much longer could he last?

Another hour passed, then a third. He gained back a few seconds on Stuck.

Only 20 seconds behind.

Fifty laps gone by. Fifty-five. How many more to go?

He was assailed by thirst, began to feel dizzy. Corners swam before his eyes. He nearly passed out, but in the turn smashed his arm against the frame again. The pain brought him out of it.

Lap after lap he raced. He was driving on instinct now, gnawing into Stuck's lead without even knowing it. He knew only pain—his leg hurt as badly as the day he had broken it. His arm was on fire. His tongue was cracked from thirst. Cockpit heat was cooking him.

Stuck had been driving wildly to stay ahead of Caracciola, throwing the tail-heavy Auto-Union around corners, sliding all over the road in his frantic haste.

Now on lap 59, Stuck screeched to a stop at his pits, the car was jacked up and new wheels slapped on.

Caracciola sped past, in the lead.

He saw Stuck's car in the pits, and something inside him cried: "You're in front at last! You're leading, leading!"

For a moment he forgot the pain, knew only elation.

Then, as the pain came back all at once and worse than before, he realized that he could not go on much longer. He knew then he was beaten. The car was in first place. He did not have the right to jeopardize the lead. He must stop, hand over to a healthy man. Passing the pits he signaled. He, Rudi, was coming in. Have Fagioli ready to take over.

The next lap he stopped. Mechanics lifted him from the car. He was so exhausted he could not talk.

Fagioli jumped into the car. Neubauer asked about tires.

[*Continued on page* 72]

TRUE

"Are you going back into politics when you get out?"

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GULF CARE MAKES YOUR CAR RUN BETTER

[*Continued from page* 70]

"They're okay," Rudi croaked. "Okay."

Fagioli shot away. Rudi sat there in the shade of the pits, alone with his pain, with the victory that meant nothing to him. He had given up.

A few minutes later Fagioli rocketed across the line, the winner.

Neubauer put his arm around Rudi.

"You won this race for us," he said. "A great drive, Rudi."

The team doctor was bandaging Caracciola's burnt and bruised arm.

Rudi shook his head. He had given up. Would he ever be strong enough again?

The winter passed. He was still in pain sometimes, and he had a marked limp which he was to carry to his grave, for the right leg was now two inches shorter than the left. His leg muscles had to be shifted, reformed, strengthened, and he forced himself to exercise day after day, week after week, month after month, ignoring the pain, the boredom, the occasional despair, forcing himself on and on through sheer strength of will. The world insisted that champions never came back. But he, Rudolf Caracciola, would show them they were wrong.

And in 1935 he won the French, Spanish, Tripoli, Belgian and Swiss Grand Prixs, four of them in record time, plus some lesser races, and was crowned Champion of Europe.

He raced until the war. He was fast, quiet, kept to himself. When Hitler appointed him an NSKK Storm Leader, Caracciola made no scene, he simply moved to Switzerland and applied for Swiss nationality. His beloved Charly had been Jewish. He did not need to be told about the Nazis.

He was so inarticulate when approached by journalists as to appear curt. He would answer questions about a race or a car; he would give no information about himself. He guarded his privacy. In 1937 he remarried. His new wife was an ex-girl friend of Chiron. She had come with Chiron to Arosa after Charly's death, had served him as secretary to answer the messages of condolence. Her name was Alice and she was always around the races, first with Chiron, then with Caracciola, and finally Caracciola went to his friend and said: "I did not mean to betray you. We have fallen in love. We want to marry."

Chiron slapped him on the back, congratulated him. "Alice and I broke up long ago," he said. "I thought you knew. I wish you both nothing but happiness."

Caracciola and Alice were married. They built a villa at Lugano and lived there quietly. No one ever went to visit Caracciola. Home is where I go to get away from it all, he told his one or two friends. It is where I go to be alone.

He must have been the best, for he won the most races, but he got little publicity because journalists considered him unapproachable. Instead they wrote about Nuvolari, Varzi, Chiron and others. The legend Caracciola should have become faded even as he still raced.

He sat out the war in Switzerland. He had his prize money, plus a pension from Mercedes which kept coming in up to the final collapse of Germany.

When war was over he went to America to race at Indianapolis, crashed, and was in a coma for 10 days.

He recovered, at least apparently. But there were friends who said later that the crash aged him. That now he began to spend long hours reminiscing, steeped in the past.

In 1952, Mercedes came back to racing in a limited way and Rudi was recalled to the factory team, and entered in the Monte Carlo Rallye. He was 51 but, driving a closed car, still managed to post the best times in spots. The old skill, unused since the crash at Indianapolis six years before, was still there.

Mercedes gave him another closed car for the Mille Miglia. He practiced over the route for two months, and sometimes would describe to younger men what the roads had been like when he had won the race in 1931. In the race itself he drove fast, cool and in control at all times. But he appeared to have misjudged the pace at which the Mille Miglia was being raced these days. He simply went too slowly and finished only fourth.

He went to Berne for a sports car race. He drove well for several laps, then the two other Mercedes passed him one by one. They were driven by Hermann Lang and Karl Kling, both nearly as old as he. Rudi seemed to be tiring fast. On lap 13 he missed a curve and slid off the road into a tree at 95 miles an hour. The crash smashed his left leg as badly as the right one had been at Monte Carlo so many years before. He spent eight months in traction.

He never raced again. He was never quite right again physically. He had his pension from Mercedes, and money saved from the glory days before the war and, since there were no children, he and his wife got by all right. He wrote his autobiography which was called *My World* and was a big seller in Germany. It is filled with drama and emotion, the qualities Caracciola had seemed without all through his career. Most of all it is filled with his love of driving racing cars, which no one had ever doubted. It is said the book was written largely by his wife. Caracciola himself was never able to express himself as he would have liked, so he tended to be reserved and was taken by the world as unsociable.

His last appearance at a race was in 1958 at Le Mans when he drove a few laps in a retrospective pageant in a 1930 Mercedes. A few journalists who tried to talk to him reported later that he was as uncommunicative as ever.

He died the following year of a liver ailment which might have been cancer, or might have been, as some said, a lingering effect of the crash at Berne seven years before. He was 58 years old.

After the funeral, one or two of the Mercedes people went to his house to see that his wife was all right. Among their discoveries was a wine cellar where Caracciola had hoarded wines and champagnes of most of the vintage years since 1900. It was the cellar of a gourmet, of a debonair and entertaining host given to delighting his guests with the taste and bouquet of fine wines.

But Caracciola never drank, and few visitors came to his house, believing he preferred to be left alone. Peering among the dusty, priceless bottles, it was possible to suppose that Caracciola had always longed to move at ease in company, to please and amuse many kinds of guests. But he never knew how. The only way he ever found to express himself in life was by driving race cars. —**Robert Daley**

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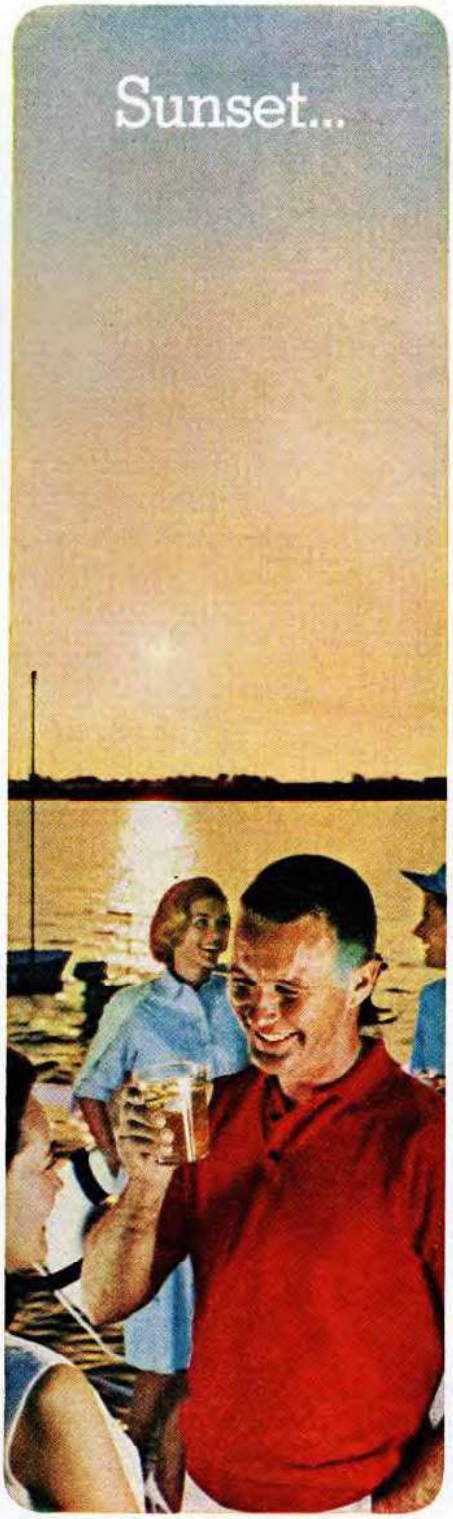

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"Qualifications . . .? You're looking at them!"

Sex and Science Doom a Pest

[*Continued from page 37*]

"We knew flies would have to be distributed by air," Dr. Bushland told me. "Timing of these mass releases was carefully planned, and when the test was over we were as overwhelmed as the flies. They had vanished."

Dr. Bushland and associates now moved in on Florida in earnest. Screwworm damage there and over the Southeast was estimated at around $20 million annually, with the overwintering area of the pest mainly in Florida. The USDA "fly boys," in full cry now, estimated that for only a portion of the cost of one year's loss they could, in a two-year period, wipe out the Florida screwworm fly.

"Not everyone was on our side," Bushland remembers. "One cattleman even threatened to shoot at the planes distributing the flies.

"Florida, looking back, was a natural. In the winter we had the wild flies sort of bottled up, with water barriers on three sides and cold on the fourth. It was simply a matter of enough money, personnel, and organization. A mass attack."

The entomologists now passed the ball to veterinarians of Animal Disease Eradication, whose job it is to carry out programs affecting the nation's livestock. They took the researchers' knowhow, applied it so effectively that today the Florida screwworm is filed with the dodo.

But Bushland & Company were not allowed to quit there. Texas ranchers, ears to the ground, were busy raising $3 million of their own money, donating 50¢ a cow, 10¢ a goat or sheep, and trying to force the federal government to ante up an appropriation. They got it, too, in a cooperative program among USDA, the Texas Animal Health Commission, and themselves.

If the Southeast looked big, when the researchers turned their gaze westward vistas were little short of appalling. Damage there was annually at least five times greater. Land areas needing attention made Florida look puny. Nor were there water barriers, except the Gulf on the east. Westward lay a 1,200-mile stretch of critical territory, and below it wide-open Mexico.

"The master plan we created," Dr. Bushland explained, "was to set up facilities to mass produce and sterilize flies in overwhelming numbers. These would be dispersed by a fleet of planes in a carefully worked out grid, throughout the entire infestation area."

That was only a beginning, to keep local flies under control. The Texas-sized thinking was aimed at the border area. What about wild flies constantly migrating northward? At a precise time of season, the entomologists planned a living barrier of sterile flies ready to challenge all invaders. This barrier would be roughly 100 miles wide, and 1,200 miles long, stretching from the Gulf to Arizona. Every square mile of that vast domain would be populated with from several hundred to several thousand sterile male flies.

It was a staggering undertaking, but neither Bushland and his research associates nor the implementing veterinarians seemed to have misgivings. They estimated the king-sized job at three years, and launched it in a king-sized way. The pilot fly factory was set up at Bushland's Kerrville, Texas, headquarters. Meanwhile a huge plant was planned closer to the scene of largest operation, with Mission, Texas, on the Rio Grande, as the site.

The Mission plant has now been rolling for months. The statistics on its operation are fantastic.

"Each week upward of 6,000 gallons of blood and over 100,000 pounds of meat go into the plant," Bushland says. "Out the other end, boxed and ready for dispersal, are carted a hundred million sterile flies! These are distributed by a fleet of two dozen planes flying seven days a week."

How many flies, I inquired, have already been released over Texas? He estimated it at two billion. How many more will be required? About four billion a year over the project's remaining period. It was set up at three years. Might 1963 be the year of the big whammy?

Dr. Bushland hedged cautiously. "We could get a break. Last winter was exceptionally cold, squeezing down the range of heavy infestation. It could happen that 1963 would see us further along than we expect. However, scientists don't plan on luck."

Continuous ground sampling determines general population density of wild flies in various areas, thus the number of sterile males needed per square mile at any given time in each location. When new cases are reported, planes line up. Trucks carry cartons of flies to points from which the planes will disperse them. Daily flying routes for each pilot are mapped out, staggering them so to get complete coverage.

Fly production is just as regimented. Fertile flies are reared by thousands so they can produce the maggots which will become irradiated pupae. Temperature, humidity must be kept at exact levels. The meat must be prepared with preservative, kept at body temperature. Lights attract the flies to the meat. After egg laying, the caged flies go into a cold room to be chilled, immobilized so they cannot escape when the cages are cleaned.

In another room eggs are taken from the meat. Some are kept, along with some males, for future brood stock. Remaining eggs are weighed for division into containers for the hatchery. On and on the process goes, ever more complicated, until pupae are loaded into canisters in which they get a jolt of cobalt-60.

"Even with all this effort," Bushland sighed, "an uncooperative rancher who fails to report or treat screwworm cases on his ranch can upset the whole balance in his vicinity, undo much of what we've done there, and prolong the program."

Notwithstanding all the difficulties, Dr. Bushland and the control people running the Mission plant and the planes don't talk about "if"—they talk about "when." That "when," meaning when the screwworm is extinct in the Southwest, is going to bring some startling and unique problems of its own.

"It's fascinating to contemplate." Bushland was at his most intense again. "There'll be more beef, mutton, wool, mohair, all raised more easily. There will be some dislocations of unskilled labor, market price adjustments, maybe even gluts. Feed dealers will feel the effects. So will fencing dealers. And of all side effects, the one least thought about so far that may have the hardest wallop is wildlife."

Texas, even with prodigious screwworm losses, already has a deer herd threatening to overwhelm its range. Some biologists envision deer without screwworm losses erupting like rabbits in Australia. Foxes, raccoons, skunks, already plentiful and with populations upon which screwworm effects are not precisely known, may suddenly become a curse upon the land. This could mean that wild turkey flocks and other game bird populations will be drastically affected. The chain reaction may continue for years.

"But all of this," Dr. Bushland said, "is just a beginning. When Edward Knipling hit upon the sterilization idea, neither he nor I guessed how far it would be projected. Knipling in his present high position is now reorienting the entire research program, placing great emphasis on the sterilization system for other uses. He is the one who should have the major credit."

He then unfolded for me some astonishing facts for the future. For Dr. Bushland is taking aim at other pests. He will leave Texas this year to become director of a new $2 million laboratory at Fargo, North Dakota—the Radiation and Metabolism Laboratory of the Agricultural Research Service. Forty-eight PhD scientists will be installed there. Twelve of these, with 24 helpers, will give their whole effort to sterilization research.

With the fire of the hunter, hot on new trails, in his eye, Bushland told me, "At Orlando, progress has already been made with house flies and mosquitoes. We hope to carry it farther. We are confident we can also eventually control the boll weevil, the codling moth, and many others."

As he talked on, I wondered how many people would be scoffing at them when things get really rolling in Fargo. But I knew one thing was sure—the boll weevils, codling moths, the house flies and mosquitoes had better look out, because with scientist-hunters like these after them, their days are numbered.

—Byron W. Dalrymple

COMING . . .

Geoffrey Bocca tells how Hitler chose

THE MAN WHO STARTED WORLD WAR II

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Stanley Dancer and His Winning Prancers

[*Continued from page* 46]

that is beginning to thin on top. Even when you sit with him in the lushly carpeted living room of his nine-room house with its indirect, dimmable lights and stereo speakers you can see the kid who raised prize cows and kicked out the school bus window.

"I was a real boger about going to school," he'll grin, "and I wasn't good at all, wasn't no good in history or geography and I still don't read nothing but articles about horses. But it's a funny thing—you know I always got A's and 100's in arithmetic."

Naturally. The 106-acre training farm he owns and manages here in New Egypt, the center of New Jersey's horse-raising flatlands, started 1963 housing 54 horses worth $5 million. Dancer can break down to cents what each is worth and down to split seconds how fast each should go on each day of training.

But that head for figures gets a little fuzzy about other numbers. He is not quite so fast to tell you that his stable grossed $942,512.74 in 1962, and that of the 10 horses in the country that won more than $100,000 last year, he trained and drove three.

"Rachel doesn't like me to talk about money," he says, smiling guardedly at the tall, dark-haired, pretty woman he married 15 years ago. Rachel does not smile back.

"People get the wrong idea, everyone thinks we're millionaires," says Rachel coolly. Dancer had the luck to find a warm, sensible, gracious woman, but when it comes to money her lips tighten and her eyes ice up. "Tell them about the gypsies, Stanley."

He leans back into his favorite chair and stretches out his booted legs. "This here newspaper had a story that we were millionaires, and the Sunday it come out this family of gypsies pulls up to the front door in a pick-up truck. They wanted money."

He said it with more awe than resentment. "Well, a few months later two gypsy families bought two lots right down the road next to my front paddock. And their pigs and chickens were running under the fence and scaring the colts and messing up things. I had to buy them out for about $800. That was more than three times what the land was worth."

I asked him if he thought it was a deliberate squeeze play. He pondered that for a while, his brow wrinkling. He hadn't thought about it before.

Finally, very reluctantly, he said: "I think it *might* have been."

It is hard for Dancer to believe that anyone could do anything greedy or bad. It is just this quality of almost-innocence—especially in a sport that has always been accused of shady dealings—that makes him outstanding among the big-time American sports heroes.

His dedication to the sport borders on a blind devotion. He swore to me that he had never heard of a rigged harness race, that he had never been approached by a fixer. Despite the meticulous precautions that are taken in the sport—constant urine and saliva tests for winning horses, ultra-strict licensing procedures, films of races, and suspensions and revocations on circumstantial evidence—the hot breath of rumor is always blowing scandal gossip. Is Dancer a liar or is he stupid?

"Neither," said one official. "He is so painfully honest, almost naive, that he can't believe anyone could do anything crooked."

TRUE

"It's *feed* a cold and *starve* a fever."

The tie that binds Dancer and harness racing is one that would engender this blind devotion. The growth of this plowboy into a famous man is inextricably bound up with the sport's Phoenix-like rebirth in the past 18 years.

The sport, of course, came first. The ancients started it all with chariot races, but it wasn't until the early 19th century that harness racing began in this country with informal competition among buggy drivers. It got its big start through the unwitting help of bluenoses who managed to have thoroughbred racing banned for a time in most of the Eastern United States. Sitting on the back of a horse and racing for money was considered sinful, but sitting behind a horse and moving slower than a gallop didn't look like enough fun to be evil.

Then along came Messenger, a flea-bitten, man-killing English stallion and a dynasty of standard-bred horses was born. The standard-bred is longer, lower, heavier-legged and more durable than his more elegant cousin, the thoroughbred. While the thoroughbred sprints at full speed with a 95-pound jockey on its back, the standard-bred is trained to trot (moving diagonally opposite legs together) or to pace (left legs, then right legs) while pulling a 4-foot wide, 35-pound sulky or "bike" and a man of average weight.

While thoroughbred racing grew rich as the sport of kings and compulsive gamblers, harness racing stayed in small-town America. Even though vast amounts of money were bet—and social life was famous in such centers of harness racing as the cities of Saratoga, New York, and Du Quoin, Illinois, site of the venerable Hambletonian—thoroughbred racing was more exciting, the purses were fat, and when the automobile was invented drag races superceded "buggy brushes." Harness racing hung on only in rural areas where horses were cheap and there was plenty of room for a couple of spins in the sulky after chores and before dark.

Stanley Dancer was born into this atmosphere on July 25, 1927, in Edinburg, New Jersey, the youngest of five sons of a truck farmer, with generations of truck farmers as far back as anyone can remember. He worked after school on his father's 300 acres of potatoes, tomatoes and dairy. When he talks about it now he grins because he can't quite understand what happened along the way, exactly what made him turn out to be a rich and famous farmboy instead of just a farmboy.

Dancer did it all on sheer guts, talent and the luck of being born at a time when he could grow up with a sport. He had spent most of his childhood watching horses, often on the sly. County fairs were big in those days and Dancer and his brothers often exhibited cows and bulls. The showing only took three or four days but young Stanley would stay the rest of the week to watch harness races.

They were sometimes slow affairs in those days. There was no starting gate and it often took 20 minutes before the trotters were aligned and ready to race. Then the caravan swung into Indian-file and for three-quarters of a mile they

sucked along in each other's wake. At the three-quarter mark everyone started sprinting, and it wasn't uncommon for a driver to maneuver a wheel into a rival sulky and dump the opposition into the centerfield. People got killed that way.

Dancer's hero in those days was Harry Goodheart, an alcoholic driver who always got his horses away fast, contrary to accepted tradition. Goodheart died of the booze but not before the horse-crazy kid asked him why he drove differently from the others. Goodheart said that getting a horse away quickly avoided accidents and interference and that it was easier to time the final rush when you didn't have to come up from behind. By 14, Stanley had decided never to drink and to get his horses away fast if he ever became a driver.

It took three more years, years of working full-time on the farm and stealing time to be around horses, at the fairs or at other men's stables. Nobody much helped him but he was willing to do the dirty work just to be able to hang around and listen and watch. Then on July 4, 1945, he drove his first race, sitting behind an overnight grinder named Starling's Girl which he had bought for $200 prize money from showing Guernsey cows. It was a bush-league park in Freehold, New Jersey, near home. He had to pin himself into the green and gold racing suit borrowed from a man named Dick Baker who was twice his size. He finished fourth. But within five years, when he was pounding hard on the door to the big time, Dick Baker was his chief assistant and still is.

Dancer won all of $58 with Starling's Girl that year. He traded her for a colt in the fall, broke and trained the colt and sold him for $1,500. With the money he bought David Guy D., another overnight grinder. And on Memorial Day, 1946, at Freehold, he won his first horse race. Now the kid was hooked for good.

He won that race with a new style, a variation on the Goodheart technique. He hustled David Guy D. to the top as fast as he could, held the rail and finished with a rush. It was a minor revolution and is still the kind of race Dancer puts on today. Only now, that hell-for-leather hustling is leavened with brilliant tactical ability and an uncanny judgment as to when to move in, move out, or shoot a 3-foot 11-inch hole with a 4-foot sulky.

"Stanley Dancer is always trying, like he cares as much about your two bucks as you do," a bettor told me at Yonkers Raceway last year, "and that's a lot more than I can say about some of those other horse-pushers."

This kind of attitude shortens the payoff on any horse Dancer drives. In the pari-mutuel system, bettors are actually wagering against each other rather than against the house. Dancer goes off as favorite at least one-third of the time, and meager returns of $5 or so for a $2 bet reflects the public's confidence in him.

Dancer responds in kind. He is a money driver, always pressing, always keeping his horse as near the top as he can. Even if he is dead last and eating mud, he never lets up. Once, after finishing a bad last in a six-horse race, he was

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

by Jimmy Breslin

ARCARO'S ALL-NIGHT DERBY

Perhaps the most satisfying thing about sports is the manner in which great athletes rise, in all their physical magnificence, when the occasion demands a stirring performance. Clear of eye, quick of reflex, sure of judgment, the fine athlete stretches himself to unheard of limits when it really counts. It is because of this that several people maintain the greatest ride ever given a race horse occurred in the Kentucky Derby of 1938.

The people who say this are the ones who were out the night before the race with Eddie Arcaro. He was in Louisville to ride Lawrin for trainer Ben A. Jones. Arcaro, it became apparent on Derby Eve, also was in town to renew old acquaintances. While everybody else connected with the race spent the evening pacing up and down and worrying, Mr. Arcaro sat. He sat on a stool at the bar of the Brown Hotel. Then at a table in a place called the Old House. Then at various other places. He did not begin standing up until much later when the party moved to a nearby crap game.

At a little before 7 in the morning, Arcaro reached his hotel room and began to get ready for a little sleep. The phone changed his plan.

Ben Jones was the caller. "We saved you some coffee," he announced brightly. "Now you just brush your teeth and come out to the barn. You don't win a Kentucky Derby layin' in bed."

"I hope you're right," Arcaro said.

A half hour later, Arcaro was "preparin'" for the Derby, Ben Jones style. He was trudging along the Churchill Downs track on foot. A few steps ahead of him, Jones was astride a stable pony. He was showing Arcaro every foot of the track. Arcaro couldn't quite follow the talk. He wanted to die.

"The only way this horse can get beat is if he winds up along the rail," Jones kept saying. "Lookit here how deep it is. Stay off that rail no matter what happens." By the time B.A., as he was called, finished his lecture, all Arcaro could do was walk to the jockeys' room and try to make a couple of showers do the work of a night's sleep.

The 10-horse field was off at 4:41 CST. By 4:41 3/5, Arcaro, a trifle slow on the draw, had been knocked back to ninth. He then brought his great sense of strategy to bear. He tucked Lawrin right against the rail. Up in the stands, Ben Jones turned purple. He was more than somewhat displeased.

Arcaro kept Lawrin on the rail, and in one of those unbelievable runs of racing luck, one after another of the horses in front of him would bear out and he kept slipping through. On the turn for home, Menow, the leader, swung out a little and Arcaro rammed Lawrin through. He took the lead and held it. The only time he came off the rail was at the end. With a delicate little flourish known in some places as fouling, he took Lawrin out into the middle of the track to cut off a horse called Dauber. Lawrin won by a length and Arcaro won his first Derby.

After the race, Arcaro headed for bed. And B.A. Jones was beaming. "Just like I figured it for him," Jones kept telling reporters. "He rode to instructions all the way. The most perfect ride I've ever seen."

"Ordinarily, she'll do eight knots downstream—you're not putting your back into those oars, honey!"

asked why he kept pushing his outclassed mount instead of taking it easy after he saw he couldn't win. His snapping reply has become a minor classic. "I was waiting for a break," he said. "Only four of them horses had to drop dead and I'd be in the money."

The year he won his first race, 1946, was the turning-point year for the sport. Roosevelt Raceway, now the leading harness operation in the world, had opened six years before with night racing and pari-mutuel machines. But the track was faltering. City people came to bet, not to admire horseflesh. The interminable waiting—while horses lined up then re-lined up—for the start, wasted time and complicated the wagering. The invention of the Phillips Starting Gate, hydraulically powered airplane wings on the back of a souped-up Chrysler, made all the difference. Horses lined up immediately, followed the car to the starting line and began racing when the car accelerated out of the way.

The sport accelerated, too, and kept right on going. It probably hit its high note in 1957, when Roosevelt Raceway re-opened as a $20 million temple of the deuce, painted in 205 pastel tints, with spouting fountains, plush restaurants overlooking the action and closed-circuit television for bettors who preferred to keep one foot on the bar rail while their money ran away. The country pasture atmosphere disappeared under the blazing lights. The Madison Avenue boys moved in with their soft sells to lure the expense account crowd and the family groups. And close behind came the motivational researchers with their pseudo-psychology. Among their most lurid conclusions was that women regarded the horses as male symbols and just loved to see the drivers flick their whips.

Even today, Dancer does not follow such talk. But in 1947, the year he started to accelerate, it would have been pure Viennese. He was just married and making $45 a week mucking out other people's stables. He was living in a second-hand trailer on a piece of his father's land and eating with Rachel's great-uncle to save money.

"We married for love," says Mrs. Dancer without self-consciousness. As if there could have been any other reason. "Our only real problem in those days was saving up the money for the Saturday night quart of ice cream."

Then came THE horse, a crippled, 8-year-old gelding named Candor. The horse had a bowed tendon and a pulled ligament. Dancer bought the horse with $250 of his wife's money.

There was no extra money for vets or for a stall, so all that year they sat on the steps of a three-room, second-hand trailer and hosed down the black gelding's leg with cold water and bound up his leg with cold-water bandages and rubbed his crippled leg and prayed.

The rest of Stanley Dancer's life is strictly out of the Hollywood happy mills, a series of triumphs snatched from the jaws of near-disaster. That spring, Stanley and Rachel took Candor to Delaware for a two-heat race. Hours before post time, officials discovered that the Dancers didn't really own the gelding. The man they had bought it from had figured that Candor would never race again and had never bothered to tell the Dancers that his own title to the horse was not clear.

Eighty miles an hour on back roads to find a man with authority, a man who could hold a hearing, make a judgment. Then grind rubber back to the track, leap into the sulky and, naturally, Candor won both heats and $400—the first of the $12,000 he was to win in the next three years.

Now Dancer was ready for the big time. Back in the car and up to Roosevelt Raceway. He had picked up a half dozen other horses along the way, owned by men who had faith in the youngster as a trainer and a driver. He also had a letter from the race secretary promising him eight stalls for the spring meeting. He was jubilant, he glowed, he was going to ride that letter into the big time.

Again, near-disaster. The race secretary told him that all the stalls at Roosevelt were occupied.

"I got this here letter," bellowed Dancer, planting his scuffed boots in the middle of the pine-paneled office. "And it's got your name on it and it says right there in black and white. . . ."

"Forget it," said the fat man behind the desk coldly. "We're overbooked. A mistake. Sorry. Boy, you do yourself a favor and find yourself some small track somewhere. Come back some time when you and your horses are ready."

Even today, Dancer's face tightens up a little when he talks about that moment. He says it was the darkest of his life. In those days, the race secretary ran Roosevelt the way Franco runs Spain, and the kid should have had the common sense to take his advice. But he was hungry and he was thinking about his proud new wife in the Chevy outside and the owners who had trusted him with their horses. Then he thought about going back to muck other people's stables for the rest of his life. He took a deep breath and dug in with his boots.

"I ain't racin' nowhere but here," he said very quietly.

The fat man shifted his bulk in his swivel chair and peered hard at the kid through his rimless spectacles. He must have seen something.

"There's some old stalls about five miles from here. They're goin' to be torn down," he said curtly. "You can stay there for two weeks. If you make good I'll move you into Roosevelt. Otherwise. . . ."

"Two weeks is all I'll need," said Stanley Dancer.

He won his first race that meeting, burned up the track all spring and can now afford to ignore the mealymouths who yell: "Hey, Dancer, you're so crooked they'll have to screw you into the grave," when he loses a race.

To the mealymouths, Dancer is just the human figure behind the four-footed roulette number they bet on. But to those closer, Dancer is still just a country boy.

"Stanley Dancer," says a man who knows him well, "is the last of the rubes. He's from Alfalfaville. I took him to a fancy French restaurant in New York. What do you think he ordered? 'Ham an' aigs.' "

"Stanley Dancer," says one of his assistants, "is a real thoughtful guy. Two hours before the Little Brown Jug last year, maybe the biggest race of his life, he tells me to make arrangements to fly home. We were on the road four weeks and he said it was time I saw my wife and kids.

"Okay, you could understand if it was after he had won the race, but here it was before the race and he had all these things on his mind and he thought about some

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guy working for him who was lonely. And he said he was paying for the trip."

"I'm just a horseman," said Dancer. He was surprised at the question. "If I wasn't where I am today I guess I'd be cleaning somebody's stables."

He admits quite freely, and with a certain amount of pride, that he is horse-crazy. If a doctor, say, ordered him to stay away from animals he would probably go mad. Every year he takes a two-week vacation in Florida because there is winter racing there. One year the Dancers went to Bermuda. They came back in three days. "Hated the place," said Stanley. "Weren't no horses there. But I stayed on for Rachel."

His tastes are predictable. His favorite Broadway play was *Lil Abner*, his favorite television show is *The Beverly Hillbillies*. When he listens to his stereo set (which was a present from one of the owners whose horses he trains), it is usually to hear Glenn Miller or a scratchy recording of a race he won in 1949. He has heard the record a thousand times but his face still breaks into a chipmunk grin when Clem McCarthy, the announcer, rasps:

"There goes Dancer on Don Pronto. Boy, I can see this is going to be a horse race."

And then, when Don Pronto takes the lead for good, McCarthy describes the look on the horse's face as saying: "C'mon get me you boys." Dancer is hard put not to bang his heels on the floor.

Also predictably, Dancer neither smokes nor drinks and is a pillar of the church where he was married. His family is a close one—they all live within a few miles of each other. The father and mother and brother Vernon, 40, and his family live across the road. Brother Harold, 51, and his son Harold Jr., 27, live down the road a piece, and brother Charles, 53, who drives buses, lives in nearby Trenton. Vernon and the two Harolds train their horses at Stanley's Egyptian Acres and often catch-drive Stanley's horses when he needs help.

But Dancer sees little of his family, and regrets that his three children—Ron, 14, Susan, 13, and Richard, 4—have done most of their growing out of his sight. Eight months of the year he is traveling most of each week, across country on the Grand Circuit of stakes races, and shuttling among the major tracks.

When he is home, he arises at 6:30 a.m., breakfasts on juice, one scrambled egg and coffee, and is out at the barns by 7:30. In boots and windbreaker, he looks no different from any of his 27 stable-hands. But there is no doubt that the boss is prowling.

He misses nothing. His mind is uncluttered by deep thoughts about politics, philosophy or the latest fashions, but it is a precise file cabinet of horse information. With 54 horses to train, he makes up the work-out schedule of each one personally and he somehow remembers which are the fat ones to bring to speed more slowly, which have been building up shoulder muscle on muddy tracks, and how every one gained or faltered in races past.

He treats his men with a rare respect, insisting that the grooms be called "caretakers" because it sounds more respectable. He pays them top dollar. In return he expects absolute execution of his orders. When an expensive colt jumped a paddock fence last year and was run down by a car, Dancer consoled the grief-stricken caretaker. But he once almost fired a man who forgot to tell him that a filly being groomed had slipped a shoe.

"Every two months, like clockwork," said one of his hands, "Stanley explodes. He saves up all the little things that made him angry and then just yells 'em all out one day. Then he forgets about it."

He is almost compulsive in his insistence upon cleanliness in the stables, and during his morning inspection of the barns he acts like a shavetail with white gloves. Every bit of equipment is painted in his yellow and blue racing colors, including the brooms, rakes and shovels—each of which also carries the name of the caretaker who uses it.

Each stall and equipment box bears the name of the horse and the owner and is decorated with a picture of Dancer driving his first two-minute miler, Jenko Hanover.

The decorative effect, and a $9,000 office-sitting room he recently built overlooking his private half-mile track, are Dancer's only obeisances to the rich, non-professional horse owners he is working for. Although he calls them all Mister, he never allows them to dictate the training schedule or to decide which of his horses he will drive in what race.

During the course of the morning, Dancer watches the horses in training, taking out personally those that need special handling or those he wants to get the feel of. In the afternoon, he becomes the business man, setting up the intricate schedule of stakes qualification payments that would stump a tax lawyer. In harness racing, it is necessary to start paying entrance fees for big races often before the horse to be entered is old enough to pull a sulky.

He must also sift through the millions of dollars that pass through his stable each year. A good part of it is not his—he is part owner in varying amounts of some horses and thus shares purses, and drives some he doesn't own for the driver's 10 percent of winning money. But despite such adroit financial figuring, and a yearly net income that may exceed $100,000, his attitude toward money is hopelessly bush-league.

"Investments?" he laughs. "Jeepers, no. That's like gambling."

He has never borrowed a cent in his life, does not believe in credit buying. All his money is either plowed right back into the farm or stashed away in trust funds for his children's education, bank accounts or bonds.

Someone once kidded him about that. "You're not planting potatoes anymore, Stanley. You don't have to be afraid of blight."

Dancer's face grew serious. "Why, tomorrow all my horses could go lame. Or I could get in an accident and not be able to drive. I couldn't leave my family saddled with bills."

After dinner, he checks the barns again. He goes alone because his children are not interested in horses. He says he is glad of this because he wants the boys to go on to higher things, get an education, advance into the professions. But he is sad, too, because they may never understand why their father once spent $200 to save an old plug from the meat factory, and hundreds more so that Candor, THE horse, can spin out a peaceful retirement in the back paddock.

He goes to bed early, out of habit and because horses sleep at night. When Stanley Dancer sleeps, he never dreams. Only ambitious men dream, men who want to claw further up, men who want to be richer than they are, more famous than they are, happier than they are. Stanley Dancer hopes only that life for him will be, always, as it is now.

—Robert Lipsyte

TRUE

"You're ten minutes late again, Johnson. Your explanation had better be good."

What We'll Find on Mars

[*Continued from page* 53]

jugs, were paved with sterile red sandstone, and the atmospheric pressure and atmosphere of Mars exactly reproduced, with only a trace of oxygen and moisture. The jars were then inoculated with unsterlized soil containing many types of microscopic organisms. After several weeks, the organisms requiring oxygen began to die out but those, both bacteria and fungi, that required little or no oxygen not only survived but multiplied.

Thus Strughold showed that some forms of terrestrial life could adapt themselves, and even thrive, in the simulated environment of Mars.

Dr. Ernest J. Opik, Esthonian-born astronomer now living in Ireland, for years has been studying the Martian deserts, dust storms, plains, icecaps, and season changes. Each year, as the Martian polar cap dwindled, he watched the dark areas change color from brown to gray to blue-green or olive-green. And he noted that while great russet and yellow dust storms raged across the deserts and covered the green areas, the dust didn't hide them for long. Dr. Opik reached the conclusion that dust would uniformly coat the entire planet, except that the dark area was plant life, renewing itself annually, and dust was shaken from the foliage, as on Earth.

Dr. William M. Sinton, of the Smithsonian Institution, a noted astrophyscist, has produced even more direct evidence that the dark areas of Mars have a plant covering. Monitoring the infrared wave lengths beyond visible light, he found that the greenish areas reflected resonance peculiar to the carbon-hydrogen and aldehyde combinations found in plant molecules. This resonance did not reflect from the Martian deserts.

"This is the most positive evidence we have that life exists on Mars," said Dr. Harold C. Urey, Nobel Prize winner in chemistry and perhaps America's most distinguished living scientist.

In March of this year a balloon-borne telescope, rising to 77,000 feet and therefore above 95 percent of the shimmering atmosphere that plagues astronomers, gave man his first fairly unrestricted view of Mars. Unfortunately no human eye saw what the telescope saw, and indeed the telescope was not adjusted to absorb visible light, only the more useful infrared. Sponsored by Princeton and the University of California, with the government paying $5 million of the expenses, Stratoscope II took off from Palestine, Texas, and drifted east to Tennessee, while a truckload of scientists chased it, radioing instructions. At first it refused to obey, but finally it swung to focus on Mars, twice scanned the planet, and stored the information in its instrument package. Telescope and the taped record were safely parachuted to the ground.

The preliminary findings were exciting, confirming the presence of water vapor and carbon dioxide—the two absolute essentials for plant life—in the Martian atmosphere. The big telescopes riding the OAOs will see more. Their platforms, gliding in orbit far outside the atmosphere, will be far steadier than twisting balloons, and they will be more easily controlled from ground stations ringing Earth. Also, they will be capable of sustained performance night after night and perhaps year after year, so long as their solar batteries function.

The modern astronomical telescope is a magnificent instrument, but, when based on Earth, it is subject to frustrating and exasperating limitations. Earth's atmosphere is seldom stable. It wavers and quakes, which is why the stars appear to twinkle. Glenn and Schirra, and Titov and Gagarin know the stars never blink.

Further, in observing Mars one must contend with the vagaries of two atmospheres. Great dust storms often sweep the planet, and on occasion it is obscured by a mysterious blue haze, which may be ice crystals. It could even be smoke. Except on rare nights, the face of Mars is veiled like a harem beauty no matter how powerful the telescope or perfectly ground the lenses. Yet it was a modest 8.5 inch telescope which first focussed Earthman's attention on Mars, and caused a controversy which has continued nearly

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a century, and increases with the years.

It is only on nights of what astronomers call superseeing, when our atmosphere is still and crisp, and at the same time no storms roil the surface of Mars, and when Mars is in opposition and reasonably close, that one can hope for a really good look. It was on such a night in 1877 that Giovanni V. Schiaparelli, a quiet, modest, conservative Milanese astronomer, pointed his telescope at Mars and beheld an astonishing phenomenon. He had observed Mars on many previous occasions, noting the most prominent features—the glaring white polar caps, russet deserts, and patches of darker areas, sometimes brown, sometimes greenish. But on this clear night he saw half the planet cobwebbed with straight, fine lines. After a few minutes this network faded, but it was etched on his brain, and he swiftly sketched what he had seen.

He wrote a careful paper, calling the strange markings *canali*, which in Italian means channels, but which an eager world translated to canals.

Immediately, other astronomers turned their telescopes on Mars—and saw nothing except the usual fogged markings. Anticipation turned to disappointment and scorn. Schiaparelli was accused of a vicious hoax.

Then, after 10 years, the canals reappeared for two Frenchmen, Perrotin and Thollon, of the Nice Observatory. More confirmation came from Stanley Williams in England, Terby of Belgium, and H. C. Wilson and Percival Lowell in the United States. Lowell was so impressed by the canals that he founded the observatory bearing his name, at Flagstaff, Arizona, especially for the study of Mars. There, the search has never ceased.

In 1892, a year of especially good seeing, several European astronomers saw the canals emerge, and observed new markings—distinct dark spots where the canals crossed in the desert areas. They were called oases.

In June, 1956, under "very favorable seeing conditions," Robert S. Wilson, an American astronomer, confirmed Schiaparelli's findings and described the canals as linear extensions of the Martian plains into the deserts.

There were many skeptics. One was Dr. Edison Pettit, of the Mount Wilson and Mount Palomar Observatories, a highly respected observer of the heavens. Dr. Pettit just didn't believe it. For years he had been watching Mars, and he had never seen anything resembling a network of canals. Then one night Mars came vividly clear to his eyes, as if a gauze curtain had been lifted. He saw the canals exactly as they had been sketched by Schiaparelli and Lowell, and in the same place on the planet's terrain. They were olive-green. Not long after, to his amazement, he saw them again. He had the courage to admit previous error.

Philip Fox of Lowell Observatory once saw the canals stand out as if crayoned on a map, extending in a geometric pattern radiating from the melting polar caps to the equator like lines of longitude, and joined by straight diagonal lines.

I suspect that many other astronomers have observed the canals—and said nothing about it for fear of being ridiculed or embroiled in controversy. Astronomers hesitate to believe their own eyes, much less the eyes of their colleagues. What they wanted was not the evidence of the human eye, subject to such imponderables as wish-fulfillment, distortion of memory, and exaggeration, but proof frozen on film. This, they knew, they were not likely to get.

Even on nights of superseeing, the canals appear only for a moment. If you blink, they may vanish. The eye sees what it sees instantly, and instantly prints a picture on the brain. The camera, forced to absorb the dim, reflected light of the planet, requires much longer, even with the fastest film. The jittery atmospheres never allow Mars to sit still for its picture. No clear photograph of the canals has ever been made from Earth.

It is safe to deduce some facts from what has been seen. The canals are at least 10 to 20 miles wide or they could not be seen at all. No surface water is apparent for they mirror no sunlight. They follow a great circle course—shortest distance between two points on a globe—as if they had been plotted by an engineer who understood navigation. From color and texture, they may be strips of plant life.

The OAOs, Mariner fly-bys, and even soft-landed robot Voyagers won't be able to tell us all about the canals of Mars, or answer a thousand other pressing questions. Only man on Mars can do it all, and to put men on Mars, allow them a reasonable period for exploration, supply the power necessary for life-support systems and communications, and bring them home requires nuclear-engined spacecraft.

The first nuclear rockets will be 10 times as efficient as the most potent chemically fueled engines, according to Harold B. Finger. Mr. Finger is a two-hat man, both size 7¾, like Adm. Hyman Rickover. In developing the nuclear submarine, Rickover worked for both Navy and AEC. As chief of Project Rover, Finger is responsible both to AEC and NASA. He has enough headaches to fill both hats.

He is under constant pressure from AEC, NASA, the Congress, and the Department of Defense for speed and more speed, but Rover doesn't like to be rushed, and indeed cannot be rushed, for the problems are new and staggering. Five Rover prototypes, called KIWI (after the non-flying New Zealand bird) have been tested at Jackass Flats, Nevada, in the middle of a desolate expanse of desert. Not all of them have been successful. In two, the angry, vibrating reactors spit out chunks of their uranium core, a frightfully dangerous business. Basically, the trouble is sudden, tremendous heat. The reactor, starting "cold," must attain a temperature of 4,000° F. in a few moments, and begin ejecting its propellant, which has been introduced into the engine as super-cold liquid hydrogen and comes out of the nozzle at fantastic speed as super-heated hydrogen particles.

Even when everything goes well with KIWI, the most elaborate safety precautions are necessary. No outsider is allowed within 10 miles of the test site. Tests are controlled from a radiation-proof blockhouse two miles from the site through hundreds of electric cables. In each test the nozzle is pointed upward and spews radiation into the atmosphere. And if these KIWI prototypes went out of control they could blow up like an inefficient atomic bomb.

After the test nobody goes near the reactor or its transporter. All wiring and piping is disconnected by remote control, and a robot engine hooks on to it and hauls it to the disassembly area. There, it is taken apart by gigantic mechanical arms and fingers operated by engineers who peer at it through a six-foot thickness of leaded glass.

It is a commentary on the State of Civilization, rather than rocketry, that the most frustrating and annoying delays in the progress of Project Rover have not been connected with esoteric engineering and atomic fuel, but were caused by an ageless ailment—congressional and bureaucratic shortsightedness. The KIWI test site, for safety reasons, was located 90 miles from the nearest good-sized town, Las Vegas, and no provision was made for housing the highly skilled technicians, nuclear physicists, and engineering specialists near the site. So each day they drove 90 miles across the desert, often in 125 degree heat, and 90 miles back to their homes and apartments. This was an intolerable commute, as well as a gross waste of the valuable time of invaluable men. The private contractors, AEC and NASA had trouble obtaining trained personnel, and even more trouble holding them.

Still the work moves ahead, some housing has been constructed 25 miles from Jackass Flats, and more will be built.

Complicated and expensive as it is, construction of nuclear engines for the Mars voyages is not so difficult as preparing life-support systems for the crewmen and Astro-Scientists. Danger will be inherent in the first voyages. Shielding from radiation, both from the reactor and solar flares, is a big problem.

It would be impossible for the Mars spaceships to carry enough bottled oxygen to supply the crew on the round-trip journey, and also supply their needs during the period of exploration on the planet. An algae garden is the solution. Algae is the green vegetation, of many different varieties and shapes, found on the surface of streams and ponds.

But the great feat of humble algae is its ability to produce oxygen in surprising quantity. Algae thrives on carbon dioxide and water, and in return exhales oxygen. At the Space Medicine Center in Texas, Dr. Strughold carefully measured the oxygen-creating ability of algae, and discovered that one and one-half pounds of algae will supply enough oxygen for one man, enclosed in a space capsule, indefinitely. So all the Mars crew, assuming it is three men, needs is four and one-half pounds of algae for the round-trip journey, excluding the time they spend on the planet's surface.

What will the Astro-Scientists find on Mars? Everyone has his theory and I have mine. I think we'll discover fossil evidence of the past existence of superior animal life. I think that maybe—just maybe—we'll find not only the archeological ruins of a higher civilization, but tired remnants fighting to survive on a planet which for uncounted centuries has slowly grown colder and more hostile,

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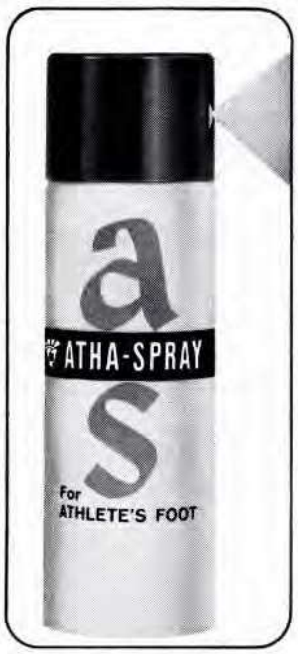

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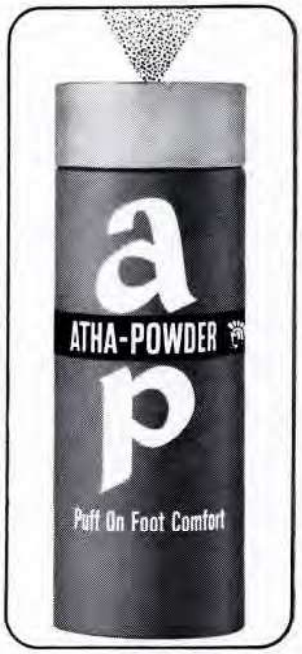

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with its precious water vapor and oxygen leaching off into space.

In short, I think we'll find proof that people once resided on Mars—if you define people as creatures with a capacity to reason, and ignore their appearance.

This hypothesis may seem far out, but it is based upon the accepted explanation for the birth and evolution of our Solar System and upon accepted facts. It is supported in part by the opinions of outstanding scientists, and is rooted in the principles of Darwin and Einstein. Darwin believed that life would appear and a cycle of evolution take place whenever and wherever conditions permitted. That this included other worlds was implicit in his inspired logic. Einstein believed in an orderly universe, with all matter everywhere obeying the same laws.

The nub of the theory is this:

Mars, because of lesser mass and greater distance from the Sun, cooled much faster than Earth, just as a demitasse cools faster than a big mug of coffee, especially if the mug is set down close to an open fire and the demitasse a bit farther away. I believe that when Earth was still a steaming planet, convulsed by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and with primeval life just emerging from the torrid seas, the temperatures on Mars must have been as equable as they are now on Earth.

We know Mars as a cold and forbidding planet now, but what was it like X-millions of years ago? Mars and Earth, along with the Sun and other planets, were all formed at the same time, according to the accepted concept of Dr. Urey and Carl von Weizsäcker. About five billion years ago they coalesced from a cosmic cloud of gas, dust, and larger particles swirling in space.

Since they congealed from the same cloud, all contain the same elements, although in varied proportions. Mars and Earth, aborning, were twins except in *size*. As they contracted to form solid spheres, immense pressures built up their internal heat. Urey estimates the internal heat of the planets, in that period, at 4,000° F., with the Sun, of course, much hotter. When the planets' density stabilized they began to cool off, the internal heat rising to the surface and dissipating into the atmosphere.

Oceans and seas must once have covered much of Mars, Urey said several years ago, if it is assumed that water and water vapor are now present. The telescope swinging below Stratoscope II detected, beyond doubt, water vapor. And there are the ice caps—frozen water.

If Mars once enjoyed warmer temperatures and large bodies of water, what of oxygen, the third essential for the evolution of superior life as we know it?

Earth's atmosphere is 78 percent nitrogen, 21 percent oxygen, and the remaining one percent carbon dioxide, argon, and traces of other gases. As on Earth, nitrogen is the principal constituent of the Martian atmosphere, it is richer than Earth in carbon dioxide, which plants breathe, and it contains only traces of free oxygen, that is, oxygen not bonded in water, ice, and the surface rocks.

But atmospheres, like planets and people, change with age. According to Urey, the atmosphere of Earth at one time was composed of poisonous gases such as methane and ammonia. As these light gases escaped into space, life began in the soupy seas. Plants appeared, and through photosynthesis produced oxygen. While some oxygen is always being lost into space, it is quickly replaced by our luxuriant vegetation.

The same cycle must have taken place on Mars long before, but with an important difference. The escape velocity from Earth is seven miles per second, from Mars only three, so Mars loses the lighter components of its atmosphere much faster than does Earth.

At the apex of its evolution, when seas covered much of its surface and the temperature was high enough to insure a lush, perhaps tropical plant life, enough oxygen was produced to balance the loss. Perhaps for millions of years the atmosphere on Mars was rich as it is now on Earth. "Millions of years" is only the twitch of an eyelash in the span of cosmic time. Geologists have established that life has existed on Earth for 1½ billion years. Yet man's presence can be traced back only a million years. So if Mars, at the apex of its evolution, possessed salubrious warmth, water, and oxygen, there was plenty of time for intelligent beings to develop.

Mars passed its optimum period when the weak sunlight (43 percent of the solar radiation received on Earth) and thermal radiation from within could no longer supply enough heat to maintain plant life at peak efficiency. When this occurred, more oxygen escaped into space than could be manufactured by the Martian foliage.

In any case, the process of dissolution on Mars was irreversible. Oceans and seas evaporated and the hydrogen and oxygen they once contained fled from the atmosphere. Arid areas spread. As plant life retreated, animal life dwindled or succumbed, for all animals are eventually dependent, in the life cycle, upon plants. The steer eats corn and we barbecue the steaks.

If intelligent beings inhabited Mars, what did they do? They irrigated their land with what water remained. Under the strips of green that Schiaparelli called *canali* may be conduits or pipelines, protecting precious water from evaporation. Such conduits would be as vital to the inhabitants of a drying and dying planet as the Nile is to arid Egypt. What we call oases could be massive pumping stations surrounded by towns—populated or ghost.

The discovery of *any* life on Mars will destroy man's conceit that this globe is unique, but at the same time comfort him with proof that we are not alone.

It will confirm the belief of our most brilliant mathematicians that Earth is only one of millions or billions of planets throughout the universe where life can exist and probably does. For if two planets circling our Sun (a most average and insignificant star) support life, it can be accepted as fact that planets orbiting other suns—identical to ours in age, size, and heat—also support life.

Harlow Shapley, the famous Harvard astronomer and mathematician, believes that as many as 10 percent of all stars are accompanied by a covey of planets, and that the number of inhabited planets must be in the billions. Prof. Lloyd Motz of Columbia University estimates that in the Milky Way, our local galaxy, there are perhaps 600 million planets bearing *intelligent* life. Dr. Colin S. Pittendrigh, of Princeton, guesses there are a billion billion stars in the universe on whose planets we would find life—could we get to them.

If a superior, intelligent race ever existed on Mars, what did they look like? Or, if some survive, what *do* they look like? There is no reason to believe that they looked anything at all like Earthmen. Yet man has proved a highly efficient animal in this environment, and if Mars, far in the past, possessed the same environment there is no reason to believe they didn't look like men.

It is certain that any advanced species would possess some of the faculties and senses of Earthman. They must have had some means of locomotion, and been able to see, hear, communicate, and probably smell. A Marsman may have had four eyes, a hundred legs, and a body covered with scales, and yet been a good, upstanding citizen and kind to his mother.

Consider what may have happened on Mars as their planet cooled, deserts crept over the arable land, water became scarce, and oxygen was lost to space faster than it could be replenished.

Perhaps they tried to adapt. Earthmen are remarkably adaptable. The Sherpas live happily in the Himalaya snows where I would die of cold and anoxia within an hour. The Sherpas have adapted to the Himalayan environment.

So the Martians, in an environment growing steadily more hostile, may have adapted—up to a point. If the degeneration of the environment outpaced their ability to change, they must have taken action, assuming they were an advanced race. They would build spaceships and look about them. Where would they look? Toward a lustier, lusher planet, their closest neighbor, Earth.

I am not suggesting that the Martians are our ancestors. I am only thinking what our descendants might do some millions of years hence, if this planet were dying. By then, Venus will be cooler, and perhaps its atmosphere will have changed.

—Pat Frank

Bettman

Army drunks once had to walk around for hours wearing a heavy whisky barrel.

man to man ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

A stay in the guardhouse or K. P. duty are mere slaps on the wrist compared to more severe punishments used by the U.S. Army well into this century. We picked up this information in seeking the answer to a question asked by Harve Johnson of Sheboygan, Wisconsin: When was flogging abolished as official punishment in the U.S. Army? The reply to that is that it was stopped by General Order Number 54, August 10, 1861.

But that wasn't the end of brutal physical punishments meted out to enlisted men. There was, for instance, the business of "carrying the log." It consisted of being made to walk around lugging a 30- to 40-pound log of awkward dimensions. A victim could carry it any way he wanted to, but he couldn't put it down. A couple of hours of toting it in the broiling sun was enough to make a man curse the day he'd ever joined the Army. Actually, an average sentence made him carry it six hours at a stretch, and there is one on record in which, for a single minor offense, a private was forced to carry the log six hours a day for 15 days.

A general order of 1887 decreed that thereafter military prisoners should not be made to carry a *heavy* log. That did not rule out a variation in which the instrument of torture was a relatively light stick of wood. It was placed across the shoulders and the back of the neck, with the prisoner's extended arms securely tied to it. For the first 10 minutes it wasn't bad. Things really got tough when the stick was thus worn for an average half-day sentence.

It took no more equipment than a barrel with the top removed to provide another particularly dreaded punishment. It was carried out by making a man stand on the sharp, narrow edges of the barrel for a specific number of hours—generally four hours at a stretch (and stretch is the word), though there were many instances in which the sentence was seven hours a day for seven days.

Then there was the little routine used on an enlisted man caught with a bottle while on duty. The sentence was simple. He must bury the bottle in a suitable hole, generally one 10 feet square and 10 feet deep. Having placed the bottle at the bottom, he then had to shovel all the dirt back again.

It is not officially recorded just when this form of punishment stopped, but a lot of other Spartan measures were employed right up to World War I, as witness a Manual of Courts Martial of March 1, 1917, which indicated that thereafter certain punishments were obsolete. They included "wearing irons, pillory, stocks and tying up by the thumbs."

Q: Do any animals deliberately attack porcupines? ***Alan Hart, Atlanta, Ga.***

A: The fisher is the one animal which can catch and kill a porcupine without being affected by the quills. He flips it onto its back and disembowels it. Other animals do attack porcupines, however, in spite of the quills. Wolves, dogs and lynxes may do so. They sometimes get so many of the quills in their heads and mouths that they starve to death because of their inability to eat.

Q: Who are the Black Muslims? ***J. L. McDonald, Rural Hall, N. C.***

A: This is an organization of Negroes who are opposed to integration. They favor racial separation in large areas which would be inhabited and ruled exclusively by Negroes. The founder and chief leader of the group is known as Elijah Muhammed. Membership requires discipline and devotion to the cause, including free donation of one's income and savings. The members subscribe to a puritanical personal code. They eat only one meal a day, use no cosmetics and abstain from alcohol and tobacco. They dress neatly, practice politeness and refrain from loud talk and laughter.

Q: Would a car hitting another car head-on, both traveling at 60 mph, suffer more damage than a car hitting a brick wall at that speed? ***Louis J. Fantin, Mayerthorpe, Alberta.***

A: No. If a car hits a solid wall at 60 mph its force is dispersed against the wall. Whether the car's force is dispersed against a wall or against another equal force would not matter much. The damage to the car would be practically the same in both cases.

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Q: Has the Treasury Department ever issued a dollar bill with the picture of George Washington printed on both sides by mistake? ***Harold Lampman, Muskegon, Mich.***

A: No. It does, however, occasionally occur that a bill gets into circulation with the Washington portrait offset in black ink on the green back. This happens when the black ink does not dry quickly enough and the image is transferred in stacking. This would be rare since currency notes are carefully inspected and defective sheets are destroyed by burning. There are no statistics on how many notes with the offset image on the back may be in circulation.

Q: From 1952 through 1961 how many times did the Cleveland Browns defeat the New York Giants? ***R. Feltman, Toledo, Ohio.***

A: During this 10-year period the two teams met 21 times including one conference playoff. The Giants won 10, the Browns 9 and two were ties. The Giants won the 1958 playoff, 10-0.

Q: Does mercury freeze? ***Irving Margolis, Williamston, N. C.***

A: Yes. It freezes at 38 degrees below zero F. and mercury thermometers are useless below that temperature. In the Arctic, the Antarctic and other extremely cold places thermometers are filled with alcohol colored with a red dye. A temperature of 125° below zero is required to freeze pure alcohol.

Q: What is the method of catching fish known as tickling? ***N. W. Lastinger, DeLeon Springs, Fla.***

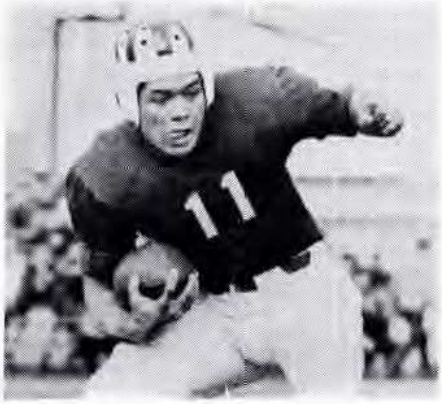
A: This is an ancient method of catching fish that is still practiced to some extent, particularly in Oklahoma and Kansas where it is used on large catfish. The tickler locates a catfish in a hole under the stream bank. He reaches in and, by tickling the fish, persuades it to come out, whereupon it is grabbed by the gills and landed.

Q: Is a camel's hair brush really made of camel's hair? ***Henry Lindner, Freeport, N. Y.***

A: No. Most art brushes are made of squirrel hair. The material generally known as camel's hair is taken from a species of squirrel that inhabits cold countries like Siberia and Russia. It is the softest of all hairs employed in brush making.

Q: Have any native Hawaiians ever played professional football? ***Alex Preutz, Rowland, Pa.***

Wide World



A: Yes. Herman Wedemeyer, who was born in Hilo, Hawaii, played for the Los Angeles Dons in the All-American Conference and for the Baltimore Colts of the NFL. He had previously been a backfield star for St. Mary's College in California.

Q: Who was Malthus and what was his theory? ***Ivan Paul, Philadelphia, Pa.***

A: The Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus was an English political economist who died in 1834. Malthus held that populations tend to increase geometrically while the means of subsistence increase arithmetically. The inevitable result, he declared, is misery, pestilence, famine and war. There is still considerable support for the Malthusian point of view today. His advocates point out that the total population of the world passed the 2.4 billion mark last year. To support this huge number of people there are some 4 billion acres of land under cultivation, or about 1.6 acres per person. American farming practices and the American standard of living require about 2.5 acres to feed and clothe each individual. In some over-populated areas of eastern Asia 1/6 of an acre or less must provide all the food for one person.

Q: Is a hinny the same as a mule? ***Billy Meek, Wibaux, Mont.***

A: No. In a certain sense the hinny is the opposite of a mule. The mule is the hybrid result of a mating between a male ass and a mare. The hinny is the offspring of a stallion and female ass. It is inferior in size, strength and beauty to a mule and is not deliberately bred.

Q: What was the "Billion-Dollar Congress"? ***Frank Couffer, Mastic Beach, N. Y.***

A: This name was given to the 51st Congress which met in 1889-91. Its appropriations during this period totaled more than a billion dollars. Today the amount does not seem so large. The second session of the 87th Congress, which met in 1962 voted to appropriate over $102 billion.

Q: Is it true that Robert Ingersoll was converted to Christianity at the time of his death? ***Lawrence J. Buckley, Fort Wayne, Ind.***

A: No. Ingersoll was a famous agnostic lecturer. He died a sudden but natural death in 1899 at the age of 66. Many rumors were circulated about a last minute repentance but none of them was true. Later his family felt compelled to issue an affidavit which stated that Ingersoll's conversation at the time of his death did not concern religion at all.

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Q: Is there a device for detecting the presence of carbon monoxide in the air? ***J. J. Kennedy, Akron, Ohio***

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Q: What was the religion known as Psychiana? Does it still exist? ***Elson C. Storrs, Atlanta, Ga.***

A: Psychiana was a mail-order cult which was started in 1929. In that year Dr. Frank Robinson took a magazine advertisement which announced that "I talked with God—yes I did—actually and literally." Students bought lessons in the new religion from Dr. Robinson and the sect flourished financially until his death in 1948. His wife and son kept it alive for four more years but in 1952 the mail-order religion came to an end.

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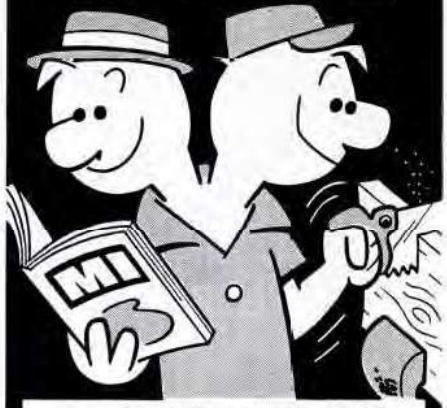

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The Torturer's Art of Making Men Talk

[*Continued from page* 49]

lay writhing on the floor. Grim judges who had presided over the sufferings of countless human beings stared disapprovingly at me from painted canvases.

"Yes, the old executioners well understood the importance of psychology," said the director, seeing me start. "You have just experienced what was known as the Second Degree. The First Degree was the questioning of a prisoner. The Second consisted of showing him the instruments. In the last, or Third Degree, he was put to the actual torture."

We still use the phrase "Third Degree" to describe excessive brutality, although certain other expressions from this 900-year-old town, once the principal community of central Europe, have lost their significance. On the walls of the room, for example, I saw hanging the ancient yokes in which adulterous couples were fastened and ordered to carry buckets of water up the steep hill in the center of town to the castle. Staggering under the weight of the heavy yoke, it was no wonder that many a Jack and Jill fell down and broke their crowns, as the salacious old jingle, now a children's nursery rhyme, describes.

I looked around for the best known of all torture devices—Nuremberg's Iron Maiden. The Maiden was a metal mold of a woman which opened to disclose an interior lined with spikes. According to legend, the victim was put inside and the mold slowly closed on him.

"You are looking for the famous *Jungfrau?*" asked the director, smiling. "She was a fake—a 19th-century contraption designed to horrify tourists. Yes, I examined her myself, and her spikes were not only screwed in but turned out on a modern lathe. In any case, she was destroyed in the 1945 bombings. Nuremberg lost much during those raids, but of all we lost, I think we can best dispense with her."

The collection had formerly been housed in the Burg, the castle on top of Nuremberg's hill, but the castle was leveled by Allied bombers. However, most of the instruments were saved. Among them were the Wheel, the notorious instrument used to break a victim's bones one after the other, and described with relish in old chronicles; the pot used for melting lead which was then poured into the victim's opened veins; the *Fass*, a cradle lined with spikes in which the victim was rolled; and the Skull-crusher, an iron mask equipped with a screw and plates on top and bottom. The mask was put on the victim's head and the screw tightened until his eyes popped through special openings made to receive them. At this point, even a light tap with a hammer was said to cause more agony than the clamp itself.

"Yet even in such horrible matters as this, the Nurembergers were craftsmen," said the director, with a touch of pride in his voice. The city is famous now for mechanical toys and for watches, and during the war it was the center for constructing delicate bomb timers. "See here!"

He showed me a handful of tiny pulleys, scarcely an inch long, precision-built and still working perfectly.

"These were used for dislocating the small bones in fingers and toes or for putting additional strain on particular nerves, tendons or muscles. The torturer, you know, had to be a trained anatomist. Some of our most important medical discoveries were the products of the torture chamber."

I saw the Hare (a cylinder studded with spikes which was rolled back and forth over the victim), thin tongs for inserting hot coals into the orifices of the body, spoons for scooping out eyes, and long spikes which were driven up the nose or into the ears.

"What were the men like who did such things?" I asked.

"Hard-working, intelligent, often compassionate craftsmen," said the director sadly. "One of them, Franz Schmidt, who was torturer in Nuremberg from 1578 until 1617, was particularly noteworthy. He left a diary you might wish to read."

The diary is in the town hall and is a remarkable document. Schmidt came of a family of hereditary flesh-renders; his father was torturer to the Bishop of Bamberg, while his mother was a member of the famous Deibler family of Paris, official executioners for France, through blood connections, from the Revolution to the present era. Schmidt was a conscientious workman, dissecting the corpses of his victims to improve his technique, and he introduced several important improvements to his trade, such as locking an iron mask over the head of a prisoner so he couldn't commit suicide by biting through the arteries in his wrists. Schmidt was also a humanitarian. After torturing several women accused of witchcraft, he became convinced they were confessing through fear of pain, to crimes they had never committed. The town council listened to him, and as a result Nuremberg was almost the only city in Europe to be spared most of the terrible effects of the witch mania.

Although Schmidt never practiced unnecessary cruelty, he performed his task with close attention to duty. When breaking a victim on the Wheel, he was careful not to kill the person until the legal, or 40th, stroke. In this torture, the victim's limbs were put in a trough with vertical slits and the iron-bound wheel was dropped through the slits to break the bones. Finally, the victim was lashed to a St. Andrews' cross, and his ribs were cracked one after another with a club. In the case of Mary Kurssnerin, a prostitute, Schmidt was praised by the council for the efficient way in which he nailed her ears to the pillory and then flogged her until she tore herself loose. When Nicklauss Stuller killed three pregnant women to obtain the fingers of their unborn babies for magical purposes, Schmidt won acclaim for his technique in dissecting the murderer with red-hot pincers. However, when he was ordered

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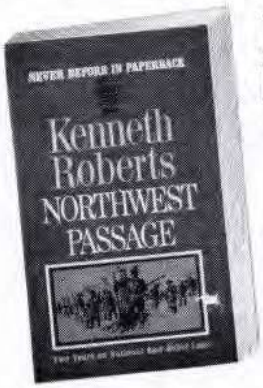

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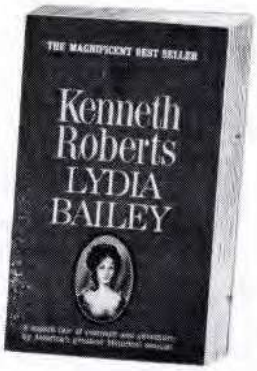

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to torture his brother-in-law in 1585, he tried to beg off. The council insisted that the execution take place, but as a tribute to Schmidt's feelings they ruled that he need only tweak the prisoner twice with hot tongs on the way to the gallows and could kill him quickly—with only 31 strokes on the wheel. Schmidt thanked the council for its thoughtfulness.

In his diary, Schmidt records 361 executions and the torturing of 345 men and women, but these amounts were only a small percentage of the total. The diary covers relatively few years of his term of office, and he mentions only particularly interesting cases—such as the decapitated head which continued to open and close its mouth for five minutes. Schmidt retired on a pension provided by the grateful municipality and died in 1634.

Although torture is probably as old as the human race, in ancient times it was used almost entirely as a means of punishment. After the capture of a city, the Assyrians impaled the inhabitants on sharpened stakes or flayed them alive to discourage other communities which might be tempted to resist. The Persians sawed criminals between two boards, the ancient Jews stoned adulterous women to death, the Egyptians rolled parricides in thorns and then burned them.

"You were right about this bait, Ralph!"

There were, of course, always individual sadists who delighted in torture for its own sake. Emperor Caligula of Rome (37 A.D.) had criminals tortured on a side table during his meals, and Phalaris of Sicily (570 B.C.) ordered a bronze bull made in which he could lock criminals and build a fire underneath. The screams of the victim came out the bull's open mouth and gave the illusion that the animal was bellowing. Eventually, after a revolution, Phalaris was given a chance to do his own bellowing. Nabis of Sparta (205 B.C.) came through with one of the most grotesque ideas of all time. He had a statue made of his beautiful wife, which was covered with spikes. His victims were chained on top of the figure, and allowed to struggle until they died.

Yet not until Roman times was the use of torture really recognized as an intrinsic part of the legal procedure for questioning suspects. And even the Romans realized the dangers involved in using torture to secure confessions; they permitted it only when there was clear evidence of lying and no other means of obtaining the truth. A prisoner who had been unjustly tortured could sue the judge, and if a prisoner died under torture, the judge was executed, for the torture could not legally "endanger life or limb." Tortures to secure confessions were limited to the rack, hot plates, and flogging, although a condemned criminal could be executed in any of a number of ways, including crucifixion.

The early Christian church condemned the use of torture for any purpose, and Pope Gregory I ordered judges not to accept any statement made under duress. Torture as a legal device virtually disappeared in Europe for nearly a thousand years, and then it was, ironically enough, revived by the very institution which had succeeded in abolishing it.

In the 12th century, heresies began to spring up all over Europe. The teachings of some of these groups differed from orthodox Christianity so slightly that a special group of trained theologians had to be formed to investigate each new sect. This group became known as the Inquisitors.

Originally, the duty of the Inquisitors was merely to point out errors in interpretation of dogma but later their function was to suppress heresy by any means—including the use of torture. The Inquisitors made torture more than merely a method of inflicting pain; they transformed it into an art and science. Great emphasis was put on the psychological build-up preceding the actual torture. The accused was arrested at night—pulled out of bed by black-robed, masked familiars and taken to the dungeons without a word. Here he was left alone for several days in complete darkness. When he was judged to have reached the cracking point, the same masked figures dragged him to the torture chamber.

There, behind a long table, sat other mysterious figures, with the charges against the accused spread out before them. The floor of the room was covered with sand or sawdust to soak up the blood, and along the wall were arranged the instruments of torture, painted black or red. The torturers, naked to the waist and also wearing black masks, stood among the terrible tools of their trade with folded arms. The only light came from flickering candles. On the walls were inscribed mottoes such as *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* (Say only good of the dead), and *Ad mala patrata haec sunt atra theatra parata* (Dark theaters are suitable for dark deeds).

The first torture was the Garrote. The prisoner was stripped naked, for the executioners required access to every portion of the body. A belt was then fastened around his waist, and he was suspended from the ceiling. Cords were twisted around the various parts of his body and slowly tightened, like tourniquets. As one part of his body grew numb, new cords were applied.

If the Garrote failed, the Inquisitors then had recourse to the Strappado. The prisoner's hands were tied behind him, and the other end of the rope was passed through a pulley secured to an overhead beam. At first, the prisoner was raised slowly and allowed to stand on tiptoe for the length of time it required to say a prayer three times slowly. He was then lowered, allowed to rest for 15 minutes, and hoisted up again, this time with weights attached to his feet. If he still refused to confess, he was dropped with a sharp jerk that dislocated his arms at the shoulders.

The Water-torture, considered the most terrible, was reserved for use when other means had failed. The prisoner was tied to a ladder (*escalera*) with his head lower than his feet. An iron prong (*bostezo*) was used to force his mouth open, and a strip of linen (*toca*) pushed down his throat. Water was slowly dropped on the linen until the prisoner, in his efforts to avoid being drowned, swallowed it. The strip was gradually withdrawn, covered with blood and mucus. If necessary, the process was repeated. The amount of water used was carefully measured and never exceeded eight quarts at a time, lest the prisoner die too soon.

The prisoner, although never told the accusation against him, was ordered to confess. A clerk took down the accused's testimony during the torture, for later evaluation. Following is part of such a record describing the torture of a woman in Toledo during the 16th century. The woman was accused of having worn clean underwear on a Saturday: this day being the Jewish Sabbath, the suspicion had arisen that she was a secret Jew.

"She was carried to the torture chamber and stripped. She screamed, 'Señores, I have done all that was said of me. What do you want me to do—lie?' She was told not to lie but to admit the truth. She was put to the Garrote and the cords tightened. She begged, 'Loosen me, Señores, and tell me what I have to say. I don't know what I've done. Oh, Lord have mercy on me!' The cords were tightened again. 'Loosen me a little so I can remember what I have to tell. I will tell you everything—only loosen me a little for the

sake of God. I did it, I did it. If I only knew what you wanted, I'd tell you. I'm going mad with pain.' "

She was subjected to the rack and the water torture, then allowed four days to recover slightly. She was tortured again, but "her replies were so incoherent as to be useless." A witness was brought in who accused her of observing the Law (meaning the Mosaic Law). The woman screamed, "Yes, yes, that's it—I was observing the Law." When asked what law, she cried, "The Law that woman says—I don't know what Law it was—oh, have mercy." Finally she gathered from the Inquisitor's questions that she was suspected of having been secretly converted to Judaism. She hastily confessed.

One of the most terrible of the early Inquisitors was Conrad of Marburg, who, from 1227 to 1233, created a reign of terror in Germany unequaled until the advent of Hitler. In 1227, Pope Gregory IX ordered Conrad to investigate the Luciferans, a sect in Germany which considered that everything worldly was evil, and since God could not have created evil, the Devil must have made the world. Almost as soon as he arrived in Germany, Conrad had a great stroke of luck. A young girl who'd had a quarrel with her family told Conrad that her parents were Luciferans. Under torture the family confessed, then, threatened with additional torture, implicated others. The accused were instantly arrested and tortured until they named still others; soon half the population was accusing the other half. In Strasbourg alone, Conrad burned 80 men, women and children.

In the National Museum of Munich are torture devices of the type used by Conrad to secure confessions. The instruments are considered too terrible to be put on public exhibition, but the director permitted me to examine them. Among the items is the German Chair, a chair covered with spikes on which the accused sat naked. During the first stages of the torture he was allowed to brace himself on the arms (although these were also studded with spikes), so that the full weight of his body did not rest on the bristly seat. Later a heavy lead collar was added, then other weights. I also saw an improved version of the rack, with the bed of the instrument consisting of spiked rollers, so that while the accused was being stretched he was also being pulled over the spikes. There was a cross with an adjustable bar for the Strappado. This device was portable, so the examiner could take it about with him, since few rural communities possessed dungeons where the apparatus of torture was permanently installed. In the Munich collection is a number of branding irons—one of Conrad's favorite tools for determining guilt. Before being branded, the accused was asked to pray that the iron not sear his flesh. If the iron burned him, he was considered guilty.

In 1233 Conrad accused Henry, the powerful Count of Sayn, of heresy. Conrad produced witnesses who had sworn to seeing Henry at Luciferan ceremonies, but when the witnesses were promised protection by Henry from the Inquisitor's torturers, they recanted. Mad with rage, Conrad departed for Italy to appeal to the Pope, but on the way he was murdered.

The torturers of the Middle Ages were thorough. Here's a description of what was done to a woman by a team of experts in 1631:

"(1) The hangman bound the woman, who was pregnant, and placed her on the rack. Then he racked her till her heart would fain break. (2) When she did not confess, he poured oil over her head and burned it. (3) He placed sulphur in her armpits and burned it. (4) Her hands were tied behind her and she was hauled up to the ceiling and suddenly dropped. (5) The hangman and his helpers went to lunch. (6) On returning, the master-hangman placed a spiked board on her back, pulled her to the ceiling again, then dropped her again. (7) Her toes were put in a thumbscrew and the screw tightened until blood squirted out. (8) She was pinched with red-hot pliers. (9) Because she still would not confess, the hangman proceeded to an advanced grade of torture. She was whipped, then put in a vise which was gradually closed on her for the next six hours. (10) She was hung up by her thumbs and flogged. This was all that was done on the first day."

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The greatest of all the Inquisitors—the man whose name has become virtually synonymous with torture as a fine art—was Frey Tomas de Torquemada. Torquemada created the Spanish Inquisition and made it the most terrible organization of medieval times. He burned 10,220 persons and tortured 97,321 during his 18 years of office, yet this fearful man lived a life of humility. He never ate meat, wore only his monk's robe of coarse cloth, and slept on a plank. He refused the position of Archbishop of Seville, saying, "I prefer the simple title of 'friar.' "

Although Torquemada's ancestors were lords of the town of Torquemada in Castille, his grandfather had married a wealthy Jewish woman to recoup the family fortunes. As a child, Torquemada was taunted by his schoolmates with not having "pure" blood, and the boy grew up with a pathological hatred for Jews and a passionate determination to show his zeal for the True Faith.

Hitherto, the Inquisition in Spain had been mainly an investigating group, but in 1481 Torquemada burned 800 heretics—mainly Moors and Jews. At the gates of Seville he had a huge stone scaffold called the Quamadero erected, its platform supported by giant images of the Hebrew prophets. These statues were hollow, and it is said that during the great *autos de fe* (acts of faith) the pillars were filled with victims and ringed with huge fires.

There was almost no limit to the ingenuity of the torturers or to the grotesque devices they conceived. Jews were hung by their feet from gallows between vicious dogs which tore and snapped at them. Prisoners were put into the stocks, the soles of their bare feet were coated with brine, and goats were allowed to lick until the victims went insane. Men were hung on hooks and left to die—the origin of the expression "on tenterhooks." Others were made to straddle sharpened beams, with weights of increasing size being hung on the legs. A giant corkscrew was invented that could bore through bones. For women, there was the Spider, which had bars with claw ends protruding from a wall. A woman was pulled along them until her breasts were torn off. In the Cauldron, the victim was put under a huge cauldron, or pot, with a tin box full of mice strapped on his belly. The cauldron was heated, and the mice, in their agony, ate their way into the victim's body to escape. People were flayed alive, the flaying starting at the head and working downward. The victim usually died when it reached his chest. Others were suspended over a pot of boiling oil and slowly dunked up and down in it. It is said that the most terrible of all the tortures was fixing the prisoner's head in a vice and allowing one drop of water after another to fall on his forehead at regular intervals. The monotonous dripping was worse than the most fearful physical agonies.

The most elaborate punishment dealt out by the Inquisition was incurred by Bertrand le Blas, a half-crazed fanatic. Le Blas had attacked a religious procession and, seizing the pyx, had flung it on the ground while screaming blasphemies. An iron gag was thrust in his mouth, he was dragged to the market place on a hurdle, his tongue was torn out, his right hand and foot twisted off with red-hot tongs, and a hook was run through his body. Then he was swung back and forth over a fire until he roasted to death.

With the example of the religious courts before them, soon even secular law courts were insisting on the use of torture as a convenient means for obtaining quick confessions. Sadistic judges and nobles took advantage of the situation to construct new diabolical devices. Louis XI of France had his enemies put in iron cages and hung up on the walls of his castle, like birds. Occasionally he would order them to sing; if a prisoner refused, the king would have a brace of wildcats put in the cage and a fire lighted under it. Ferdinand VII, King of Naples, owned a Spanish Chair (made of iron, with a box for hot coals to be slid under the seat), which he used to carry around with him on his travels. He begged neighboring monarchs for the privilege of torturing their prisoners. Eventually Ferdinand made an improved model of his chair, with a second pan that fitted under the prisoner's feet and a device for basting them.

The executioners loved to think up picturesque names for their more striking

creations. The Virgin of Baden-Baden was the statue of a beautiful woman whom the prisoner was told to kiss. As he approached the statue, he fell through a trapdoor and landed on a spiked wheel, kept slowly revolving. In Sweden, there was the Cave of Roses—a pit full of poisonous snakes, toads and lizards. The Cave was finally closed by Gustavus III in 1772.

France contributed the techniques of burning out the victim's eyes with a basin of hot coals (the *bassin ardent*), dipping the victim's fingers in tallow and burning them like candles, putting hot stones under the armpits and lashing the arms to the sides. But France was particularly famous for her *oubliettes* (named from the word for "forget"). An oubliette was a dungeon shaped like an inverted funnel, with a trap door at the top. When the victim stepped on the door, it dropped under him and he fell into a cell from which there was no escape. Louis XI is said to have killed 4,000 people in oubliettes.

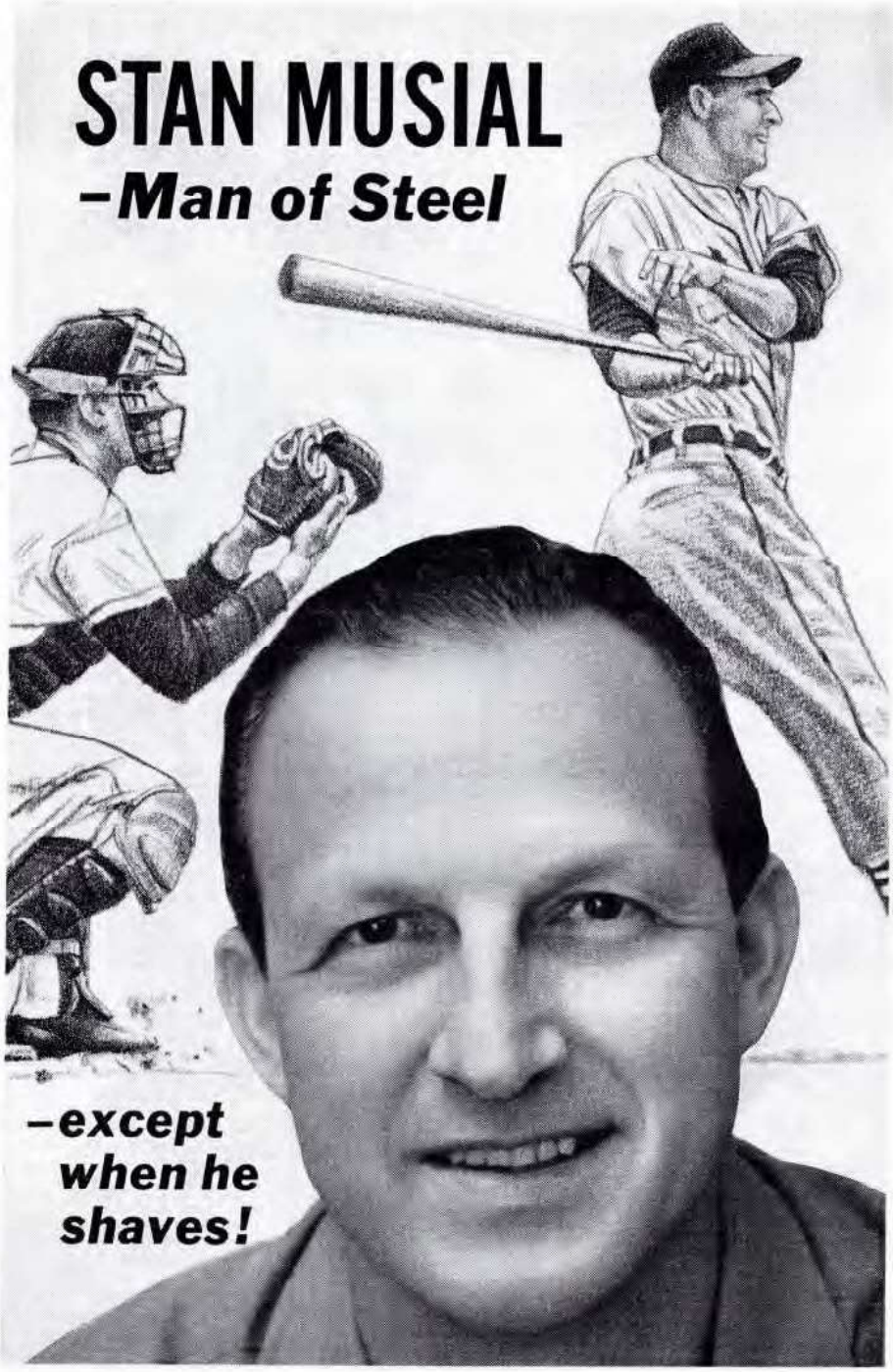
The climax of French torture came with the public execution of a man named Damien, who tried to assassinate Louis XV. Louis invited neighboring monarchs to submit ideas for Damien's manner of death. Generously they all sent in suggestions. Meanwhile, Damien was kept strapped to an iron bed to prevent his committing suicide, but he bit his tongue deeply in hope of bleeding to death. Future antics of this nature were prevented by pulling his teeth.

Finally a procedure for his execution was arranged. Damien was drawn on a sledge to the scaffold, torn with red-hot pincers, broken on the wheel (but not killed), and his fingers and toes crushed. Then four horses were tied to his arms and feet and driven in opposite directions while the executioner dropped boiling sealing wax on his genitals. By this time Damien was screaming and shouting at the top of his lungs, and the executioner, La Condamine, who had trouble hearing, asked a friend what he was saying. The friend replied, "I can't repeat it; he's using horrible language."

"Well, he has reason to," commented La Condamine.

Since the horses were having difficulty pulling him apart, the drivers laid on their whips. A pretty girl in the grandstand burst into tears. "Oh, those brutes are hurting the poor horses!" she cried. George Selwyn, an English dandy who never missed a prominent execution, had hurried over to France solely to watch the fun. He was late arriving and the crowd was so great he couldn't get a front seat, but the executioner, recognizing him, shouted, "Let the gentleman through, friends. He's a noted English amateur." Finally the executioner and his men had to help the poor horses by quartering Damien with their knives while he was still alive.

Torture as part of the standard legal procedure did not appear in Great Britain until 1310, after Pope Clement V had launched an attack on the Knights Templars. On the Continent, under torture, the Templars admitted worshipping an idol called Bahomet, practicing magic.



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and indulging in homosexual acts. In England, when the order to torture the Templars arrived, there were no torturers available, so a crash program to train them had to be started. From then on, torture was frequently used in Great Britain, although it was forbidden by the Magna Charta and was always illegal according to the common law.

The favorite instrument of English torturers was the rack. It was introduced in 1447 by the Duke of Exeter, and was known as the "Duke of Exeter's Daughter." The rack was simple to operate, easily transportable, and left no marks on the victim—often an important political consideration.

Burning at the stake as a popular spectacle was introduced into England by Mary I—"Bloody Mary," trying to reestablish Catholicism in her country. Mary had some 300 people burned—a pretty modest showing by Continental standards, but unheard of in England until then. The English executioners were still clumsy at their trade, and even when they tried to lessen the sufferings of the victims, they usually only made matters worse. Their most common kindness, in a burning, was to allow the accused to conceal bags of gunpowder under his clothes, to cut short his sufferings. When Bishop Hooper of Oxford was sent to the stake, he had three bags hidden about him—one under each arm and another between his legs. But the executioner used green wood, which burned slowly. In agony, the bishop screamed, "For God's love, good people, let me have more fire!" Dry fuel was hastily secured and thrown on, but when the powder did explode it only mutilated the man and added to his pain. It took him 45 minutes to die (the usual time at the stake was 15 minutes), and during the end he could no longer talk, only beat himself with clenched fists.

When Elizabeth succeeded Bloody Mary as queen in 1558, it was the Catholics' turn to be tortured. During her reign, Elizabeth had 123 priests hanged, drawn and quartered, as well as an indeterminate number of other men put to the torture. Father Alexander Bryant had needles run under his fingernails, he was thrown into the Pit (a dungeon full of starved rats), and he was racked so much that Norton, the torturer, boasted, "I've made Bryant a foot longer than God made him." Father Robert Southwell, the famous Jesuit poet, was tortured 14 times in an effort to make him confess to treason against the queen. At his trial, Father Southwell said he was not racked but subjected to "new tortures worse than the rack."

He was probably referring either to the Scavenger's Daughter or to the Gauntlets, both British inventions. The Scavenger's Daughter was invented by Sir Leonard Skeffington, Lieutenant of the Tower in Henry VIII's time, and the device was originally called by his name, which was later corrupted to "scavenger." It consisted of a band of iron shaped somewhat like a keyhole, with shackles at one end and a loop at the other for the victim's neck. It could be tightened to bring the prisoner's head between his knees and force him into the shape of a ball—as opposed to the rack, which stretched him out. The Gauntlets were metal gloves fixed to the wall. The victim's hands were thrust inside and he was suspended on tiptoe. Then the gloves could be tightened to crush his hands.

Unlike most Continental countries, the English make no bones about their former use of torture, and the instruments are on exhibition in the Tower of London. There I met H. R. Robinson, an official of the Tower. "The torture instruments in the Tower are definitely authentic," he assured me. "As you may know, most of the ones exhibited to tourists nowadays are hopeless fakes. It's a poor castle that doesn't advertise a genuine torture chamber with a rack or so lying about—probably whipped up by the local carpenter on his off day. Personally, I doubt there ever were rooms specifically designed as torture chambers."

"I thought the dungeons under the White Tower were torture chambers," I said.

Robinson was still skeptical. "Were they really? After all, can you imagine a group of important officials going down to a cold, damp dungeon merely to watch some poor chap being broken on the wheel? Guy Fawkes was racked in the Lord Lieutenant's private room, so the lieutenant could sit by a fire with a glass of port and watch the process at his leisure."

Guy Fawkes was accused of trying to blow up the House of Parliament with gunpowder in 1605. He was racked, thrown into the Pit, and then confined in the Little Ease, a cell 4 feet high, 16 inches wide and 2 feet long, so designed that a prisoner could not stand up, lie down or even sit. He finally made a full confession, naming his fellow conspirators.

In the White Tower I saw the famous Scavenger's Daughter, the Spanish collar (a heavy lead collar with spikes on the inside), the catchpole (a long pole with a spiked ring on the end for restraining criminals), and the famous bilboes, once the terror of the British Navy (a long bar with cuffs at one end and a hasp and lock at the other, so the bar could be fastened to a convenient base). In a glass case was a small model of an improved type of rack introduced about 1657. Instead of having two cranks—one winding up the cord fastened to the prisoner's hands, the other for the cord to his feet—this rack was equipped with a single lever which pulled both cords simultaneously, thus allowing one man to operate the machine. The improvement was valued, for in the racking of political prisoners, the fewer to hear their testimony the better.

In the tower, too, is a gibbet, a sort of iron cage in which the condemned was suspended from a gallows and left to starve. This punishment was known as "hanging in chains." In 1777, John Whitfield, a highwayman, was gibbeted on a crossroads near Carlisle, in northwestern England. After several days, a coachman regularly passing the spot couldn't stand his screams any longer and shot him. Even after death, the body of the prisoner was often soaked in tar to preserve it as a warning to evil-doers.

There were several devices which, although not invented by the English, were used by them more than by other nations. Best known was the *Peine forte et dure*, or Pressing to Death. A judge would tell a prisoner, "You shall lie upon your back and then shall be laid on your body as much iron or stone as you can bear—and more. The first day you shall have three morsels of barley bread without any drink, and the second you shall be allowed to drink as much as you can but without any bread. And this shall be your diet until you die."

The amount of weight a determined

man could endure was often remarkable. A robber named Blueskin took 400 pounds on his chest before he agreed to talk. The Reverend Willette, chaplain of old Newgate Prison, told of another man who took 350 pounds without cracking, but his expression was so horrible that his face was covered with a handkerchief. At the additional weight of the linen, the man screamed and fainted. This torture was so common that there was a section at Newgate called the Press Yard, which kept its name many years after the punishment had been abolished.

A favorite torture device in Scotland was the Boot. The Boot was a metal shoe into which both the victim's feet were locked, then wedges were driven between them, crushing the bones. The Ordinary Torture consisted of only four wedges; the Extraordinary, of eight. Afterward, boiling water or oil could be poured into the Boot over the prisoner's mutilated legs.

Although the Boot was considered by experts to rank among the most terrible of tortures, even it failed to break the courage of a really determined man. In 1590, a Dr. Fian of Edinburgh was accused of attempting to kill James I by black magic. Fian insisted that he was innocent, and was put to torture to make him confess. First a rope was twisted around his head until his skull cracked. Then he was put in the Boot. After three wedges, Fian became delirious and signed a paper admitting his guilt, but on recovering he repudiated the confession. He was put in the Boot again, and this time took so many wedges that "his legs were crushed and beaten together as small as might be, so that blood and marrow spouted forth in great abundance." Then his fingernails were torn off with Turkas (special pincers designed for the purpose). But "notwithstanding all these cruel torments he would not confess anything, so deeply had the devil entered into his heart. Whereupon he was put in a cart and put into a great fire readily provided for that purpose on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh."

The last person to be tortured in England to obtain a confession, in 1640, was a man named Archer, who had taken part in an attack on the palace of Archbishop Laud. But torture as a punishment for crime continued until 1789, when Christian Murphy was burned at the stake for counterfeiting. On the Continent, torture was legally abolished in Baden in 1831, in Russia in 1847, and finally in Bruchsal (a small German state) in 1872.

Unofficially, however, torture continues to be practiced. The United States is internationally known for the Third Degree, a polite term for torture. A number of police officials have not only admitted using it, but insist that a police department can't operate without it. In 1929, District Attorney R. H. Elder of New York said, "The Third Degree has now become established as a recognized practice in the police department of the city of New York. Every policeman stationed in the city is equipped with instruments to administer the torture incident to that process." When he took office, Mayor LaGuardia told the police that he'd fire any

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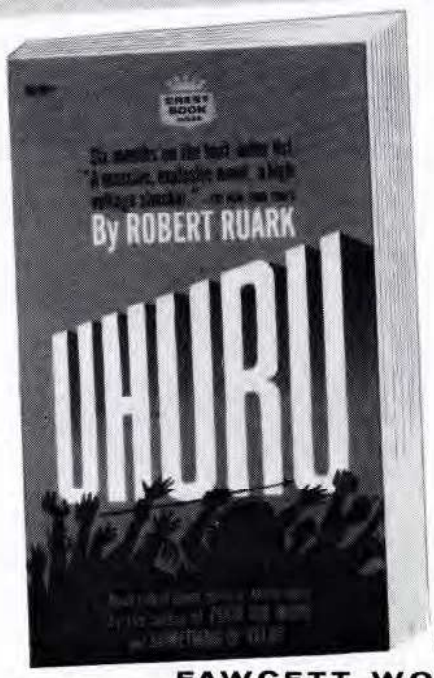

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man using Third Degree methods. Six months later he changed his order to: "I'll fire anyone who uses Third Degree methods and the newspapers hear about it."

Many of the accounts of Third Degree tortures could be taken straight out of the annals of the Middle Ages. In 1922, a Negro farmhand in Mississippi was arrested for the murder of a white storekeeper. Water was poured down his throat until he confessed. In 1936, a half-witted boy named Emil Reck was arrested in Chicago for shooting a doctor and ordered to say where he'd hidden the gun. Reck's hands were tied behind him and he was suspended from the top of a door (the Strappado). Reck screamed, "How can I say anything when I don't know anything?" Hot coals were held under his bare feet. Reck pleaded, "I don't have the gun. I can't think straight any more. How can I tell you where the gun is when I don't know?" He was sent to prison anyhow. Later a gang of four hoodlums confessed to the murder.

Today, the use of torture is generally denied in this country. But in 1953, North Dakota police arrested an Indian accused of murdering a white girl and tied one of his arms to a fence post and the other to a truck. Then they started the truck, telling him, "Talk or be torn apart." The whipping post is still legal in the state of Delaware. The Ducking Stool—in which the prisoner is tied in a chair fastened to one end of a seesaw and ducked in water—is still the legal punishment in New Jersey and Pennsylvania for a "common scold." On March 4, 1961, a woman in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was brought to court by her neighbors as a scold, but the warden of the county jail couldn't find a ducking stool—although he did locate an old set of stocks.

Electricity has been the 20th century's most outstanding contribution to the science of torture. In 1931 the police of Helena, Arkansas, had a wired chair in which a prisoner could be strapped and given increasingly powerful electric shocks—a modern form of the spiked German Chair in Munich. South American dictators have developed the use of torture by electricity to a fine art. Dr. Alberto Caride, an Argentine doctor, was once got out of bed in the middle of the night by Commissioner Lombilla, Chief of the Special Section of the country's police, under Juan Perón. Dr. Caride was taken to a prison and shown a man vomiting blood. Lombilla wanted the doctor to bring the man around so he could be questioned further.

Lombilla explained his method of questioning: "First we strap a prisoner to a table and work him over with electric needles. Then we wrap him in wet sheets to intensify the effects of the current and wrap copper wires attached to a battery around his genitals. If that doesn't work, his head is stuck in a bucket of water. He's forced to swallow the water, and is then beaten on the belly with paddles until he vomits it up again. It works best with ice water—the sudden shock causes him to gasp and swallow more than he would ordinarily. I learned that trick from President Morinigo's police chief in Paraguay."

In war, torture is still common. In 1960, the International Red Cross conducted an investigation of the French prisoner-of-war camps in Algeria and submitted a 300-page report. The investigators found men and boys who had been subjected to the electric-shock torture, the water torture, and even the *Peine forte et dure*. One man was still lying on the floor of his cell with several ribs broken from the weights piled on his chest. A French journalist named Henri Alleg went to Algeria to aid the rebels and was seized by the paratroopers. He was taken to a cellar set up as a modern medieval torture chamber. There he was given the water torture, administered almost precisely as the Inquisitors had 500 years before. Then he was hung up by his penis, and electrodes were clipped to his ears and fingers. He was rolled on a mattress wrapped with barbed wire, and hot irons were put on the soles of his feet. Finally he was given injections of pentothal (truth serum). Under its influence he revealed the names of his rebel friends.

The communists have also developed a number of torture techniques. Col. John K. Arnold, Jr., was taken prisoner by the Chinese during the Korean War and held for 30 months. His captors amused themselves by putting adjustable handcuffs on his wrists, tightening them until the circulation was cut off, and then "milking" his fingers. Later, asked what he did, Colonel Arnold said frankly, "I screamed." When thousands of Tibetans fled to India after the Chinese invasion, an international commission was formed to hear their stories. The fugitives related that Tsarong Shape, a cabinet minister in Lhasa, had been fastened by chains to the rear of a car and dragged to death. The monk Turuklu-Sungrab had his arm cut off when he refused to use the Buddhist scriptures for toilet paper. Others were burned, crucified, boiled, and buried alive.

Until 1940, the world's record for mass executions was probably held by Genghis Khan, who killed 1,747,000 people in Nashapur, India, in 1269. But Genghis' record was then far surpassed by Hitler, who killed over 6 million people in concentration camps. The prisoners were not merely massacred, but also often tortured for the amusement of the SS guards.

The first of the German concentration camps was Dachau, located a few miles outside the quiet little German village of that name. I went to see the Dachau

Too Good To Be TRUE

"It's pouring out! Perhaps you'd better stay here tonight, Mr. Cowan."

death camp on a cold, wet, dark December afternoon. The camp is surrounded by a dirty, greenish cement wall topped with barbed wire once charged with electricity. The wall is ringed by a hurricane fence also topped with barbed wire, and beyond that is a moat filled with water from the river Amper.

It is estimated that some 200,000 persons died at Dachau. Here and there are flat granite slabs with such inscriptions as, "Here approximately 2,000 Jews are thought to have been shot," and "It is believed that near this spot over 1,000 Poles were executed." I passed the rifle range, where prisoners were forced to run back and forth while the guards practiced firing at them with revolvers, and the hospital, where doctors experimented on human guinea pigs. One medico was interested in malaria and imported malarial mosquitoes, which were induced to bite the patients. Over 1,000 persons died. But the most hated members of the hospital personnel were two sadistic nurses who used to enjoy giving the patients fatal injections. Giggling loudly, these two harpies patrolled the wards with syringes poised, picking their victims while a deathly silence reigned. Prisoners with gold teeth were particularly apprehensive, for doctors and nurses divided the teeth.

Punishments at Dachau included the Tree, Stretching on the Trestle, and the Standing Bunker. The Tree was a modern version of the Strappado—a tall pole with an iron ring near the top from which the prisoner was suspended. According to regulations, the maximum time was an hour, but often the prisoner was left for two or more. Stretching on the Trestle meant that the naked prisoner was tied over a trestle, or wooden horse, and beaten with leather straps soaked in brine and pierced with holes to blister the flesh. The maximum number of strokes was supposedly 25, but the guards made their victims keep count. If in his agony a man forgot, the guard beating him started over again. Auxiliary Bishop of Munich Johann Neuhaeusler, who was an inmate of Dachau for four years, says that many men received 100 lashes. He says, "It was a real pleasure for the executioners when the prisoner screamed, cried, sobbed or fainted from pain. I can hear the screams of the prisoners in my ears to this very day."

The Standing Bunker was the equivalent of the Little Ease: a room 30 by 30 inches in which a man was confined for three days at a time. A clergyman named Theissing, from Aix-la-Chapelle in France, suffered here because he was suspected of secretly keeping records of the number of men killed in the prison hospital.

When I left the camp, I remembered Thomas Hope's conclusion in his excellent book *Torquemada* written in 1939. After recounting the horrors of the 16th century Spanish Inquisition, Hope added that we had now entered an enlightened age. He wrote, "There can be no more mass hysteria, no more tortures, no more persecution." Even as he was writing these lines, Hitler and Himmler were preparing Dachau. **—Daniel P. Mannix**

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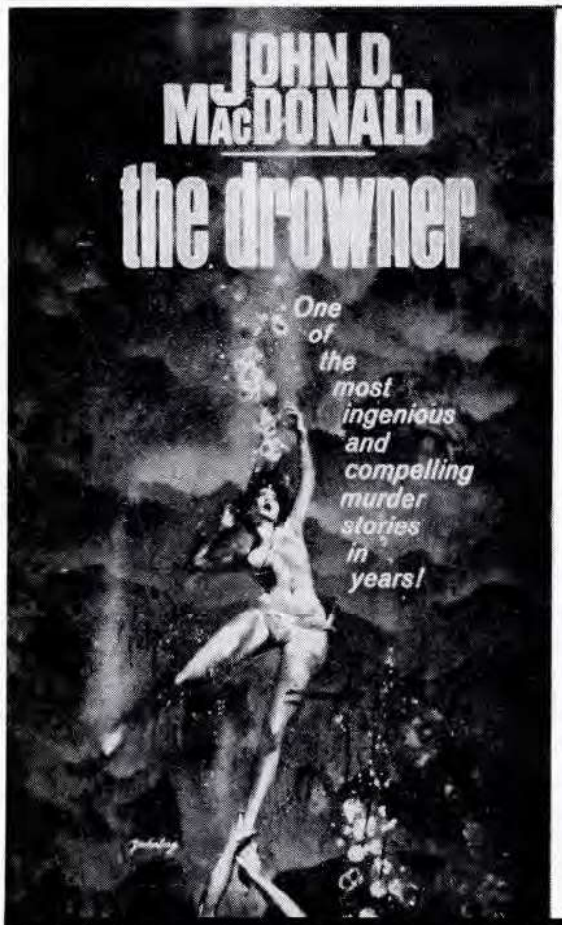

It must have been an accident, most people said. It might have been suicide, others wanted to think. But among Lucille Hanson's mourners there was one person who refused to believe it was anything but murder . . .

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The Damnedest Dude the Dakotas Ever Knew

[*Continued from page* 30]

O'Donnell, Luffsey and Wannegan sobered up fast in the saddle. They'd been about to leave anyway, having exhausted all their credit at the saloon called Big-Mouthed Bob's place. But they were still brimming with righteous indignation. To their minds, they'd been highly tolerant of the freak foreigner when he'd first arrived; they'd been sociable enough to drink his champagne and feast their eyes on his wife anyway, although they'd refused the jobs he'd offered them. But on their way into town this time, they'd found fences on some of the land he'd bought. In growing rage, they'd torn down a long stretch of the hated wire, then spent their entire drunk fuming about it.

All at once, a shouted voice rang out ahead. *"Halte! Assassins!"*

The hunters had been warned by the deputy to be good boys. But when they saw the outlandish dude himself, standing directly on the trail in front of them, throwing up one hand and attempting, with only a single-shot rifle, to face down three skilled riflemen armed with repeating Winchesters, they just couldn't resist the temptation to open up and make him dance a little.

What happened next shocked not only the hunters but everyone who later heard of the incident. For this pretty-boy tenderfoot, who looked and dressed like something out of a medicine-show act, took sudden aim and killed Riley Luffsey with a clean, perfect neck shot. Then, while O'Donnell and Wannegan began shooting to kill but shot badly in their numb amazement, the Marquis calmly reloaded under fire and dropped Frank O'Donnell from the saddle with a shattered hip. He reloaded a second time, but by then Wannegan had bolted into the brush.

It was true that the Marquis had a lot to learn about the West. But on the other hand, the West had a few things to learn about the Marquis.

In every century there are men born out of place in time, men meant for an earlier era, and Antoine Amedee Marie Vincent Manca de Vallombrosa, the Marquis de Mores, was very much such a man. An aristocrat by every instinct, he'd graduated from the College of Poitiers to find himself in a France that had replaced its royalty with the Third Republic, in a world where the age of aristocracy seemed dead forever. He'd gone on to St. Cyr, the French West Point, and then Saumur, Europe's finest cavalry school. But there was an essential difference between this silent, meditative youth and the other young titled officers who bemoaned the lost monarchy at the cafe tables of Maubeuge and Lunéville. Antoine intended doing something about it. Somewhere on the surface of the earth, he was certain, waited a setting in which the old feudal-lord life he craved could be lived to the fullest.

"In time of peace," he explained upon resigning his commission in the Tenth Hussars, "I find garrison life unbearably monotonous."

What he really meant was that he'd grown impatient to begin his secret and singular search. For he'd recently met an enticing young lady named Medora, daughter of the multimillionaire New York financier Louis von Hoffman. Although Antoine was comfortably well off, his ambitions stretched far beyond his bank balances. A strikingly handsome six-footer who'd already killed two opponents in duels, he represented exactly what most rich American girls touring Europe were seeking, and Medora represented a fair start toward what he himself was seeking. In August of 1882, he came to the United States with his bride and was welcomed into the Wall Street offices and Staten Island estate of his father-in-law. But within a few months, Antoine was surprising everyone with a sudden interest in beef cattle.

"The livestock industry of this country seems to be conducted in a way most uneconomic," he pointed out. "Cattle are grown in the West, then transported alive to the East. Now that refrigerated railroad cars are available, the killing and packing should be done at the point of origin."

What the Marquis really meant this time was that he'd heard of the American West from his big-game-hunting cousin, the Count Fitz-James, and he'd come to visualize the region as an ideal spot for his dream domain. But his idea made sense to Louis von Hoffman, who agreed to finance an experimental on-the-range meat-packing plant. In the spring of 1883, Antoine went west with a large crew of workmen and selected a site just across the Northern Pacific railroad bridge from the town of Little Missouri. In a formal ceremony that consisted of breaking a bottle of champagne on a tent pole, he christened the spot Medora to honor the girl whose father was footing the bills.

The 24-year-old de Mores climbed to the crest of a hill a half-mile south of town and stared out over the surrounding landscape. Clear to the horizon stretched the labyrinth of bluffs and buttes, washouts and winding gorges that his own countrymen, footsore French trappers, had dubbed *les mauvaises terres*, the Badlands. Some men found a compelling beauty in this unearthly terrain, while others called it a nightmare of erosion. But no one had ever before seen it as a suitable setting for a miniature monarchy.

Yet there on that hill the Marquis de Mores ordered his chateau constructed, overlooking Little Missouri the same way the castles of his ancestors had overlooked their quaint little villages. He was overlooking a few things himself, of course, such as the fact that the boys who sipped Forty-Mile Red-Eye at Big-Mouthed Bob's bore little resemblance to French peasants. Although the inhabitants of the region were a somewhat puzzling people, they appeared friendly enough at first. But then, offering employment to everyone and asking advice of no one, Antoine purchased and fenced a sizable portion of what had previously been open rangeland and hunting country. The natives turned hostile in a hurry, greeting him with angry stares, muttered curses and finally gunfire.

Emerging victorious from the showdown on the trail that June afternoon with one man dead and another wounded before him, the young nobleman examined the bullet rips in his tailored coat, then looked down at the town and shook his head sadly. He'd put a grim

TRUE

"All right, *now* he knows enough to come in out of the rain. But was it worth $10,826.44?"

and mistaken interpretation on the shots he'd heard just after the train had brought in the lone deputy.

"Stand watch here until I can send out a wagon," he ordered, when two hired men he'd stationed at other passes showed up with the captured Dutch Wannegan. "I will march this one into the village. *C'est pas raisonnable!* Why would the authorities send but one man, to certain death?"

He was in no mood for listening to Wannegan's protests that they hadn't killed anyone. Not until he reached Little Missouri and discovered, in shocked disbelief, that Deputy Harmon was very much alive, did the Marquis de Mores get the first faint glimmering of what had happened. Then, still stunned by the perplexing local customs, he found himself under arrest for murder.

To the mind of the Marquis, firearms were tools for killing things, not noisemakers or playthings. Did a man not have the right to defend himself in this land, he politely inquired.

"Beats me!" Hank Harmon said. "All I can do is take the whole bunch of you back to Mandan, and let George figure it out."

This was a bit humiliating for a man who was distantly in line for the no-longer-existing French throne. But the Marquis managed to retain his dignity, and he found his faith in the country he'd chosen for the re-establishment of the age of aristocracy reaffirmed. He had the good luck to be brought before a magistrate who shared his disapproval of the way hunters and cowboys threw lead around.

"Charges dismissed!" declared Justice Martin Bateman. "If a few more o' the decent folks hereabouts handled a rifle like that, this Territory'd get civilized a lot faster!"

Young Antoine offered his courtly thanks and returned to the work that awaited him—keeping the construction of his packing plant on schedule, making the countless preparations for its operation, ordering furnishings for the hilltop chateau that was nearing completion. "If I had known then what I know now, Riley Luffsey would never have been killed," he sorrowfully admitted, but otherwise he considered the unfortunate incident closed. Yet, less than three weeks later, he was amazed to find himself being arrested again.

"The matter has already been settled," he kept protesting. *"C'est drôle!"* He could receive no clear explanation of what was going on. The second hearing was held before Justice Dan Collins, who was considered far friendlier to market hunters and cowboys than Bateman. But in the end the same verdict was inescapable.

"Man's gettin' shot at, he's got the right to shoot back," Collins ruled. "Don't need to look in no law book to know that."

Once again, the young Frenchman thanked the court graciously, but he decided to have a law book looked into anyway. Retaining the Bismark firm of Allen & Allen, he learned there was a loophole in the Territorial statutes: until he was cleared by a jury trial, the same charge could be renewed on a citizen's complaint as long as a justice could be found who was willing to hear it.

"Then we must have the jury trial," he insisted eagerly. *"Toute de suite."*

The Allen brothers shook their heads emphatically. "You'd be stickin' your neck in a noose. No man who works for you would be allowed on that jury, and what kind of justice do you think you'd get from the rest of the folks in Little Missouri. Can't you see you've doomed their town by buildin' your plant on the other bank? How long do you think the Northern Pacific's going to keep on stopping on both sides of the river?"

All the Marquis saw at the moment was that the legalities of the locale were as puzzling as the way the natives played with firearms. But the summer slid by without his being arrested again, and fall found his packing plant beginning part-time production and his herds of cattle growing rapidly. He could begin living the lordly life he'd visualized then, making one hunting trip after another with the best of hounds and horses, a Napoleonic field coach and a large crew of camp-keepers. Deeper and deeper into the mountains he went, bringing down deer and elk, black bear and grizzly. Watching the Marquis in action made veteran guides gasp.

"You know what that man does?" asked his astounded foreman John Goodall. "He kills prairie chickens on the wing with a big game rifle!"

When the Dakota winter closed down, Antoine rode his private railroad car eastward to New York and took a relaxing cruise abroad. But he was back in the Badlands by early spring. With his highly ornamental wife to preside over a staff of 20 household servants that included a personal physician, he could begin entertaining in a truly baronial manner.

Among the Marquis' most frequent guests was another stranger who'd recently arrived in the region and brought a loud laugh from everyone by announcing he intended to try his hand at raising cattle. He was a young Eastern politician with thick-lensed glasses, a slight frame and a sickly look that belied his inner strength. The boys at Big-Mouthed Bob's had called him "that four-eyed dude from New York" when he'd first shown up, but there was no Big-Mouthed Bob's by the summer of 1884; Little Missouri had become a ghost town, put out of business by its year-old rival across the river. The young politico stayed at Medora's new Rough Riders' Hotel when in town. He would remember that hotel many years later and borrow its name for an army command. His own name was Theodore Roosevelt.

Roosevelt wasn't exactly royalty, but he was about the nearest thing to it that existed in the United States, and the Frenchman found him charming company. Antoine was in the best of spirits that summer. True enough, there was still the murder charge hanging over his head. But his meat-packing plant was running full-time and expanding, the new town below, that bore his wife's name was growing rapidly, and he was

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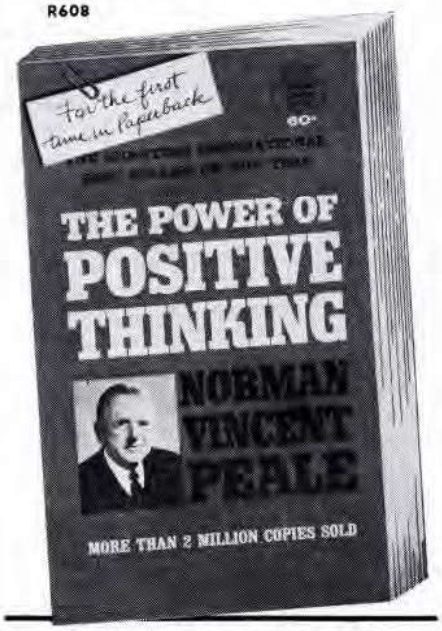

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equipping it with not only stores and offices, but everything from a church to a poolroom. The vision he'd evolved as a cadet at St. Cyr seemed very close to fulfillment.

By fall, the young nobleman had found a few flaws in his dream world. His attempt to pasture sheep in cattle country had been disastrous, for his flocks had been poisoned immediately and the authorities had shown no interest in searching for the poisoners. Then, too, he'd paid for a good deal more beef than he'd received before finally wising up to a rather ungentlemanly trick that was being played on him.

"Ran the herd past that fool Frenchman strung out for counting," cowboys were boasting at every saloon on their way back to their home range. "Drove 'em right on around this little butte and back again. That dude never tumbled! Counted every cow twice!"

The Marquis had also suffered sizable rustling losses. Upon joining the local cattleman's association he gave vigorous support to a vigilantes' committee being formed for lynching rustlers, protesting bitterly when neither he nor Roosevelt were allowed to ride with the lynchers because of their prominence.

Such troubles seemed trifling, though. Caught up in the very momentum of the explosive pace at which his imagined domain was becoming reality, he found it easy to forget that no part of his plans had actually shown a profit as yet. With three hotels and a dozen stores completed or under construction, the town below now boasted a population of several hundred, and Antoine opened a Medora to Deadwood stage line that fall. He extended the refrigerated-railroad-car company he'd formed to serve his packing plant into the carrying of Pacific salmon, and he drew up plans for a vast complex of greenhouses to raise out-of-season vegetables for the luxury Eastern market. Yet with all his frantic business activity, he still found time for his lavish entertaining and his large-scale hunting expeditions.

"There are large deposits of kaolin here, porcelain clay," he announced enthusiastically after one such trip. "I will erect a large pottery works next year. I will make Medora the *Sevres* of the West." His horizons seemed limitless in that fall of 1884.

Just before leaving for the East and another winter cruise, the Marquis was pleasantly surprised to receive what seemed to be an assurance that the murder charge against him was dead forever—a letter signed "Your friend O'Donnell" from the very man who'd brought the previous complaints. Frank O'Donnell was anxious to leave Dakota Territory, it seemed, but first had to sell his land claim, for which the modest price of $500 was being asked. Antoine had an appraiser look over the claim, but since the land was worthless and O'Donnell had no legal title to it anyway, the offer had to be refused. Even so, the young nobleman was delighted with the notion that he'd lost an enemy and gained a friend in this still-puzzling country.

With the spring of 1885 came the harsh awakening. In both his warm, confident manner and his ever-fluid imagination, the Marquis de Mores had been a gifted empire builder. In the hard cold ink of his account books, he'd had the Midas touch in reverse. Everything he'd put his hand to had cost his father-in-law more and more gold. Several major catastrophes seemed to be shaping up, along with one minor but mysterious annoyance—his friend O'Donnell was getting strangely persistent about selling him that worthless land claim.

The Medora to Deadwood stage line had already folded during Antoine's absence, for the horses of this region and the terrain itself had proven as unpredictable as the human inhabitants, with half-broken teams half-ruining the stages and bad roads doing the rest. But far more serious, the experiment in on-the-range meat-packing had been about as successful as a large leak in financier Louis von Hoffman's bank vaults. For one thing, the public wasn't ready for refrigerated meat, still warily preferring the fresh-butchered product. For another, there was already an aristocracy of sorts in this country, and such feudal-lords of the beef business as Armour were reacting to Antoine's invasion by cutting prices below costs at each of his outlets. With his meat rotting unsold, distributors refusing his shipments and railroads getting cautious about carrying his cars, the Marquis found it most difficult to remain patient and polite when his friend O'Donnell began pestering him in person, calling at the chateau in repeated attempts to peddle a valueless gulch in the Badlands.

"Once that claim's sold," the market hunter kept mentioning, "I'll be gone from these parts forever. It'd be just about the best investment you could make."

The young nobleman had no time for even worthwhile land deals, much less buying brush-filled bottoms. He was fighting for his imagined empire's very existence by organizing a national meat co-operative. But he ended up practically giving his beef away in an attempt to develop a market. And as hard as the New York financier found it to be firm with a charming son-in-law who'd named his first child Louis, the one-way flow of cash had to be stemmed. With dozens of impossible problems to be solved and desperate decisions to be made, Antoine was forced to tell his doorman to stop admitting Frank O'Donnell.

In late August, the Marquis de Mores was suddenly arrested for the two-year-old Riley Luffsey murder. This time he was held for trial.

Antoine was totally bewildered. Whether in his hilltop home or any other phase of his daydream world, he'd been too far above everything to sense the full force of the feeling against him. His fences and sheep had brought resentment, his display of wealth had brought envy, and his foreign mannerisms had fanned both into bitter hatred. But his worried attorneys lived in no dream world. As an all-important first move in their struggle to save him, the Allen brothers fought for and won a change of venue.

Transferred eastward to the Burleigh County jail, Antoine was again astonished to find the entire town of Bismark championing his cause, treating him as an honored guest.

The young Frenchman had unknowingly fallen into an old antagonism between the relatively civilized eastern half of Dakota Territory and the wilder western section, as well as an intense rivalry between the dividing-line towns of Bismark and Mandan. Interest in the case was growing, and the split was spreading. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* was calling the Marquis "a titled land pirate and a brigandish foreigner," insisting that "for smaller offenses than his, better men have tasted the high gallows and the short shrift of frontier justice." The Minneapolis *Tribune* immediately apologized for its sister sheet and urged Antoine to sue the *Post-Dispatch* for libel.

Even then, baffled by everything and the threat of the gallows hanging over him, the young nobleman's voice and manner remained imperturbable. But when a number of newspapers began insisting that even Theodore Roosevelt had turned against him, he showed some of the strain he was under in a hasty note he wrote:

My dear Roosevelt:

My principle is to take the bull by the horns . . . I thought you my friend. If you are my enemy, I want to know it. I am always on hand, as you know, and between gentlemen it is easy to settle matters of that sort directly.

Mores

The future trust-buster and wielder of the Big Stick could hardly ignore that last sentence. Teddy Roosevelt carefully worded his reply:

My dear Mores:

Most emphatically, I am not your enemy; if I were, you would know it, for I would be an open one . . . As your final words, however, seem to imply a threat, it is due to myself to say that the statement is not made through any fear of possible consequences to me; I too, as you know, am always on hand, and ever ready to hold myself accountable for anything I have ever said or done.

Roosevelt

Actually, still troubled by a language difficulty, the Marquis had meant neither threat nor challenge. (In the two fatal duels he'd already fought, he'd been the challenged party.) His instant and unabashed apology ended the matter.

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fine a white suit as the best tailors of Europe could produce, the Marquis de Mores went on trial for his life. And if he'd heard that this land was governed by laws and not men, he was again bewildered. For Judge W. H. Francis of Bismark had hardly opened the proceedings when Prosecutor T. K. Long, a Mandan man, decided the magistrate was trying to influence the jury in favor of the defendant.

"Your honor, this is supposed to be an impartial trial. I think that kind of talk's highly out of order."

"Out of order?" Judge Francis exploded. "I'll say who's out of order in my court! You're out of order!"

"Everybody knows which side you're on!" Prosecutor Long blasted back. "You should disqualify yourself."

"That's enough!" the judge roared. "One more word and I'll have you in contempt of court!"

"I got plenty of contempt for any man that goes around kissing the feet of phony noblemen . . . or whatever other parts they happen to—"

"Six months in jail!" The gavel came down like a Colt revolver being fired. "Sheriff! Arrest this man!"

Antoine stared incredulously as McKenzie dragged Long from the courtroom. "How do we have the trial without the prosecuting attorney?" he commented softly.

"That," his lawyers had to admit, "is a hell of a good question."

Still startled by the courtroom customs of the region, the Frenchman soon found himself sitting in on a conference while the defense pleaded with the judge on behalf of the prosecution.

"Long as Long's in jail," the Allen brothers argued, "our client must stay there, too. It's just like giving him the six months."

"Nobody's going to talk that way to me in my own court!" Judge Francis stubbornly insisted. But at last he relented a little and agreed to accept a fine instead—$250 for contempt of court.

The next step in local legal procedure seemed to be a conference with the jailed prosecuting attorney. But Long proved just as stubborn. "I'll rot here before I'll give that old buzzard one cent!" he snorted angrily.

Antoine hesitantly whispered something to his attorneys, and a second meeting with the magistrate followed.

"In the interest of getting this thing settled," the Allen brothers explained, "our client wants to know if it would be proper for him to offer to pay the prosecutor's fine for him."

"Absolutely not!" Francis ruled. "Until I see Long's name on that check, he'll stay right where he is."

For several days, while Mandan newspapers screamed for Judge Francis' impeachment and Bismark newspapers wondered what law school Prosecutor Long could have attended, the deadlock went on. When the prosecuting attorney finally gave in and paid the fine, the trial itself was almost anticlimactic. Various friends of the dead Luffsey testified as to what a sober and peace-loving man he'd been, some of them even swearing under oath that they'd seen the Marquis sneaking into the brush with his rifle. And the Territory's star witness, Frank O'Donnell, was just as straight-faced in insisting he and his partners had been dry-gulched.

But the Allen brothers had a big hand to play in the form of a fistful of the "Your friend O'Donnell" letters, and the jury quickly read them as the obvious attempts at blackmail which they were. Antoine listened to a quickly reached verdict of not guilty, offered his formal thanks for the third time, endorsed an attorney's bill for $5,000 to be forwarded to his father-in-law for payment, then got off a hurried message to Medora. And once again he had some difficulty with the language.

WILL BE HOME TOMORROW, he wired. KILLING WILL BE RESUMED. He meant the killing of cattle at his packing plant, of course. But when word of that wire leaked out, several newspapers couldn't resist suggesting otherwise.

The Marquis de Mores went back to his chateau a free man. He'd survived practically all that the frontier could do to devil a dude, coming through everything with his style undisturbed and his dignity intact. But he went back to a business on the brink of bankruptcy.

Very reluctantly, the young nobleman faced up to the fact that the American West wasn't exactly a fertile field for the re-establishment of the age of aristocracy.

All at once, shutting down his plant and leaving only a caretaker at his fully furnished home, he was gone. And only broken bits of news about him filtered back after that, as he went right on attempting to turn back the clock, his singular search as fervent as it was futile. First he was making a trip around the world, stopping off in India to hunt tigers. Then he was suddenly doing his hunting in the Rockies once more and talking enthusiastically of the vast network of railroads he was about to build in China. Whatever became of the Chinese railroads, the next news found him back in France, agitating and intriguing for the return of the monarchy and winning two more duels as well. Finally, fittingly enough, word came in 1896 that he'd been killed by native guides while on an African expedition.

He'd come explosively out of nowhere, stayed just a few years and then vanished forever—as out of place as the house he'd built on a bluff above the Badlands, the chateau that sits there today for summer tourists to visit. And on the main street of Medora stands a large bronze statue that was erected to commemorate him.

But the spirit that had once prevailed across the river at Big-Mouthed Bob's place got itself commemorated, too, and the ghost of Riley Luffsey had the last laugh. For one dark night before the unveiling, some of the boys baptized the canvas-shrouded figure in Forty-Mile Red-Eye, then touched a match to it. And Antoine Amedee Marie Vincent Manca de Vallombrosa, the Marquis de Mores, was preserved for posterity with as charred a countenance as any of the African tribesmen who ended his curious career.

—Gene Caesar

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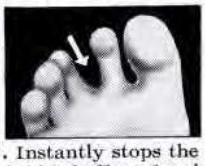

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Tokyo

[*Continued from page* 44]

times, took off my shoes at the threshold and tried to stuff my feet into Japanese-size slippers.

Inside, it was very light and gleaming with polish and cleanliness. I slip-slopped up a short shiny staircase and was shown, with many smiles and bows, through a sliding partition into one of those rooms you see in Japanese prints. There I was left alone, staring at my suitcase while Dick's voice boomed happily down the corridor and the rustling sound of awakened sleepers reached me through the walls.

I hate small, finicky, breakable things, and I am slightly over six feet tall.

My room appeared to be made of plywood and rice paper. The floor was carpeted with black-edged oblongs of rush matting that reminded me of uninscribed mourning cards. In the center of the floor, or rather on it, was the spotless bedding, a thin feather mattress, sparkling sheets and a silken eiderdown. Behind the small, hard pillow was a child's teapot, a glass with a wooden cover, a small lacquered box containing toothpicks and a bed light. Next to this, against one wall, was a very broad red lacquered table about one foot off the floor. Above this hung a scroll depicting a wispy landscape and opposite, in the corner, was what appeared to be a large earthenware waste-paper-basket filled to the top with fine gray sand in which were stuck two iron styluses and a kind of iron comb. In the corner opposite on the floor stood a tall rough pottery vase containing a spindly branch encrusted with small red berries and a much shorter branch of dwarf chrysanthemums. Having read a B.O.A.C. leaflet about Japanese flower arrangement, I assumed that these twigs held some gracious message which was hidden from me. The only other furniture was a narrow shelf against one wall which held a lacquered box containing a stylus and a bottle of sepia ink and, on the floor, a telephone balanced precariously on a black lacquered mushroom.

I moved gingerly around the walls looking for cupboards amongst the anonymous maze of what turned out to be plastic rice paper and thin battens of three-ply. One of these revealed a wardrobe containing one coat hanger and an extra roll of bedding. Another partition concealed a blessed basin with running water. I looked again at my bulky round-the-world suitcase standing obscenely in the midst of this delicate chamber and, aching with the gorilla stance that was necessary because of the low ceiling, I slumped down on the exquisite red lacquered table and cursed gently but fluently.

Dick appeared, happy and boisterous. "Where the hell do I put my clothes?" I said. "What the hell's that waste-paper-basket full of sand for? And, anyway, where's the lavatory?" Dick looked grieved at this Western outburst. He meekly showed me across the corridor to an odd-looking hole-in-the-floor contraption. "But there's a Western one downstairs," he said. "Next to the Japanese bath."

"What the hell's a Japanese bath?"

"Oh, haven't I told you? You've got to wash outside and then get into the bath. There may be other people in it but you don't have to bother about them."

"Thanks very much."

"Perhaps you'd better put your clothes on the table. The barrel with the sand in it is for a charcoal fire."

I said, "Thanks very much," again, furiously, and we parted for the night.

I will pass over the further tribulations I suffered in my dainty, willow-pattern bird-cage. I took a sleeping pill, composed my aching limbs amongst the bedding on the floor and went to sleep trying to remember the full details of Saki's *Barbary Apes Wrecking a Boudoir*.

Dick had told me to clap my hands if I wanted anything. The next morning, awakened by a mild earthquake that rattled the hotel like a dice-box, I did this until they were sore and then padded downstairs and, in sign language and pidgin English, extracted a promise of breakfast from the bowing and giggling maid. She was so amused and happy about everything that I was at once filled with a good humor which remained with me for the rest of my stay in Japan. I even got to like my idiotic, damnably pretty little room and somehow learned to contort my limbs into a painful approximation to the lotus position on the many occasions when I had to eat meals off foot-high tables. All in all, I can warmly recommend the Fukudaya Inn (it means, for what that is worth, "Rich Ricefield,") not far from the British Embassy. May its dwarf pine trees never grow smaller!

With only three days in Japan, I decided to be totally ruthless. I told Dick that there would be no politicians, museums, temples, Imperial palaces or Noh plays, let alone tea ceremonies. I wanted, I said, to see Somerset Maugham, who had just arrived and was receiving a triumphal welcome; visit the supreme Judo Academy; see a Sumo wrestling match; explore the Ginza; have the most luxurious Japanese bath; spend an evening with geishas; consult the top Japanese soothsayer; and take a day trip into the country. I also said that I wanted to eat large quantities of raw fish, for which I have a weakness, and ascertain whether sake was truly alcoholic or not. Thanks to Dick and Tiger Saito, I achieved all these ambitions to the full, with the exception of the Sumo wrestling bout which I was only able to see on television.

We started off with Mr. Maugham. We happen to be friends. Our friendship is largely based on the fact that he also wishes to be married to my wife, and he is always pleased to see me if only to hear news of her. We met at the Imperial Hotel and had a cheerful and excellent luncheon, through which Mr. Maugham alternately crackled with malice about our friends in London and purred with pleasure at his first visit to the East for 30 years. After luncheon we repaired to the Kodo Kan gymnasium and judo academy for a most memorable experience.

Briefly, judo is a philosophy, or way of life, and ju-jitsu is an art of self-defence based on judo. I have always been vaguely interested in the subject since, at Eton, two vast sergeant majors used to give exhibitions of throwing each other about with flicks of the wrist. Tiger Saito, who is an excellent photographer, accompanied us and the head of the establishment showed us round—Mr. Maugham, Alan Searle, his secretary, Dick Hughes and myself. The academy is a very large and imposing building. The ground floor is devoted to miscellaneous classes. There was a room where 50 young men were practicing break falls, another where foreigners, four Americans, a Frenchman and a Turk, were trying various holds while awaiting their teacher, and another room for the girls, who obligingly staged a mock fight, which was not as exciting as it sounds.

Then up to the next floor and to an astonishing scene. Here, in one vast hall, upward of two hundred individual bouts

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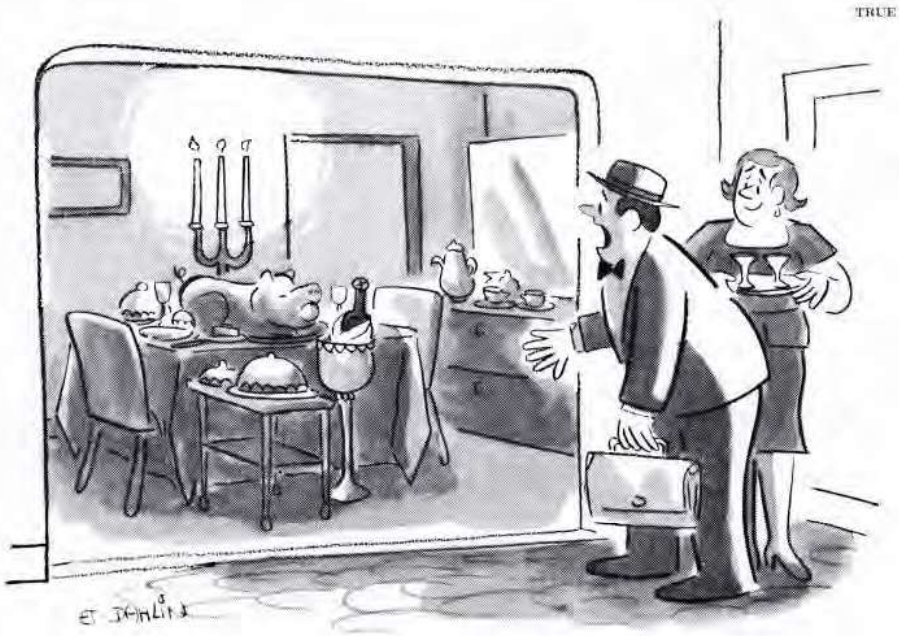

"You've wrecked the car!"

and classes were in progress. Black-belts were two a penny, but what fascinated us all was the class for children between 8 and 10 being conducted by a famous red-belt aged about 60. As it might have been at some sporting event in an English school, half a dozen doting mothers sat on a bench and watched their sons with a mixture of pride and anxiety as they wrestled together or had lessons from their teachers.

But what held our whole attention was the wise old red-belt teaching leg and kick routines to a tough, lively little boy of 10. Between these two all the traditions were strictly adhered to—the courteous bow before the lesson and after each surrender, and the smiling concentration. For perhaps 10 minutes the red-belt tried to teach the little boy one particular backward hack which sweeps the legs of the opponent from under him and can only be defeated by various counter-moves. Again and again the red-belt swept the little boy's legs from underneath him and, while holding the lapels of his wrestling robe, collapsed him gently, but not too gently, on the floor. And again and again the little boy was up and trying again, hacking bravely at the back of the red-belt's bulging calves with the inside of his own small leg. At last he got it right and, in acknowledgment, and by no means with false theatricality, the red-belt measured his length, got to his knees, bowed to his vanquisher and they started again.

What was so splendid about this scene was its entire seriousness. The old champion, without mockery, fell to the ground because the little boy had got the gambit absolutely right. He wanted to demonstrate to the little boy that, in ju-jitsu, no matter how inferior your size, Jack can bring down the Giant. It was an exquisite scene and Tiger Saito's photograph has caught Mr. Maugham exclaiming at its beauty.

The fag end of the afternoon I spent with Japan Air Lines, whom I had chosen to carry me on to Hawaii because I was already reluctant to embrace the West again and wished to leave myself in Oriental hands for as long as possible. It was only as my ticket was being made out that I realized I would be flying the "Willow Pattern" route on Friday the 13th. But what matter! In a book of mine, *From Russia, With Love*, when my hero, James Bond, arranges to fly to Istanbul, there is the following passage: "The day before, when he had left M. and had gone back to his office to arrange details of his flight, his secretary had protested violently at the idea of his traveling on Friday the 13th.

" 'But it's always best to travel on the 13th,' Bond had explained patiently. 'There are practically no passengers and it's more comfortable and you get better service. I always choose the 13th when I can.' "

I felt I must try and keep up with my hero and it was not until dinner that night, when I mentioned the coincidence to Dick Hughes, that he looked thoughtful. "I suppose you realize," he said, "that you'll be crossing the international dateline and running into another Friday the 13th. Double Friday the 13ths don't sound so good." I laughed the detail away and forgot about it until the next morning at 10 o'clock when I was waiting in the ante-room of the most famous fortune-teller in Japan, Seki Ryushi, with a charming interpreter friend of Tiger Saito's called Chin Chan.

I am not particularly interested in having my fortune told, but I am rather intrigued by fortune-telling and all matters connected with extra-sensory perception. Moreover, Dick had fascinated me with true stories of Oriental soothsaying and I was determined to see what it was all about. We were waiting in the sitting-room of Seki Ryushi's house. There were no tokens of his trade except a vast reading-glass in a wooden frame and one of those china skulls you find in junk shops with the brain pan marked off in segments entitled Love, Future, Intelligence, etc. When, after a polite interval to show how busy he was, the soothsayer appeared, I was not greatly impressed. He looked far too happy and well-fed for a man who should be in communion with the spirits of darkness, and his eyes twinkled happily from behind rimless glasses. We squatted down opposite each other across the inevitable low table and bowed as if we were about to start a wrestling match. I was asked to write down my name and age, and did so. The soothsayer gave the script a cursory glance and went into a long conversation with Chin Chan about how clever he was. He had forecast Eisenhower's successes in two elections and also the outcome of his various illnesses. When the Duke of Windsor married Mrs. Simpson he had prophesied that they would have a long and happy marriage. I said a mental "humph," rearranged my already aching limbs and waited for him to start on me.

In due course he picked up the large reading-glass, asked me to approach my face and examined it, inch by inch. At the same time, I examined his and saw nothing but happy birdlike eyes and evidence of a rather hasty shave in those difficult corners just below the nose. There was a lengthy exchange with Chin Chan which in due course was interpreted to the effect that I was a man of very independent spirit who should always walk alone and never go into partnership. This sounded rather like the sort of stuff I had told Garbo in the night club in Macao. There was to be no improvement.

It took nearly an hour and a half for the great seer to tell me that I was in a particularly golden period which would end around the middle of March, but that the whole of the next 10 years was going to be quite splendid for me. I would live happily until I was 80. I would certainly be back in Japan before next May (most unlikely, and I wasn't), I must not be so "obstinate" toward my wife, and I looked more like my mother than my father. There was absolutely nothing else that I can remember and the only piece of information for which I was grateful was, with my double Friday the 13th round the corner, the prognostication about the wonderfully lucky period I was now traversing.

Rather pointedly perhaps, I asked

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Seki Ryushi if he could tell his own fortune. He said he couldn't. When he wanted to know anything he asked his close rival, Sozan Takashima, who always gave him the correct answer. I should have asked him if he could tell Mr. Takashima's fortune with equal success, because the fates were already plotting the terrible end to Takashima's life which was just approaching. About two weeks after my interview, the following story appeared in the local press and I quote in its entirety:

> "FORTUNE TELLER COULD NOT FORESEE OWN DEATH. Tokyo, November 25th.
> A famous Japanese fortune-teller could not foresee his own fate. He was surprised this morning by an assassin who stabbed him to death with a knife.
> Sozan Takashima, 71, Japan's most famous fortune-teller who has been doing a thriving business, was slain by a young colleague in the same profession, Toshiyuki Domoto, 24. The motive was professional jealousy.
> Domoto also stabbed the old diviner's 40-year-old son, who is also practicing the arts of divination, injuring him critically.—France-Presse."

This curious coincidence, in retrospect, adds point to what was otherwise a rather wasted morning.

The night before, Dick and I had consumed large quantities of raw fish in a restaurant off the Ginza, which is one of the great pleasure streets of the world, and even larger quantities of sake, a heated rice spirit to which I took rather too enthusiastically, and now, nursing something of a hangover, I was looking forward to the healing properties of the most famous Japanese bath-house, the Tokyo Onsen. We went there after another delicious meal which included quails cooked in raw quail's egg, and it was indeed a remarkable experience.

Many Japanese have no baths in their houses and the two or three bath-days a week at the public baths are great occasions. I can now well understand why. At the desk on the first floor of the large, rather drab, building, I paid 15 shillings (about $2) and was then taken in hand by the prettiest Japanese girl I was to see during the whole of my stay. Her name was Kissy and she was 21. She had the face of a smaller, rather neater, Brigitte Bardot, with black hair in a B.B. cut. She wore nothing but the shortest and tightest of white shorts and a white brassiere.

She led me by the hand down a corridor to a small room divided in two. The ante-room contained a dressing table laden with various oils, powders and unguents and a chair for my clothes, which she prettily asked me to remove. It was obviously no good being demure about this, so I obeyed her and she took my suit and brushed it and hung it up on a hanger. She then took me by the hand into the interior half of the room, where there was a large wooden box with a hole in the top—a one-man Turkish bath—into which she placed me. She then closed the top and, after some pleasant but rather stilted conversation, coquetted with her hair-do in a looking-glass. After a quarter of an hour in the very hot box, she raised the lid and helped me down on to the spotless tiled floor, and bade me sit beside a sunken blue tiled bath on a small stool, where she proceeded to give me an energetic shampoo and scrubbed me with soap and a *loofah* from top to toe. Well, almost, that is. She avoided the central zone and handed me the *loofah* with a dimpling, "You do body." She then poured wooden pitchers of water over me to clean off the soap and guided me down the two steps into the deep, oval bath, the very hot water of which comes from natural hot springs.

Ten minutes of this and then, when she had toweled me down, I was bidden to lie on a high massage table where she proceeded to massage me thoroughly and expertly—none of that "effleurage," but the really deep massage for which the Japanese are famous. I may say that any crude Western thoughts I might have entertained during these processes were thoroughly washed from my mind by the general heat and exertions I was put through, but that is not to say that I was not vastly stimulated and intrigued by the whole performance. Thinking that she might find my reserve rather ungallant, I asked her if she didn't occasionally have "bad men" who suggested "bad things" to her. The message, not perhaps unexpected, got through. She answered with a bewitching but quite neutral politeness that such people went to other places, places on the Ginza. The Onsen was only for "gentremen." There was no hint of a rebuke in her attitude.

In the East, sex is a delightful pastime totally unconnected with sin—a much lighter, airier affair than in the West, where I fear that this account of my Japanese bath may shock. But in fact there was nothing in the least shocking about it, and when we went back to the desk and said a happy and friendly good-by there was already a slim, serious-looking Japanese waiting to take my place. It was really rather like going to the dentist. Pleasanter, of course.

I spent the afternoon walking the length of the Ginza, window-shopping and wondering, as I do whenever I walk down a great shopping street, who buys all the cameras and wrist-watches and fountain pens that seem to infest the world. But I hate taking photographs and, having taken them, hate looking at them, and since I already possess a wrist-watch and a fountain pen my purchases were confined to one dramatic Kabuki print of a man being beheaded. Mostly I just walked and looked at the people, and repelled the ubiquitous pimps offering me a variety of pleasures down to one or two that I couldn't even understand.

The first thing that struck me was

how gay and purposeful the young Japanese are, and how healthy a rice diet must be. They move at an astonishing speed compared with the easy stroll you will normally see in the comparable Piccadilly or Champs-Elysées crowds. And how bright all their eyes are, with the sort of intelligent brightness you see in small animals! Very few of the men wear hats and would look rather foolish if they did so, and yet you never see a man with a hair out of place or with curly or unruly hair. It is all a sea of black shiny heads upon which, Gulliver-like, the Westerner looks down. They are rude and rough to each other on the streets, in sharp contrast with their good manners when at rest. They bump and jostle without apology and apparently without offense. The eyes of the women are not almond shaped. It is the tautness of the Mongolian fold of the upper eyelid that appears to slant the eye and I learned later, from Tiger Saito, that facial surgery to remove the Mongolian fold and widen the eye is immensely popular all over the country. The girls are aping the West in countless other fashions. Long legs have become desirable, and those hideous wooden clogs have been exchanged for stiletto heels. The Eastern hair-dos, which I find enchanting, are going out in favor of permanent waves and other fuzzy fashions. Traditional dress—the kimono and the obi, the complicated bundle of silk in the small of the back—is disappearing fast and is now worn, so far as the towns are concerned, only in the family circle, together with the giant cake of hair and monstrous hairpins in the Madam Butterfly fashion.

The Japanese are not, in fact, yellow-skinned. The color ranges from ivory to a light sunburned brown, and many of the women have natural pink in their cheeks. The men and women are specklessly clean and so are their houses and belongings, though how they manage it in Tokyo, amidst the blown dust of the ubiquitous construction work, I cannot imagine.

The endless taxis drive like hell, particularly the small Renaults, known as Kamikazes. But the taxis are well driven and I never saw one even graze another. They are the only taxi drivers in the world who do not expect, or get, tips, and, in fact, there is practically no tipping whatsoever in Japan, though in hotels 10 percent is added to your bill. Dick Hughes was firm with me about this and insisted that we should always tip modestly. The tip, he said, was, in most cases, the difference between whether a man could have one or two meals a day, for in Japan the fight for existence is quite terrifying. Walking down the Ginza and occasionally going into a shop was evidence of this—a plethora of shop assistants. At least one, and often three, bell-boys to open the doors in hotels. Ten pimps where, in Paris, there would be one. This is due to the appalling overcrowding in the country, which has a population of 95 million with the lowest death rate in the world—a population that increases at the rate of a million and a half a year despite the number of recorded abortions (which are legal if a doctor advises it) of about the same number annually. This density of population was certainly brought home to me that afternoon on the Ginza and finally, battered and exhausted, I repaired to my dainty inn to complete my toilet for a night out with the geishas.

I should at once make a point clear about geishas and I will quote from an official guide-book to make it: "Most foreigners do not have a correct understanding of the geisha," says the guide. "They are not prostitutes." I will quote again, this time from Dick Hughes, who warned me, "To tell you the truth, the whole of this geisha business is a bit of a bore."

"Gei" means art and "sha" person, and a geisha is, in fact, a form of artist, meticulously trained in dancing, playing a kind of flute and drum, conducting tea ceremonies and arranging flowers. In addition, she should be good-looking, vivacious and an expert conversationalist. She usually has a wealthy protector, whose mistress she may be, but she lives in a geisha house which is a kind of seminary in which half a dozen girls live, overseen by a kind of Mother Geisha. You do not go to a geisha house to be entertained by geishas. You go to a private room in a restaurant—in our case a fish restaurant hard by the Shinbashi Bridge over the Sumida River which, to my surprise as I did not know Tokyo was on a river, bisects the town.

Tiger Saito, our host, had chosen a beautiful room, similar in most respects to my hotel room, looking over the river and, shortly after Dick and I had groaned and creaked ourselves into a near-lotus position, the three geishas trooped in in full regalia, knelt in turn at the head of the table and bowed first to our host and then to us. Then they sat down between us and set to pouring egg-cup-sized bowls of hot sake for us in a never-ending succession. I say "never-ending" because, as soon as you put your little bowl down, it has to be filled again. Short of throwing the bowl out of the window, there is no way of halting this chain delivery until the flagon is empty or you fall over.

My geisha was called Masami, an enchanting girl of about 30 with straightforward good looks lit with that sincere delight in your presence and the evening that, as I have said, one finds in Eastern girls. Dick's geisha had neater limbs but was otherwise similar, whereas Tiger's neighbor was a woman of an entirely different quality. She was perhaps

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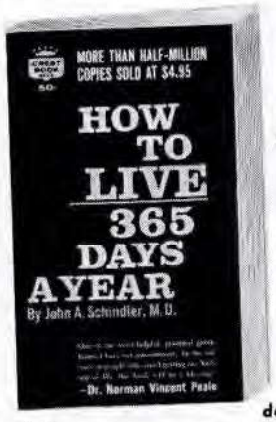

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"This is the spot I was telling you about."

40 years old, with an oval, heavily made-up face and the tower of black hair one knows from Japanese prints. She had a queenly poise, hooded eyes, and features of almost reptilian impassivity which occasionally dissolved into expressions of surpassing wit and malice. She was the most formidable feminine personality I think I have ever encountered. One's eyes were constantly attracted away from one's more conventional neighbor, for all her pretty ways, to this glittering she-devil across the table. She spoke no English, although she seemed to understand it, and I suspect that most of her rapier-like asides to Tiger, which always dissolved him in laughter, consisted of scathing comments on the boorish manners, uncultured habits and loathsome appearance of the two hulking red-faced pigs on the other side of the table.

We consumed, in between gallons of sake, various enchanting fish courses, including a kind of thick eel soup that was out of this world. All Oriental dishes are made to look as delightful as they taste, and very often it seemed desecration to disturb the still-life arrangement on one's plate with its minute attention to color and arrangement. Needless to say, I had no hesitation in desecrating the lot.

I am not usually considered to be a great hand at tossing the conversational ball around, but I think on this occasion I can justly claim to have made the party go. I achieved this miracle by challenging my geisha to choose from her limitless repertory, which, I told her, her intricate education must have furnished, one really brilliant remark. "That is what I have always understood geishas are for," I teased her. "I've come half-way round the world to hear what you are going to say." At this, our two geishas burst into peals of laughter and even the Empress opposite allowed herself a wry titter. "Come, come," I urged. "Just *one* brilliant aphorism."

I knew what was coming and my mind was working furiously. Sure enough, after a great deal of badinage, I was challenged to say something brilliant first. I held up a hand and composed my features into what I hoped was a Confucian pattern. "The only good chrysanthemum is a dead chrysanthemum," I intoned weightily. The giggles were doubtful and the eyes round and rather uncertain. In Japan, the winter is known as the Season of the Chrysanthemum and what I had said was a slap in the face to a great slice of Japan's myth. The Empress, her eyes glittering, spat out some words at Tiger who translated: "She asks why you say this?" I looked benignly at the Empress. "Because," I pronounced, "until the chrysanthemums die, the roses cannot begin to bloom." At this, I admit, rather elephantine profundity, there was a moment's pause for station identification with the Empress, and then, at her reluctant nod of approval, excited applause and expressions of admiration which culminated in my geisha seizing my hand and saying I might kiss her, which I did.

Much gratified by a social success which had previously evaded me, I commanded our two geishas that they should now go through their paces, upon which they rose giggling and disappeared out of the room, Dick's to return quickly with a drum and some sort of a triangle which she proceeded to clonk and ping in a corner of the room, while mine brought in a drawing block and paints with which she executed a bamboo sketch. I asked her to balance the black bamboo with some profound saying in the blank space on the right. "You must paint it in your own blood," I said. "The red will complement the black." After more screams and giggling protestations she used a pale crimson to write in the ideograms which translate as follows: "The younger bamboo grows higher than the older bamboo, but the younger will sustain the older." We all applauded vigorously, but I privately judged myself the winner by a nostril.

As a compliment to my dictum about the roses, Masami then painted a rose for me, upon which she wrote the pretty, if rather forward conceit, "My garden faces East but it is open to all."

All this, what with compliments and other miscellaneous graciousness, had taken longer than it sounds, and it was now time for the party to break up with expressions of esteem and affection and giggling kisses given and returned. (The Empress' cheek was like ice, and the peck she returned was somewhere outside my right ear.) And then, as the fans fluttered prettily from the three butterfly figures, the elephantine Westerners, exuding sake and beautiful thoughts, were borne happily off into the night.

There remained only our expedition into the countryside and, since our route was a conventional one and almost ruined by rain, I will be brief about it.

Accompanied by Tiger Saito, we left by a routine express for Yugawara, about 10 miles south of Mount Fujiyama which was invisible in the low cloud. Our objective was a modest Japanese Inn, frequented only by Japanese, and the conventional Japanese bath, the three of us together in the small, roastingly hot, round pool. (Tiger's picture shows the intrepid traveler returning across the garden for another back-breaking meal, this time consisting almost entirely of eels, in our private annex. The writing on my pretty parasol means nothing more profound than the name of the inn which, translated, is "Pleasure Mountain Villa.") We then drove over the mountains in mist and pouring rain to a renowned tourist hotel at Miyanoshita, whose lately-deceased manager had been President of the International Mustaches Club and where I was delighted to find, in a prominent position on the wall, a photograph of a great-uncle of mine whose two-foot mustaches terrified me as a child. Then to Yamato and back to Tokyo by the most beautiful train I have ever traveled in—a streamlined aluminium affair in bright orange that looked as if it belonged to Mars, but was in fact operated by the Odawara Express Train Company, a private enterprise which, with its soft, piped music and its pretty girls in claret uniform dispensing tea and Japanese whisky (very good, though I, a Scot, say it), could teach British Railways a thing or two.

And then it was time to pack and say the fond good-bys and after a last and, to me, rather melancholy banquet of raw fish and Martinis with my Orientalist guide, philosopher and friend, Dick Hughes, the taxi dashed through the suburbs of Tokyo to catch the plane that would take me, in one hop across the Pacific, to Honolulu.

As the travelogue would put it, Sayonara Japan! Aloha Hawaii—on double Friday the 13th!—**Ian Fleming**

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

Hotels. Whatever season you visit Tokyo, cable your accommodation reservations well in advance, and reckon on spending double your normal budget while you are in the biggest and most expensive city in the world.

The *Imperial Hotel Annex*, to which the reckless always flock, will cost 6,000 yen (about $17) a day, but you can get into the original *Imperial Hotel*, which many people prefer anyway in the au-

tumn and spring, when bedroom air-conditioning is not required, for two-thirds that price. For 3,000 yen, you can get a good enough room at the *Shiba Park Hotel*, nearby and also operated by the *Imperial*. The *Nikkatsu* is almost as expensive as the *Imperial Annex* but more liberal and tolerant in—shall we say?—its policies. Because of the demand, there is a take-it-or-leave-it indifference at the reception desks in most of the big hotels.

Recommended compromises may be found within 15-minutes' taxi drive from the Ginza and the heart of downtown Tokyo. One such is the *Matsudaira*—up to 4,000 yen ($11) a day for a small air-conditioned suite. The *Matsudaira* has an elegant swimming-pool, is quiet and discreet and caters to foreign airline crews on overnight stop-overs. Japanese-style inns of good quality like the *Fukudaya* usually require an introduction for a *gaijin* (foreigner).

With the 1964 Olympic Games in the offing, there is a boom in Tokyo hotel-building, so new names will be rising and maybe old names will be becoming less autocratic.

Eating. Tokyo, to quote an old Zen proverb, is a veritable paradise for gourmets. Japanese beef, fish, eels, fruit, mushrooms and vegetables are unexcelled anywhere and Hiroshima oysters are reminiscent of Colchester's. Eat your fish Western-style in either of the three *Prunier* restaurants (in the *Tokyo Kaikan*, the *Imperial*, or opposite the *Asahi* newspaper office), in either of the two *Tsujitome* restaurants (operated by maestro Kaichi Tsuji of Kyoto) or in the celebrated *Shin Kiraku* or *Kinsui* (both at Tsukiji). The *Crescent* is currently the most fashionable—which is also to say, the most expensive—Western-style dining-room in the city. That old Oriental delicacy, *smorgasbord*, is served lavishly in the *Viking Room* at the *Imperial Annex*. In a city distinguished for its peerless Kobe or Matsuzaka beef, the *Foreign Correspondents' Club* will serve you a superb steak if a member can get you a seat at lunch-time, but a visitor may prefer the authentic Japanese *Ogawa-ken* restaurant, where you are invited to press your finger into the steak before choosing: if the impression made by your finger lingers, the steak is ready for the cook and the table.

Don't confine your experiments in the wide and rich field of Japanese cuisine to the tourist's stand-bys: *sukiyaki* and *tempura*. The first is an indifferent beef stew which the Japanese seldom bother to eat themselves; the latter is just deep-fried fish, which is tasty enough but not outstanding. If you must try it, *sukiyaki* is available at any Japanese-style restaurant; the best place for *tempura*, among hundreds of good places, is the *Hashizen* in Shimbashi.

You do not need to be daringly venturesome to try *yakatori*, which is charcoal-grilled chicken or duck, interspersed with green pimento and Japanese onions, and spiked *à la brochette* on bamboo needles. There are as many cheap and gay *yakatori* restaurants and bars in the swarming labyrinth of alleys around the Ginza as there are *tempura* and noodle shops.

Be certain not to miss the magnificent *supponnabe*, or snapping turtle, which is combined soup and flesh cooked at the table in private rooms at a celebrated restaurant behind the Ginza. (Addresses are almost impossible to give in Tokyo but your hotel will write the location of any of the Tokyo restaurants mentioned for your taxi-driver.) Only the poor in spirit will refuse to taste *sashimi* (sliced raw fish); only the deficient in taste will refuse to repeat the order.

For the truly adventurous, the ancient and famed *Momonjiya* restaurant still serves roast monkey, monkey brains and wild boar; there are haunts near the Tsukiji fish-markets that specialize in the delicious blow-fish, which can be prepared only in registered kitchens because it contains a deadly poison; and, finally, the *Taiko* restaurant (next door to the *Show Boat* cabaret) offers, very frankly: "Soup with sexual organs of ox and cock; sliced pork ovary with mushrooms; and sweet and sour sexual organs of ox—all 300 yen (84¢)." These last *entrees* are described delicately as "Tonic Dishes."

Night Clubs and Night Life. Tokyo is a wide-open city—except that there is no gambling. There is an embarrassing choice of night clubs, embarrassing in prices as well as in variety. The *Copacabana* is probably the best; it is run by the handsome and redoubtable Madam Cherry, who recruits most of her luscious hostesses from Kobe—in Western opinion, the cradle of the most beautiful Japanese girls. (The Japanese say that the most beautiful come from Hokkaido and Niigata.) The company of a hostess in the night club puts you back 1,000 yen ($2.78) an hour. A foot-loose visitor will get more incident, value and variety for his money by roaming the colorful legion of little bars in the crowded, lantern-hung lanes around the Ginza. The names largely are immaterial because these little bars ceaselessly rise, fall and change hands as the shifting coteries of sincere Japanese drinkers lurch to new surroundings and find new bottles and new faces.

Two notable and intimate cabarets which should be visited and compared are *L'Espoir*, controlled by Beautiful Crystal, an elegant former dancer, and *Osome* ("Modesty"), controlled by Dawn of Love, a former geisha from Kyoto.

Hints for Sake-drinkers. Don't be fooled by the apparent mildness of good sake. Sake has an alcoholic content of 20 percent. It should be drunk warm with food and is much better for serious drinkers when poured into no-nonsense thick china mugs instead of the conventional porcelain thimbles, which smack of the tea ceremony to good flagon-men. Sake continues to ferment with age and does not keep much longer than a year even when bottled and sealed. Nor does it travel well. So there are no such things as sake cellars or sake vintage years.

There is a delicate sweet sake, *amakuchi*, and also a more robust dry sake, *karakuchi*. *Tokkyu* means "special class"; *ikkyu*, "first class." Any type of sake from the Okura Company, especially *tokkyu* Gekke ikan ("Laurel Crown") is excellent; these brewers are purveyors to the Imperial Household. Another top brand is the Kikumasamune of Nada (*karakuchi*), which goes well with grilled fish and octopus, but *not* with *tempura*.

Tokkyu Taruhe (*karakuchi*) from Yamagata is the Burgundy of sakes, and has too much body to accompany *sashimi* (raw fish). With *sashimi* take very warm *ikkyu* Taiheizan (*amakuchi*), which has a delicate pinetree aroma. *Tokkyu* Ryozeki (also from Akita) is another *amakuchi* type sake which can be recommended. Order Kembishi sake with *tempura*. When you sample blow-fish, the barkeep should thrust a fish-fin into your china mug of *karakuchi* sake.

Don't drink sake with Western food and don't drink sake after plain rice has ended a Japanese meal. Officers of the pre-war Imperial Japanese Navy preferred cold sake as a summer drink to beer. Today, young Japanese, to the regret of the old *samurai* class, are turning to Japanese-type whisky instead of sake.

TRUE

"Good grief, man—if you've seen one horned toad, you've seen them all."

TRUE goes shopping

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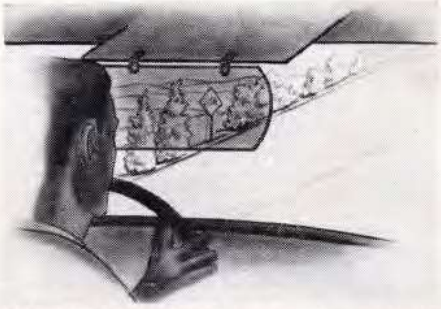

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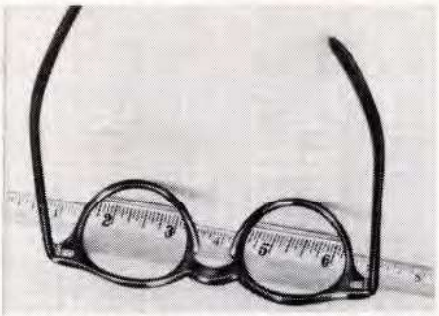

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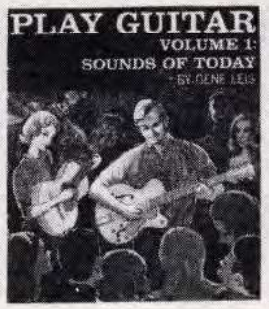

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TRUE goes shopping

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HOW RUSSIA REALLY STOLE OUR ATOM SECRETS

[*Continued from page* 41]

secret party member was given $1,875 by Adams. This money was dutifully paid back, $75 a week, as "salary." But none of these precautions were really needed. The idea that the Soviet Union indulged in espionage was then being received by most Americans with laughter or indignation. Even during the period of the Hitler-Stalin Pact, it was considered a sign of paranoia to think of Communists as anything but overzealous idealists.

The Arthur Adams apparatus, which grew until it included well over 100 agents, began modestly enough. There was Julius Heiman, a millionaire businessman, and Victoria Stone, who ran a jewelry store on Madison Avenue—it is still in business—set up with funds furnished by Heiman. A touch of glamor which Alfred Hitchcock would have appreciated was furnished by Leon Josephson. His brother Barney "owned" Cafe Society, a large and pleasantly decorated nightclub on New York's Sheridan Square, which provided some of the best jazz music of the period. While the greatest of hot musicians beat it out on the bandstand to the applause of college boys and jazz buffs, other business was transacted in the back rooms.

This was the nucleus. Before the apparatus could be worth its salt, Adams needed men and women with roots in the government and industry—the unsuspected *novators*, who were already in a position to deliver the facts, figures, and secrets demanded by the Center in Moscow and designated by the schoolboy term of "tasks."

When the Moscow Center ran through likely possibilities for the new Adams network, it was armed with a vast list of names supposedly friendly to Soviet aims. The validity of its judgments was such that not a single one of the people chosen reported Adams' approach to American security agencies. What little is known about the ring was discovered by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in its ceaseless check on suspected agents. Because the original target was industrial espionage—not involving the federal government—almost nothing is known of who did what to whom by Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams and his agents. When their activity impinged on the military—the ring was successful in stealing American bombsight secrets—more became known.

But forces and events were on the move. In university laboratories, scientists had begun their long battle to penetrate the secret of the atom and to harness their discoveries. A scientific revolution which would eventually bring obsolescence to weapons systems and military strategy was in the making. Agents throughout the West picked up the signal. The Kremlin was informed, though in the early stages it showed but small interest. When it became clear that the atom contained within it physical and political forces which could reshape the world, Stalin pricked up his ears. The orders went out for the espionage vacuum cleaner to suck in every fact, every technique of the new discovery.

Science had become a kind of detective story in 1938, when Dr. Otto Hahn and Dr. F. Strassmann, two chemists, determined that when uranium is exposed to neutrons under the right conditions, an isotope of barium is created. Not fully comprehending what they had discovered, Hahn wrote to the physicist, Dr. Lise Meitner, whom he had smuggled out of the Third Reich, where she had been persecuted for her Jewish antecedents. From Copenhagen, Dr. Meitner wrote back explaining the significance of the experiment. "She pointed out," Hahn later told Lewis Strauss, the inspiration and financial backer of much early nuclear study, "that what had happened was that we had fissioned the uranium atom. The use of the word 'fission' in that connection, I think, was made for the first time."

As a physicist Dr. Meitner was also able to do the computation necessary to a full comprehension of the experiment. She nailed home mathematically the fact that in splitting the uranium atom, a minute amount of matter had been transformed into tremendous energy. Applying and confirming Einstein's formula, Dr. Meitner reported to Hahn that the energy released (e) equaled the mass of matter (m) times the square of the speed of light (c^2). (Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.) This discovery, as Lewis Strauss has pointed out, was "more exciting than anything which had occurred in physical science since the discovery of radioactivity by Becquerel 42 years earlier." The atomic scientist Leo Szilard reported that the Physics Department at Princeton was "like a stirred-up ant heap." Szilard, a Hungarian refugee, had none of the reservations of the "modest" Soviet scientists about the future of nuclear energy. He wrote immediately to Strauss that the new discovery "might lead to a large-scale production of energy and radioactive elements, unfortunately, also perhaps to atomic bombs." His letter is dated January 25, 1939.

From that day on, nuclear research was sicklied over by the morbid cast of this thought. Szilard was not the first man to consider the explosive possibilities of the atom. But he had seen immediately the import of Dr. Meitner's calculations. His ideas spread quickly to others in the scientific community. Among those who shared his confidence—and in time his enthusiasm—were Dr. Edward Teller and Dr. Enrico Fermi.

By February 22, 1939, Szilard and Fermi were at hard work, fairly certain that they could create a chain reaction with U-235. Early in March, the two scientists had advanced far enough in their experiments to believe that there was a 50-50 chance of success, and Strauss had agreed to finance the purchase of a quarter ton of uranium oxide for their use. And now the question of security arose. It is significant in view of the later controversy that the scientists thought of it first and tried to win agreement for some kind of voluntary secrecy. They had a healthy respect for German science. They were also aware, like most people at that time, that war with the Nazis could come at any moment. Being many of them refugees from Hitler or Mussolini, they were dedicated to the idea of keeping their work out of the hands of the Axis Powers. Their American and British colleagues, commendably anti-Nazi, though tending to be myopic in the left eye, concurred. The major leak was Joliot-Curie in France—conceited, selfish, a Communist, and ambitious. He, of all the Western scientists, insisted on publishing those results of nuclear research he knew—which were considerable.

At this point, it was a matter of time, money, and adequate facilities before the bomb became a reality.

The first alert for the Soviet Union that something might perhaps be added to the dimensions of war came in July 1939, when Leo Szilard and Edward Teller visited Albert Einstein, then vacationing at Peconic Bay, Long Island. The scientists engaged in nuclear research had arrived at several conclusions: (1) their own experimental chain reaction had reached a point where further studies could not be privately financed; (2) success in manufacturing an atomic bomb had moved from the realm of possibility to that of probability; and (3) government action was needed to corner the most important source of uranium, the mines in Katanga, then part of the Belgian Congo. Strauss had been urged to intercede with President Roosevelt, but he had wisely absented himself from that felicity by pointing out to the eager scientists that his close association with Herbert Hoover would make him *non grata* at the White House. The intermediary most likely to impress the President, it was decided, would be Einstein.

The Einstein letter to Mr. Roosevelt, dated August 2, 1939, was not delivered until two months later—the President was too occupied by the impending war to see Dr. Alexander Sachs, who had been chosen to present it. But the ideas and urgent requests it made appealed to the Rooseveltian temperament. Not only did he have confidence in Einstein, but the element of bizarre and innovational made the proposed action precisely the kind of gamble to stimulate and intrigue a man of such far-ranging interests. In fairly short order, President Roosevelt set up a high-level advisory group made up of himself, Vice-President Henry Wallace, Secretary of War Henry Stimson,

Chief of Staff George Catlett Marshall, Dr. Vannevar Bush, and Dr. James B. Conant. The Navy had already begun its researches, but since it was not represented on the policy committee, the assignment for building the plant and creating the bomb fell under the jurisdiction of the Army's Corps of Engineers.

From that point on, everything about the research project was presumably so hush-hush that even mention of atomic energy was kept out of the newspapers. The American public and the Nazis remained thoroughly in ignorance. The same cannot be said of the Communists. Starting in the early 1930's, the Center in Moscow, working through Red Army Intelligence, Fourth (Industrial) Section, had been systematically placing its operatives in orbit around the great men of science in the West.

In the early stages of the atomic project, the Moscow Center's interest was routine and precautionary. For many years the conscious agents and their unwitting *novators* had run a vacuum cleaner over the complex of American industry and government, sucking in whatever information came close to the nozzle and dumping it in Moscow. The atomic project became one more area of operations with a not very high priority. According to a former *apparatchik*, moreover, "if in 1942, the Soviets had been handed a complete blueprint of the nuclear process, they wouldn't have been able to do a thing with it. They were too busy preventing disaster on the military front, industry was being transferred helter-skelter to the Urals, and the main question for Stalin was survival. Nevertheless, the Communists knew, because that is their nature, that they would live to fight another day. And so every scrap of information on our atomic progress was important to them—to save them time, to give them a know-how they lacked, and to permit them to catch up quickly once the Nazis had been defeated."

From the start, the apparatus foresaw no great difficulties in plundering the atomic project. In the earlier phases, it was imbedded in an academic community too thoroughly conditioned by the Popular Front and the Spanish Civil War to doubt that the Soviet Union was idealistic, misunderstood, and more sinned against than sinning.

Whoever may have been responsible for it, one fact was obvious from the start: the Manhattan Engineer District, which was in charge of all nuclear research, leaked like a sieve. There was an unwarranted exchange of information, men were repeatedly kept on despite the protests of the security officers, and compartmentalization was disregarded. Information was pouring out to the Soviets from the very start. The MED was tailor-made for the Center in Moscow, and it took full advantage of this state of affairs.

After December 2, 1942, when Fermi and his colleagues succeeded in achieving the first controlled and sustained chain reaction, Moscow gave top priority to the theft of atomic secrets, and Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams commenced the massive recruiting job that would set in motion the greatest plot in history.

An accident of history made Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer ("Oppy" and "Opje" to his friends) the "father" of the A-bomb. As director at Los Alamos, he guided the translation of scientific theory into an overwhelmingly devastating weapon. In another, quieter era, he would have been a kind of intellectual *flâneur*—charming, gently arrogant, quick at ideas, brilliant in conversation, whimsical in the exact sense of the word. At Los Alamos, he demonstrated that though his scientific genius was definitely second to that of an Enrico Fermi or an Edward Teller, he had a great and extraordinary organizational capacity and the ability to ride herd on the prima donnas of research in nuclear energy.

It was his personal tragedy that this great achievement was compromised by an ideological conflict which went beyond his comprehension. He was charged with the responsibility of safeguarding the awesome contrivance that he created. That others were more lax or more bemused than he may condition the verdict of history. Oppenheimer, however, was the man on the scene. If he stumbled, as the record would seem to indicate, it may be because he allowed his heart to rule his mind and his past to determine his future. Certainly he remains an enigma in any account of the great plot to steal the atomic secret and its complex techniques.

It is not the purpose of this narrative to sit in judgment on his actions. By his own admission, he was contributing $150 a month to the party, handing his money to a notorious activist, Isaac Folkoff (Whittaker Chambers knew him as "Volkov"), until he was tapped for the atom-bomb project. Despite his distress over the Finnish war and the Hitler-Stalin Pact, he had remained on good terms with Communist friends and associates. His wife, Katherine, had drifted out of the party. But she still retained considerable affection for Steve Nelson, one of the party's most important functionaries.

Oppenheimer becomes important in any account of atomic espionage because of the men who surrounded him, because of the information he gave MED security officers, and because of the great interest which the apparatus showed in him. Beyond this, it is all conjecture. The facts speak for themselves, but they speak differently to different people.

In any infiltration of the Los Alamos project, the Center knew Oppenheimer would be of prime importance. Counting on past experience in dealing with the scientific mind, it hoped to enlist him. Failing this, it was ready to settle for his benevolent neutrality. There were hands in plenty at the Radiation Laboratory and at other installations connected with the MED to supply the pieces which, when put together, form the jigsaw picture. But in espionage there is always room at the top—and only a laggard apparatus would have ignored so likely a prospect. The first step was to make the approach.

In the spring of 1942, Steve Nelson called Katherine Oppenheimer. She already knew that he was in the San Francisco area, this knowledge having come from a friend of hers who had worked in Albacete, headquarters of the International Brigades during the Spanish Civil War. According to Mrs. Oppenheimer, she invited the Nelsons and their baby to a picnic lunch at the Oppenheimer home. It is of some interest that Oppenheimer had not yet been appointed director of Los Alamos. But obviously the apparatus knew that he had from the very start been active in the preliminary work.

Nelson asked Oppenheimer to turn over secret information to the Soviet Union. The approach was typical. There was talk about the heroic role of the Red Army and the fact that the Soviet Union was being shut out by the United States from receiving technical data which would help defeat the Nazis. Since the Soviets and the Americans were fighting the same enemies, Oppenheimer would be righting a wrong by giving help to those killing his country's enemies.

Early in 1943, Oppenheimer was officially appointed director of the Los Alamos project—although it was not until July that, on categorical orders from General Groves, he was given clearance. But before he had taken up his duties, he was visited by Dr. Haakon Chevalier, a professor at the University of California. During the course of the evening, Chevalier followed Oppenheimer into the kitchen and discussed with him the possibility of turning over secret data to George Charles Eltenton. This information would, in turn, be transmitted to the Soviet Union. Oppenheimer, according to his account, rejected the idea violently. Since then he has given conflicting accounts of this conversation. But one fact he has never challenged—that months passed before he reported it to MED security officers, and this after it became obvious to him that they already knew something about the episode. When he finally talked, he also discussed a group of scientists at Los Alamos and at the Radiation Laboratory who were Communists. He attempted to explain why he had hired some of them and permitted others to be hired.

Oppenheimer had two long meetings with the MED's top security officers, Colonel Pash and Colonel Lansdale, in the course of which he discussed at great length not only the Chevalier-Eltenton incident but also his knowledge of the Communist affiliations of scientists working on the atom-bomb project.

Oppenheimer would not budge from his position that it was his "duty not to implicate" those of his colleagues who had been approached or the name of the man who had made the contact. He suggested that Colonel Pash investigate those in the project "who have been generally sympathetic to the Soviets and [are] somehow connected peripherally with the Communist movements in this country"—a designation which applied to him and to a dozen other scientists in the atomic-bomb project. He also informed Pash that the scientists who had been approached "were considering the step, which they would have regarded as thoroughly in line with the policy of this govern-

ment, just making up for the fact that there were a couple of guys in the State Department who might block such communications." After all, the United States was sharing some of its atomic data with the British. Why not with the Soviet Union? "There is a great deal of feeling about that," Oppenheimer said, "and I don't think that the issues involved here seem to the people (on the project) very different. . . . My view about this whole damn thing, of course, is that the information that we are working on is probably known to all the governments that care to find out. The information about what we are doing is probably of no use because it is so damn complicated . . . I do think that the intensity of our effort and our concern with the national investment involved—that is, information which might alter the course of the other governments and I don't think it would have any effect on Russia . . . it might very well have a very big effect on Germany . . . I think they don't need to know the technical details because if they were going to do it, they would do it in a different way. They wouldn't take our methods—they couldn't because of certain geographical differences."

The revelation of Oppenheimer's misguided fraternizing with Communists opened a tiny window on Soviet intentions with regard to the atom bomb. At that time, the MED had discovered but a small outcropping of the Soviet iceberg. The perfidy of Klaus Fuchs was not known. Neither was the extent of the *apparat's* flank attack from Canada. They had the first worrying intimations of the Arthur Adams apparatus—and of Dr. Clarence Hiskey's complicity at the Metallurgical Laboratory in Chicago. Despite the protestations of those entrusted with security, however, very little was done.

For Oppenheimer, the only tangible result of his disclosures was a recommendation by Counter-Intelligence that "it is not believed that (Oppenheimer) should be taken into the confidence of the Army in matters pertaining to subversive investigations." If any sinister conclusions seem to be implied by this lack of action on the government's part, they can be quickly dispelled. It was one of the overriding fears of General Groves, senior officer at Los Alamos, that anything done to call attention to the atomic project would serve to alert the Nazis. The most public act would be a trial for violation of the Espionage Act—a trial which would have to be conducted under the rules of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence.

This would have broadcast far and wide the fact that the United States was working on the bomb. General Groves had trouble enough keeping the words "atomic energy" and "uranium" out of the papers. And to this extent, he was right: though the Nazis knew of British-American-Canadian interest in atomic research, they never suspected the real import of this effort.

While the Los Alamos apparatus was busily probing, recruiting, and stealing, the East Coast network was as assiduously seining the scientific world for the facts and figures of atomic energy. The two spy groups, however, were working in tandem—not independently, as the rule book dictates. Arthur Adams not only had direct contact with operatives such as Steve Nelson, but his own sources were being thoroughly developed. As the MED coordinated the work of Columbia University with that of the Metallurgical Laboratory at the University of Chicago, Adams widened his scope.

Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams had a willing scientific helper at the Columbia laboratory and in Chicago. He was a brilliant young chemist named Clarence Francis Hiskey (Americanized from "Sczcechowski"), whose blatant Communist activities in his earlier years somehow failed to disturb MED security. Hiskey himself had the devoted assistance of his wife, Marcia Sands Hiskey, who served in an important, though less exalted, capacity.

During the academic year 1941-42, Hiskey had been teaching chemistry at Columbia University. There he became acquainted with Dr. Harold Urey, discoverer of heavy water and one of the nation's most prominent nuclear physicists, who asked him to take part in the highly important, highly secret research being done at Columbia. But even a superficial check of Hiskey's past should have alerted security officials. It was not until much later that MED security became suspicious. Meanwhile, Hiskey was cleared for access to laboratory files and other secret information.

As a good Communist, Hiskey informed the party of his new assignment. With the switch to the atomic energy field, he came directly within the province of Arthur Adams. How many meetings between Adams and Hiskey took place is not known.

In July or August of 1941, Hiskey was a guest at the housewarming of Kenneth May, a party functionary in Berkeley, whose break over communism with his father, Dean Samuel May of the University of California, had brought notoriety to one and considerable embarrassment to the other. The "housewarming" was, in effect, a gathering of the clan, attended by many members of the party cell at Berkeley, and congenial fellow travelers.

As a result of some of the disclosures made by Dr. Oppenheimer in his various talks with security officials, it was discovered that Kenneth May's "housewarming" had been more than social for some of the guests. On the agenda had been a small caucus, at which was held, according to an MED officer, a council of war "in connection with the party's organization of scientists on the campus, at Shell Oil (laboratories), and in other fields at Berkeley." A preliminary investigation by G-2 stated, in a report submitted to the MED on March 10, 1943, that Hiskey was "communistic," and it questioned his discretion and integrity. It was recommended at the time that Hiskey's reserve commission, which he held as a result of college ROTC, be revoked. He was retained at the Metallurgical Laboratory but put under surveillance.

That, in effect, was the end of the ball game for Hiskey. When Adams met him in Chicago's Lincoln Park, two Military Intelligence agents were tailing the scientist. They saw Hiskey give Adams an envelope, and the two men parted, each with a security agent behind him. Adams returned to his hotel room, where it was possible to identify him. Since the Army had no jurisdiction over civilians, the FBI was immediately notified and went into action. From that point on, Adams was the focus of intensive attention from the Bureau. He was "surveilled" to the Chicago-New York train, where one of the FBI men employed an old but effective trick—the briefcase switch. When Adams got off the train, he was carrying a briefcase stuffed with papers; the FBI had his briefcase in custody. The envelope from Hiskey was turned over to Manhattan Project scientists for examination of the contents.

"My God," said one of them, "this is part of the formula for the atom bomb."

"The question," in the words of an MED security officer, "was what to do with Hiskey. Someone—I think it was Colonel Lansdale—found in Hiskey's record that he had a second lieutenancy in college in the ROTC. Providentially, he had not given [it] up, and we called the Adjutant General, and we had him call Hiskey to active duty." As soon as Hiskey learned that he was being called up for active service, he phoned Adams in New York. Adams rushed out to Chicago to get the facts firsthand. He advised Hiskey not to make an issue of his call to Army duty but to go quietly. (Hiskey did, and served out the war "on ice" at various stations in Canada and Hawaii.)

But the FBI had also begun to move in on Adams. He was put under a 24-hour surveillance. An agent with technical equipment was stationed in a room next to Adams' at the Peter Cooper Hotel. About a half block away, at another hotel, the FBI set up a headquarters for a 60-watt broadcasting station to direct the radio cars which maintained surveillance on Adams and his contacts. These contacts were in turn put under surveillance. From this, a diagram of interlocking relationships and activities began to emerge.

Steve Nelson arrived in New York. He was picked up by a Soviet consulate limousine which proceeded to 45th Street and Eighth Avenue. Adams was waiting at the corner. The two drove around for some 30 minutes, winding along the Central Park driveway and turning and twisting at random through New York City traffic. Then the limousine dropped Nelson and picked up Soviet Vice Consul Pavel Mikhailov. Some time later, after more aimless driving, Adams got out of the car. When Mikhailov stepped out, in front of the Soviet Consulate, he was carrying the briefcase Nelson had brought with him from the West Coast.

As a result of the FBI surveillance, it was noted that Adams frequently visited the jewelry store of Victoria Stone at 510 Madison Avenue and that he spent "about half his time" at her apartment. Microphones were planted in her telephone and in the fireplace of her apartment. Across the street in still another hotel, an agent monitored all conversations. By October

1944, Adams and his associates realized they were being followed, but it never occurred to them that their phones were tapped—or if it did, they were unable to discover it and therefore felt safe. The surveillance became a kind of private war between the FBI and Adams & Co. Once a man with training knows that he is under surveillance, it is virtually impossible to tail him unnoticed. The briefcase switch, right after the Adams-Hiskey meeting in a Chicago park, could have been interpreted as a misadventure by Adams, but he had been too long in the business to accept it as such.

The chase, as one former FBI man on the Adams case has said, became "a personal issue." Within 10 to 20 minutes, the tail was spotted. Adams and his confederates always took precautions to backtrack. They would step into high-speed elevators and get off on different floors, go down into the subway and back up again, dash from one subway to another—in order to identify anyone who was trailing them. The FBI had strict instructions not to lose Adams or his confederates. Since it was impossible to take chances, the FBI men had to remain right at the heels of the subject they were following. Adams made the most of this, treating those who tailed him with contempt. Often in backtracking he would come face to face with an FBI agent, would say where he was going, at what time he meant to leave, and where he would go from there.

This heckling once caused Adams some embarrassment. He was on his way, in 1945, to an appointment with Steve Nelson. In order to shake his tail, he walked into the lobby of the Waldorf Astoria, turned a corner, and then doubled back—walking right into the man following him. His mouth open to make a sneering remark, he collided sharply with the FBI agent, lost his balance, and fell, his thick glasses skidding across the lobby. Peering and groping, Adams searched on his hands and knees for the glasses, while people glared at the FBI agent. From that time on, Adams stopped heckling his trailers. Very little was achieved by this surveillance in tracing new contacts. But it served to harass the espionage apparatus, to hamper its movements, and to make its work more difficult. The real leads came from the telephone taps and the hidden microphones in the rooms of Adams, Victoria Stone, and Eric Bernay.

One of the Adams contacts was Dr. Louis Miller, who practiced medicine during the winter on Manhattan's West End Avenue and in the summer from a bungalow in the Rockaways. Probably Miller was Adams' physician. But a check was made of his personal effects, and a number of cablegrams in code from Mrs. Adams in the Soviet Union were found. A search of the papers of another contact turned up the original Immigration and Naturalization file on Barney Josephson, brother of a onetime associate of spy and terrorist George Mink. Victoria Stone's jewelry shop, at which the FBI maintained a stake-out, was particularly rewarding to Bureau agents.

After the shop was closed for business, it would be visited by Julius Heiman—his daughter, Beatrice, worked at the Soviet Embassy in Washington and seemed to commute to New York—and others connected with Adams. Marcia Hiskey had a Post Office box in Brooklyn, at which she received mail addressed to her or simply to her number. At least once a week, and sometimes more frequently, Marcia Hiskey fulfilled her appointed task by delivering the mail to the jewelry shop. The contents of the letters she brought to Adams, it would not be unseemly to suggest, were known to the FBI.

In February of 1945, the special detail on 24-hour surveillance duty realized that it was now a case of the hunter hunted. An FBI agent noticed that he himself was being followed. He stepped into a drugstore and phoned the Bureau's radio center which directed operations from the room near Adams' hotel. Except for the seriousness of the situation, there was something more than a little comic about what ensued. When agents were sent out to tail the newcomer, there was in effect a small procession—with subject under surveillance tailed by an FBI man, he in turn tailed by the mysterious third man who was himself being tailed by still another FBI agent. When the third man peeled off, he was followed to a building on 82nd Street off Fifth Avenue—the school for the children of Soviet diplomatic personnel, from whose upper story Oksana Kasenkina, the little Russian teacher, would leap for freedom after days of imprisonment.

The events of the following early morning offered the explanation for the counter-surveillance. At 1 a.m., Adams stepped out of the apartment house where Victoria Stone lived. He was not wearing a hat, and to all appearances was merely taking her dog for a post-midnight stroll. Two FBI agents, standing by their radio car, observed him and followed on foot. Fifth Avenue was deserted, the shops were closed, and there seemed little likelihood that Adams could elude them. Then Adams did what any trained operative would have done. He waited until a late-cruising taxicab had almost drawn up to him, stepped into the middle of the street to flag it down, dropped the dog's leash, and hopped in—a clean escape. Against a move such as this, there is no checkmate. By the time the two FBI agents had dashed to their car, the cab had turned a corner and was gone.

Had Adams slipped away to rendezvous with another *apparatchik?* On the face of it, this did not seem likely. It became clear then that the apparatus had set up the counter-surveillance the day before to draw attention from Adams, that he had been ordered to submerge—probably to surface elsewhere in the country where he was not known. This was bad news for the FBI, and it sprang into immediate action. Four hundred agents were routed out of bed or pulled from other assignments in an hour's time. They were posted at his hotel, Victoria Stone's apartment and jewelry shop, every place he had visited in his espionage peregrinations. But he could not be found. At FBI offices throughout the country, the teletypes began to clatter with descriptions of Adams. Railroad stations and bus terminals in the major cities were watched.

The system worked. When Adams and his associate, Eric Bernay, got off the train in Chicago, they knew that once more their trail had been picked up. Two FBI agents were waiting at the gates, and the surveillance was re-established. Perhaps resignedly, Adams continued his westward trek, while Bernay returned to New York. His first act was to call Victoria Stone to tell her that the strategic retreat had failed. Bernay reported that Adams had phoned him a few minutes after eluding the FBI. In his own apartment, Bernay had a suitcase packed with Adams' belongings and had met him at Grand Central Station. In 30 minutes, they were on board a train.

Anger in his voice, Bernay said to Victoria Stone, "The goddam FBI picked him up at the station."

Adams tried to break free in Denver, failed, and moved on to Portland, Oregon. It was apparent then that Adams would attempt to leave the country. Normal procedure would have been to arrest him for espionage. But the Bureau in Washington could not get approval from either the Attorney General or the State Department. The FBI was given strict orders not to let him get away, but arrest was forbidden unless he boarded a ship. (The FBI men working on the case secretly hoped that he would cross over into Canada. There, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police would, they knew, act swiftly.) Even then, the charge was not to be espionage but violation of the immigration statutes or the Selective Service Act.

When Adams arrived in Portland, his welcoming committee consisted of practically the entire FBI contingent. He went directly from the station to the docks, where a Soviet freighter was tied up. Agents from the Portland office were there ahead of him, forming a cordon around the gangplank. Adams stepped out of the cab and approached to within 10 feet of dockside. Then he spun on his heel, walking quickly away. Another cab took him uptown to a small movie house. He watched the film for about two hours and returned to the station. Back in New York, the cat-and-mouse game began all over again. Thousands of man hours and dollars were being spent, the Adams apparatus was fully alerted, and the Bureau knew that it was a matter of time before he eluded surveillance again. Urgent representations were made to the State Department for permission to make an arrest. But this was never forthcoming.

Eventually, Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams slipped away—this time with intent to flee the country. It required only a few minutes of headway for him to hide aboard a Soviet freighter in New York. He was never seen again in the free world—and it is rumored that for his successful theft of American military and scientific secrets, he was awarded a bullet in the back of the head. By Soviet standards, he had bungled. Like Hollywood, the Center judges its stars by their last picture.

But by that time, the vast spy machine which Adams had

constructed was running smoothly, sucking up every shred of atomic research that came within its reach.

Simultaneously, a Canadian spy apparatus, with headquarters at the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, was conducting an effective flank maneuver, funneling atomic secrets from the U.S. to Moscow. In 1945, however, a mild-mannered Russian code clerk named Igor Gouzenko walked out of the Embassy, his clothing stuffed with documents that would shatter the Canadian spy ring, and result in the conviction of Dr. Allan Nunn May, a British physicist who had been feeding atomic secrets to the Soviets. May and two others implicated by the Gouzenko papers were the first atomic spies in history to be apprehended.

In the United States, a rumpled, sad-eyed man named Harry Gold had drifted into industrial spying for the Soviet Union. His reasons for so doing were murky and complex: a vague belief in Russia's noble experiment, a foggy committment to socialism, the bitter taste of anti-Semitism. Gold himself never fully understood his alienation from the American way of life. He was never a member of the Communist party, and "never had any desire to be one." He did not consider espionage an exciting vocation, and disliked most of the people he worked for in the apparatus.

Late in 1943, his Russian superiors informed him of an assignment of the highest urgency. "It will be extremely dangerous," they said. "It is so tremendous that you will have to exert your complete efforts to carry it through successfully. Do you want the job?" Flattered, Gold told them he did.

Early in 1944, he received his instructions. He was to walk on an East Side street, near the Henry Street Settlement. He was to carry an extra pair of gloves in his hand and a book with a green binding. The man he was to meet would carry a tennis ball in his left hand. On a deserted street, alongside an excavation, Gold saw a slim, boyish-looking man, wearing horn-rimmed glasses. In his left hand, as he sauntered toward Gold, the man held a tennis ball. He was Klaus Fuchs.

In his student days in Germany, Klaus Fuchs had been a Communist, he subscribed to the doctrine that evil was a weapon of the Revolution and must triumph before communism could succeed. He escaped to France at the outset of the war, and then went on to England. There is some controversy as to whether he told the British immigration authorities that he was a Communist.

At all events, physicists were in short supply in England, and in May, 1941, Klaus Fuchs began work on the atomic project. In October, British scientists had sufficiently advanced in their work on the gaseous diffusion method of separating uranium isotopes that they were given the dignity of a special organization with its secret code name, "Tube Alloys." In typical British fashion, "Tube Alloys" set up no elaborate front. It worked out of inconspicuous headquarters on Old Queen Street, Westminster, with a small staff which processed the reports from British universities engaged in atomic research. Of all those reporting, Fuchs was the most punctual, methodical, and quick to learn. As a result, he rose in the scientific hierarchy—and he was known for his ability to take on any problem, to solve it, and then to explain the results with unusual clarity.

Unfortunately, he was doing this explaining to others besides his colleagues and superiors at "Tube Alloys." Shortly after he began his secret work, Fuchs made contact with "Alexander" —secretary to the Military Attaché at the Soviet Embassy. "Alexander"—in his official duties—was Simon Davidovich Kremer. In his confession, Fuchs seems to indicate that the first step down the espionage road was his. The chronology of events and the known facts clearly establish that Fuchs, who had been somewhat perturbed by the Hitler-Stalin Pact and the Soviet invasion of Finland, found all his doubts resolved when the Nazis broke the Kremlin's heart by invading Russian soil.

In 1941 and 1942, Fuchs met repeatedly with "Alexander" in London. This meant that to deliver the carbon copies of his own highly detailed reports to "Tube Alloys"—as well as manuscript material on the work of others—Fuchs had to travel several hours by train from Birmingham, where he was working. Then, suddenly, he was transferred by his British superiors to the Manhattan Project in the United States; at the final meeting with his Soviet contact in London, he was given precise instructions for rendezvousing with "Raymond" on New York's lower East Side.

At the first meeting between Fuchs and Harry Gold, there was little transfer of information. Fuchs simply discussed the general organization of the Manhattan Project work in New York and made arrangements for future meetings. Sometimes the meetings would last but a minute—just long enough for Fuchs to hand Gold a bulky envelope. At others, they would walk together for long periods of time while Fuchs gave Gold an oral report. The written reports were on legal-size yellow pages, sometimes up to a hundred of them, in Fuchs' tiny, crabbed handwriting. He supplied careful plans for the design of the uranium bomb and almost everything about the gaseous diffusion process for separating U-235. This latter information gave the Soviets a vital shortcut, bypassing other, less effective, processes.

Then, in July of 1944, Fuchs suddenly disappeared. A series of alternate meeting places and times had been devised by Gold, but Fuchs was never there. Finally, in desperation Gold went to Fuchs' apartment at 128 West 77th Street in Manhattan. Neither the doorman nor the janitor could tell him anything more than that Fuchs had moved. The apparatus was aware that he might have been transferred suddenly, with no way of leaving word of his whereabouts. There was no real fear that he had defected. But by this time, the Center was pressing its agents everywhere to supply data on the atomic bomb, and Fuchs was a prime source. Violating all the rules, Gold went to see Fuchs' sister, Kristel, married and living in Cambridge.

On a warm afternoon, Gold presented himself at Kristel's house, introduced himself as a close friend of Fuchs, and said that he had urgent business to transact with her brother. But Kristel knew nothing definite about his whereabouts, just that he was "somewhere in the Southwest." He had, however, said that he would spend a few days with her during the Christmas season. Gold gave Kristel a phone number in New York and departed.

Fuchs did, in fact, show up in Cambridge for the Christmas holidays; he was given Gold's message and dutifully phoned New York. Gold hurried back to Kristel's house. There he was spirited into Fuchs' bedroom. The mathematical physicist agreed to put what he knew in writing. Several days later, on a Boston street corner, Fuchs presented Gold with a lengthy document, a treasure trove of facts and specifications collected at—his new duty station—Los Alamos, New Mexico.

Gold was overjoyed at Fuchs' new assignment, and insisted on arranging a rendezvous somewhere near Los Alamos. The date was set for 4 p.m. of June 2, 1945—some five months ahead—in Santa Fe at the Castillo Bridge. Late in May, just before Harry Gold departed for Santa Fe, he was given new instructions by his Russian superior in the apparatus, a man named Yakovlev. He was told that after seeing Fuchs he was to travel to Albuquerque to receive information from another espionage contact. The side trip brought Gold into contact with David Greenglass, and in time, this would be the link to Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. For this breach of *apparat* security the Rosenbergs would pay with their lives.

Weary from the long train ride, Gold appeared on the Castillo Bridge in Santa Fe punctually at 4 p.m. As a precautionary measure, so that he would not have to ask directions, he had bought a street map. On time as usual, Fuchs met him in his Buick, and the two drove off. Fuchs silently handed Gold a thick sheaf of papers and then launched into his oral report. The work on actual construction of the atomic bomb was going along at a rapid rate, he said, and a bomb would be tested perhaps in a month at a desert site near Alamogordo. Fuchs expressed his surprise at the success of the MED in building the bomb. He had always felt that the war would long be over before all the problems were solved. But, he told Gold, he had not counted on American ingenuity and industrial potential. "I sadly underestimated it," he added. The next rendezvous was set for September 19, at 6 p.m., near a church on a road leading into Santa Fe.

And that was it. Gold took a bus to Albuquerque, where he met Greenglass—then boarded a train for the journey back to New York. Between the first and second meetings with Fuchs, much happened. The bomb had been tested at Alamogordo with Fuchs as a witness on July 16, 1945. On August 6, the bomb fell on Hiroshima, ushering in the era of the Great Mushroom, and on August 9, Nagasaki was devastated. On August 15, the war in the Pacific ended as suddenly as it had begun. Immediately, General Groves began arranging what

he had all along desired—a bill of divorcement between the nuclear research of the United States and its British Empire allies. British scientists were almost abruptly edged out and began making preparations for their return to universities in England and Scotland.

On September 19, Fuchs volunteered to drive into Santa Fe in order to pick up the liquor for a farewell party the scientists and technicians at Los Alamos were planning. The meeting with Gold, scheduled for that evening, was one of the longest he had ever had. His written report was highly detailed and very important. For he not only delivered to the Soviets the dimensions of the bomb, he also included the sizes of the parts, how they were put together, what the bomb was made of and how, and what triggered the explosion. He also reported to Gold that the British and the Americans were coming to "a parting of the ways" and that he would be returning to his post at Birmingham. Neither Gold nor Fuchs knew that just two weeks before, Igor Gouzenko had defected with his incriminating documents, or that the Canadian government was in the process of translating cover names to real names in preparation for the highly secret investigation of a Royal Commission.

Fuchs remained at Los Alamos, the last of the British scientists to go, until June, 1946. He handled all the housekeeping details, wrote his final reports. In November, 1945, he made an official trip to Montreal, where he was offered and accepted the position of chief of the Theoretical Physics Division at the Harwell Research Establishment, Britain's new nuclear-energy center. On June 28, 1946, he boarded a plane for England—the warm praise for his essential work and keen sense of security still echoing in his mind. At Harwell, he plunged into the work of building its massive atomic pile. For a time, he made no effort to keep appointments with Soviet agents but lived a normal and quiet life. Then, in 1947, after a visit to his Communist brother Gerhardt in Switzerland, Klaus Fuchs reached out for the espionage apron strings once more. The meetings with the elaborate recognition signals began again for him. Though his old rationalization, hatred of Nazism, no longer prompted him, the old compulsion and the old arrogance had not been appeased.

At Harwell, the British had finally and with great diffidence decided to set up some kind of security system—in part impelled by the reluctance of the United States to share further data as a result of the Gouzenko disclosures. Wing Commander Henry Arnold was appointed Special Security Officer and began sifting the spotty files maintained at the time by the British government. He reported to MI-5 the scant details of Fuchs' past, but Fuchs remained in the clear. In the United States, however, atomic security had been turned over to the FBI with the passage of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946. Material which the Bureau had been unable to use against MED personnel was joined to Counter-Intelligence files and correlated with new information which the FBI began to unearth.

In the summer of 1949, the FBI made its first major breakthrough, identifying Fuchs as a Soviet agent. It has been said that the lead came from an address book, taken from Prof. Israel Halperin by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, which listed Fuchs' name. This is not so. It was a far more significant discovery, one of such importance that it is still highly classified. The very bad news sped to England and to Wing Commander Arnold. He had the facts, but no evidence that would stand up in court.

A British agent named William J. Skardon, who had been selected to handle the Fuchs case, had this exchange with the spy:

"Were you not in touch with a Soviet official while you were in New York? Did you not pass on information to a Soviet representative about your work?"

"I don't think so," Fuchs answered, smiling at the preposterous notion.

"I am in possession of precise information that you have been guilty of espionage for the Soviet Union," Skardon insisted. Again Fuchs demurred, but in a manner which led Skardon to remark that the answer was hardly a categorical one.

"I don't understand," said Fuchs. "Perhaps you will tell me what evidence you have. I have done no such thing." But he suggested that though he was innocent, he should resign from Harwell if he were under suspicion.

There were other meetings with Skardon during which gentle pressures were put on Fuchs to speak. He began to feel that the authorities recognized his indispensability at Harwell and that, if he confessed, all would be forgiven. By a series of elaborate mental contortions, he convinced himself that having done wrong, he could wipe the slate clean by promising never again to sin. It would be a transaction between his conscience and Skardon.

On January 22, Fuchs asked to see Skardon again. Two days later, Skardon visited Fuchs at his small prefabricated house on the Harwell base. It should be noted that Skardon was still not fully convinced of Fuchs' guilt. At worst, he believed, the scientist had committed some minor indiscretions which had been magnified by the FBI into a serious crime. For several hours, Fuchs rambled on about his youth in Germany, his heroic battles against the Nazis, and his passion for science. Finally, he announced that, though he had a clear conscience, he was prepared to confess.

"When did it start?" Skardon asked—and got the jolt of his life.

"About the middle of 1942," Fuchs said quietly, "and it continued until about a year ago." And then, in a compulsive stream, he told the story of his treason, speaking rapidly but calmly. When Skardon left the Fuchs house, he had made no arrest. The case had now become one of high policy involving possible diplomatic repercussions. Fuchs, however, was in what bordered on a state of euphoria. He had confessed, and he fully expected that he would be allowed to remain at Harwell —in fact, that a more important post which had just opened up would be offered to him.

Punctilious to the end, the British did not bring Fuchs under guard to the War Office in London. He was invited to be present and eagerly made his appearance. "I ought to tell you," Skardon said, "that you are not obliged to make a statement, and you must not be induced to do so by any promise or threat which has been held out to you."

"I understand," Fuchs answered. "Carry on."

It was at this time that he dictated the famous statement, as revealing a document as any in criminal history, full of vanity and condescension and third-rate armchair analysis.

On February 10, 1950, Klaus Fuchs sat behind a cast-iron grille in the ancient Bow Street police court, calm, no paler than usual, and, as one observer remarked, "the most inconspicuous person in the room." His arraignment was brief and consisted mostly of Skardon's testimony. It was established that the information supplied by Fuchs had been "of the greatest possible value to a potential enemy." The trial, on March 1, 1950, was almost as brief, lasting one hour and 27 minutes. Fuchs' face was blank when he heard his sentence, the maximum—14 years.

But though his defense counsel elicited from the prosecution that Fuchs had been completely cooperative, Fuchs remained tightlipped when he was visited by two FBI agents who sought from him a description of the man he had known as "Raymond"— Harry Gold.

Much had happened to Gold between the moment he gave a last backward look at Klaus Fuchs and the day he decided to confess.

For some 15 months after his last trip to Santa Fe, the apparatus left Gold alone. There had been no repercussions from the Gouzenko case, and Gold began to feel that he had escaped detection and could "go private." He had even gone into partnership with one of his former sources, Abe Brothman.

The association with Brothman was the major cause of Gold's downfall. Brothman had spied for Elizabeth Bentley and Jacob Golos. He also knew Gold's real name—Gold had told him when they became partners. On May 29, 1947, two FBI agents visited Brothman and through him learned of Gold.

But there is a wide gap between suspicion and knowledge, between knowledge and evidence, and so no indictments were handed up. Continued questioning by the Justice Department attorneys might have broken down Brothman and Gold. But suddenly, on orders from the White House, the espionage investigation at New York's Federal Courthouse was brusquely called off—and the government switched abruptly to the Smith Act cases of the 12 Communist Party leaders. Brothman breathed a sigh of relief, and Gold fervently prayed that he would have no more to do with the apparatus. By this time, Gold had had his fill of Brothman. He left New York and found a post as senior biochemist at the Heart Laboratory of the Philadelphia Gen-

eral Hospital. For a while, it seemed that perhaps he might once again live a normal life. But from the moment that he read of Fuchs' arrest, he was certain that his days as a free man were done. He considered going to the FBI, but rejected the idea. He simply waited. Fuchs had described Gold as a man of about 40, 5-foot-8-inches tall and weighing about 180 pounds with a round face and a Slavic look, possibly a scientist. From diverse sources, the FBI began to piece together the whole fantastic story of Harry Gold's career in espionage. Pieces of the puzzle fell into place one by one under long and painstaking investigation. Still, there was no evidence against him worth taking into court. The FBI decided its one hope, unless Gold made a major slip, was to get a confession. The FBI let Gold realize he was under surveillance. Now and then a special agent would drop in casually at his place of work to ask a few innocuous questions. It was all very friendly, with no pressure of any kind except the psychological squeeze.

One day, a pair of FBI men named Miller and Brennan searched Gold's room, with his permission and almost at his request. They went through school notes and laboratory notations and chemical literature references. They examined every book, including mathematical textbooks and a large collection of paperbacks. Then, as Gold wrote later, it began:

> Scott [Miller] found a Pennsylvania Railroad train schedule: "Washington—Philadelphia—New York—Boston—Montreal," and dated 1945. "How about this?"
>
> "Goodness knows. I probably picked it up when I went (on a trip) to New York." Again, the truth was that I had used the schedule on my trip to see Mrs. Heinemann. (Fuchs' sister.)

None of this was evidence. None of it proved anything at all except to Gold's guilt-ridden mind. The FBI men were asking questions, but only by Gold's overelaborate casualness could they get a clue—and they knew far better than he that their subjective reactions were just that. No federal prosecutor would put any reliance on their value. But they continued to look, hoping to find something which would shatter Gold's defenses. Like all well-trained interrogators, they knew that what Gold feared and what he knew would be of far greater importance in breaking him down than legal evidence. They were right. It is not the bullet but the crack of the rifle which frightens. Sound Jamesian psychology was on their side. What broke Gold was Gold himself, though he described it as "the stunning blow."

> From in back of my bulky, worn copy of . . . Principles of Chemical Engineering, Dick pulled a sickeningly familiar tan-colored street map of Sante Fe. Oh, God. This I had overlooked. I knew that it existed, but, in my hasty scrutiny that morning, could not find it, and so had assumed that at some previous time it must have been destroyed.

"How about this, Harry?" Miller asked. There could have been a thousand explanations, but Gold saw the blood on his hands.

"Give me a minute," he said, slumping down in his chair. One of the FBI men gave him a cigarette. He smoked it and then spoke the words: "Yes, I am the man to whom Klaus Fuchs gave the information on atomic energy." He had reached the end of the line. At first, Gold was determined to speak merely of Fuchs and to cover up for all the others. But once the "fatal words" had been uttered, there was no stopping the confession. Unlike Fuchs, who remained riveted to his compulsion, Gold found liberation by speaking out, by making his perfidy plain. Some have called this "informing," but psychologically it is far more complex than that. And so he entered the gray world of courtrooms, of testimony against Abe Brothman and David Greenglass and the Rosenbergs. But more than anything else, he was a witness against himself. The gates of Lewisburg Penitentiary closed behind him finally. The evil he had done remained outside the prison walls.

On the day that the Supreme Court, in all its majesty, met to consider for the seventh time the case of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, one Willi Goettling, an unemployed laborer in East Berlin, was tried and summarily shot for committing a "disturbance." For seven years, the Rosenbergs had the benefit of every legal maneuver, every opportunity offered to the innocent and the guilty by American law and tradition. Yet Willi Goettling, executed for a misdemeanor and forgotten before his body had been tossed into an unmarked grave, caused no anguish to the world's conscience. But every device of propaganda and implication was employed in the defense of the Rosenbergs though their will to treason and their stony lack of humanity were apparent for all who would see.

The character of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg can best be exemplified by anticipating the unfolding of their story and offering up three pieces of evidence:

Item: "I decided a long while ago," Julius Rosenberg told Max Ellitcher, an engineer he tried to "develop" into an espionage agent, "that this was what I wanted to do. I made a point of getting close to one person after another until I reached a Russian who would listen to my proposition about getting information to the Soviet Union."

Item: At a time when Rosenberg was attempting to get his brother-in-law David Greenglass to flee, he suddenly asked: "Do you think we will beat the FBI?"

Greenglass answered, "I don't know."

"Well," Rosenberg said, "you know, if I get word that it is too hot, we'll just have to take off and leave the children and the women behind."

"We are going to leave them and go?" a startled Greenglass asked.

"Maybe yes, maybe no," Rosenberg said.

"How can you think that way?"

Rosenberg gave him a disgusted look. "The Russians will send in division after division against a position, and they will all be killed, and they won't bat an eyelash," Rosenberg answered, "as long as something is being done to gain their end."

Item: When Mrs. Tessie Greenglass, mother of David and of Ethel Rosenberg, visited her daughter at Sing Sing's Death Row to plead for a confession which would spare the lives of the convicted spies, she said: "Ethel, David is not lying. He is telling the truth. Why do you go on this way? If you don't believe in capitalism or free enterprise or anything else, if you believe in the Russians and feel they are right, think of your children. Think of what you are going to do to them."

"You are not my mother," Ethel said harshly. "Leave. I don't want to have anything more to do with you." And that night, she was singing *arias* in the voice she thought was made for grand opera.

This is the world that Ethel and Julius Rosenberg made for themselves—a world into which they dragged David Greenglass and his protesting wife Ruth, and many others whose names were part of the index to the case or remain in the FBI files, the doom they subscribed to neatly ticketed. A defecting Soviet engineer, who worked on data supplied by the Center, has described to American security officers the "thousands" of Signal Corps blueprints and documents his section handled. A good part of this data we know today, from confessions, partial confessions, and incriminating attempts to cover up, came from men and women recruited by the zealous Julius Rosenberg before, during, and after he had been admitted to the elite of atomic spies.

The wreckage of lives—the bright young men from poor families, whose hard-won educations came to nothing as a result of Rosenberg's blandishments—makes a long catalogue. But Julius Rosenberg cozily offered the apple of espionage to his own family, and this ultimate perfidy led to his downfall.

From the moment that Julius Rosenberg—a dark, bespectacled student with that drive and verbal assurance which are a product of New York's municipally owned City College—substituted for the placid faith of his fathers the combative Communist dogma, he was out to proselytize. At CCNY, he was not a leader of the Young Communist League, but an active member who gathered around him a group of young engineering students. He was also courting Ethel Greenglass, three years his senior, who shared Julius' Communist passion. Mrs. Tessie Greenglass had little use for Julius—"all that communism he talks about"—but David, Ethel's younger brother, was fair game. By a combination of lofty lectures on the merits of the Soviet system, by the pressure of derision for lacking the guts to accept "conversion," and by the skillful use of David's hero-worship for him—Julius was able to bring the 16-year-old boy into the YCL.

But David Greenglass was not made for the solemn mumbo jumbo of communism's Junior Achievement. As he later put it, "It bored me. It held no interest for my type of personality. I couldn't subject myself to the discipline that was required. I

would rather lie in bed on Sunday morning than be up at 6 o'clock shoving *Daily Workers* under people's doors. And so I tapered off and stopped going." In 1940, when he was 18, he had simply dropped out. "But unwilling to subject myself to the discipline of the Young Communist League, I was not unwilling to believe in the principles behind it." What those principles were, Greenglass had only the vaguest idea. If asked to discuss the Marxist theories of surplus value or the mystical concept of dialectical materialism, he would have laughed, or as typically made a sarcastic remark.

Greenglass has said that "philosophically," he was a Communist. "Everything they stood for, I identified myself with. But my idea of what communism was, wasn't the actuality of communism. It was an idealized version of communism." But everything he knew, idealized or not, came from Julius Rosenberg. "He was the one who taught me about what communism was. It was his own version. Probably he lied to me, or maybe he even believed what he told me. I don't know. But in that way, he was my mentor."

Psychologically, this is of considerable importance. The young Greenglass not only respected a brother-in-law with a college education (David went to college for one semester, then was forced to drop out in order to go to work) and his intellectual conversation; he was also dominated by and to a degree afraid of him. Repeatedly in his conversation about Julius Rosenberg, Greenglass described his "persuasiveness." Rosenberg was a "salesman" who could "sell iceboxes to Eskimos"—a persistent phrase. (Greenglass has always tended to be a cliché expert, though, like many self-taught people, he often brought unconscious humor to these hackneyed expressions by misusing them.)

It was not until Greenglass was out of the Army and out of the apparatus that he developed the courage to stand up in opposition to the Rosenbergs. But it is also true that his lazy communism served a deeper purpose. Though on the surface he seemed the complete extrovert, ready always for the loud and inconsequential argument, he nourished a deep persecution feeling. This coupled to his ambivalence about Rosenberg—later transferred to the scientists he worked with on the Los Alamos project—demanded that in some way he strike back at those superior to him intellectually or in the scientific hierarchy. One of the people who observed him closely during the period between his arrest and trial had this to say of him:

From the outset of the investigation, Greenglass exhibited a friendly, easygoing, self-assured manner. He was extremely garrulous and expounded at great length on inconsequential matters. He was sometimes impatient and sarcastic, but usually was able to control his emotions. Greenglass appeared both courageous and honest. He was loyal to his family and friends [which explains why his first confession, though accurate about his own deeds, glossed over or evaded those of his co-conspirators] and was generous to the point of improvidence. Having a sense of humor and enjoying a joke, he took pleasure in attempting to startle others by his unexpected knowledge of facts and situations. He dressed in a sloppy manner and in rather poor taste, possibly because of color blindness. He did not like to shave regularly and had his hair cut infrequently.

Greenglass, who was a moderate cigarette smoker and did not care for alcoholic beverages, was extremely fond of food and tended to obesity. He enjoyed movies, chess, conversation, tampering with gadgets, and being better informed than his scholastic achievements would seem to indicate.

Had circumstances—financial difficulties and the tight-knit relations of the Greenglass family—not prevented it, David Greenglass would have shucked off his minimal Communist involvement and would by now be a well-paid research worker in an industrial laboratory. Many young men, far more committed to communism, were able during their military service to cut the social and political umbilical cord which held them to communism.

When Greenglass married the girl he had known since early boyhood, Ruth Printz, he was only 20. She might have tugged him away from the Rosenberg influence. But though she had no sympathy with communism, she felt that as an "obedient wife" she should go along with him, sharing his views and being in turn subject to the domineering of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg.

Julius firmly believed that he had by his own persistence brought himself to the attention of the apparatus. The contrary was true. For it was not until the Center decided that his connections could be of value that he was given the accolade he sought. When, in September, 1940, Rosenberg rose like the phoenix from a piddling private job to the position of junior civilian engineer with a Signal Corps Depot in Brooklyn, the Communist Party rewarded him by making him federal civil-service chief of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians—the same union of scientific workers which was employed to such good advantage in the infiltration of the Radiation Laboratory at the University of California in Berkeley and the SAM laboratory at Columbia.

Just when Rosenberg was switched from party activity to spying is not clear. In the latter part of 1942, and until November, 1943, he was reporting to Jacob Golos, spymaster of an apparatus in government which ranged from Assistant Treasury Secretary Harry Dexter White to William Remington—with way stations in every sensitive agency, including the Office of Strategic Services. Rosenberg would arrange meetings with Golos through Elizabeth Bentley. There is reason to believe that his family tie with Greenglass was the single most important factor in the Center's decision to allow Rosenberg his great desire to be a spy.

David Greenglass was in the army in 1944, stationed at Los Alamos, New Mexico. The Center had all the facts about the relationship between Julius and David, the hold the older man had on his brother-in-law. It knew that David loved his wife and would be rashly tempted to do what Rosenberg asked if it meant that there would be enough money to allow Ruth to live in Albuquerque—close enough to Los Alamos so that he could spend the weekends with her. Greenglass worked in the "E" shop, machining highly secret parts for the nuclear experiments and the atomic bomb. The "E" shop was working on the high-explosive aspects of the bomb and on the special lens which turned the shattering force of the atom inward.

At first, Rosenberg did not ask for any information that would have shocked Greenglass: a description of the physical layout at Los Alamos, the names of the important scientists there (this, of course, was a closely guarded secret, since knowledge of their presence and their specialty would give away the nature of the work), what the security measures were, whether Los Alamos was camouflaged. To clinch Ruth's participation in this first step, Rosenberg gave her $150 to make a trip to Albuquerque.

When Ruth Greenglass returned to New York, she brought back with her the answers to Rosenberg's questions, all carefully memorized. He was delighted and asked her to write it all down for him. He was even more pleased when she told him that David would be in New York on furlough in about a month. "How would you like to go to Albuquerque to live?" he said, offering the reward.

"I'd be very happy to be near David," Ruth answered.

"You are going to go there," he said. "You'll probably be able to find a job, but if you can't, just don't worry about the money. It will be taken care of." When David Greenglass arrived in New York, Ruth was able to give him the news that, due to the generosity of Rosenberg's "friends," they would be able to be together in Albuquerque. Greenglass told his brother-in-law the nature of his duties at Los Alamos. This was an unexpected bonanza. The apparatus had been prodding its agents for information on the implosion lens—Yakovlev had expressed considerable eagerness to get at least a schematic drawing of it from Harry Gold—and Greenglass could diagram it for Rosenberg, which he did. That day, he also wrote a full report on everything he had picked up, either by questioning his associates or overhearing their shop talk.

As a recognition device for future transfers of data at Albuquerque, Rosenberg gave Greenglass the torn half of a Jello box, the side of which had been cut in a jagged pattern. When the courier presented his half to Greenglass, he could match it against his own. There would be no possibility for a slip-up.

It was early on a June, 1945, Sunday that the doorbell rang at the small apartment the Greenglasses had taken in Albuquerque. "Mr. Greenglass?" asked a sad-eyed man. "I bring regards from Julius." He seemed startled and apprehensive that the man who let him in was a soldier. Greenglass produced half of the Jello box. Harry Gold, his visitor, presented the other half, and they matched them. The fit was perfect.

"Do you have anything for me?" Gold asked.

"Yes," said Greenglass. He had filled several sheets of paper with advanced designs of the lens mold as well as a description of the progress of the research in cylindrical implosion. Gold accepted it and gave Greenglass an envelope with $500. He departed with considerable misgivings, as well he might have. The trip to Albuquerque cost Ethel and Julius Rosenberg their lives and sent Greenglass to prison under a 15-year sentence, for Gold was the link in the investigative chain.

In September, 1945, Greenglass and his wife were back in New York on another furlough—and they had even bigger news. In January, 1945, Julius had given him a very general description of the atomic bomb in order to brief him on what to look for. "There is fissionable material at one end of a tube," Rosenberg had said, "and at the other end of the tube there is a sliding member that is also fissionable, and when they are brought together under great pressure, a nuclear reaction takes place." This, in elementary terms, was the Hiroshima bomb. But Greenglass, during the September visit, had in his possession details of the more advanced Nagasaki bomb. Rosenberg asked him to "write it up" immediately and gave him $200. That night, at the Rosenberg apartment, David handed his brother-in-law 12 pages of text and diagram. Later, that same evening, Julius asked David what he intended to do, now that the war was over. "Get out of the Army," said Greenglass. Rosenberg argued that he should stay at Los Alamos, in a civilian capacity, in order to continue his espionage work. But though Greenglass was not yet ready to defy his brother-in-law, he wanted to break loose from the apparatus. He had gotten into it out of mixed motives—to impress Julius and to provide his wife with the means to be near him. Now the war was over. He wanted to earn a living, to continue his education. He had heard enough from Rosenberg to disillusion him thoroughly on the "idealism" of the Communist cause. He no longer needed the money the apparatus provided.

When Greenglass was honorably discharged from the Army in February, 1946, he went into business partnership with Julius Rosenberg. At first, they bought and sold war surplus goods, then they set up a machine shop. But there was increasing friction between the two. David insisted that his brother-in-law treated him like an employee and that he did not attend to business. Rosenberg was still trying to woo David back into the apparatus, and the two argued about politics incessantly. Julius also held out what we have come to know as a prime lure. He urged Greenglass to return to school, particularly to one of those universities where he had friends from Los Alamos. It was his duty to maintain his relationship with these scientists and technicians, some of them still doing secret work.

"Well, how am I going to do all this?" Greenglass would say. He had a wife to support, and the GI Bill of Rights could hardly cover his expenses.

"So the Russians will send you to school," was Rosenberg's answer. "I do it all the time. I have a number of people that I send to school. I am the paymaster." When Greenglass refused, Rosenberg would show his annoyance, but he did not drop the subject.

During the postwar period, Rosenberg did not give up espionage activities. But he had a need to boast of his achievements, and the only person with whom he could speak frankly, other than his wife, was Greenglass. There was safety in this, for as a former co-conspirator, Greenglass was bound to silence.

In 1949, the partnership between Greenglass and Rosenberg broke up. Julius owed David $4,000 at the time and attempted strenuously to evade the debt, causing still more dissension—and the two drifted apart. Occasionally they met at a Friday-night dinner, the command performances exacted by Mrs. Tessie Greenglass, but they were distant with each other. Then, on a morning in February, 1950, Rosenberg went to Greenglass' apartment and awakened him. With no explanation, Rosenberg insisted that Greenglass get dressed and go for a walk, and the urgency in his voice was such that he got no argument. Walking along the East Side streets, Rosenberg said:

"You remember the man who came to see you in Albuquerque? Well, Klaus Fuchs was also one of his contacts." The Fuchs story had been on page one for several days. "The man who came to see you will undoubtedly be arrested now. You'll have to leave the country. Think it over, and we'll make plans."

Greenglass did not like the idea. "Why doesn't this other guy leave—the one who came to me in Albuquerque?" Greenglass asked. "That's something else again," Rosenberg answered cryptically. Greenglass, however, made no move to leave, and perhaps Rosenberg was given reassurances that Harry Gold would not talk. In any case, he did not press for immediate flight until May 22 or 23—shortly after Ruth Greenglass had left the hospital after giving birth to their first child. Rosenberg was now really excited, and he brandished a copy of the *New York Herald Tribune,* which carried a picture of Harry Gold and the story of his arrest.

"This is the man who saw you in Albuquerque," Rosenberg said. Greenglass was not quite sure, but Rosenberg insisted. "Don't worry, I'm telling you this is the man, and you'll have to leave the country." He had $1,000 for Greenglass and a promise of $6,000. For Rosenberg, the pressure was building. Ironically, had Yakovlev, Rosenberg and Gold strictly observed the etiquette of espionage, they might never have been discovered. It was a kind of tragic daisy chain. Elizabeth Bentley led to Abe Brothman and he involved Harry Gold. Klaus Fuchs was tied to Harry Gold and Yakovlev—and Yakovlev had brought Gold and David Greenglass together. Greenglass was tied to Ethel and Julius Rosenberg—and they in turn completed the circle with Elizabeth Bentley. But Greenglass still was reluctant to leave the country. Early in June, Rosenberg brought him $4,000 in a brown paper wrapper—the get-away money. Rosenberg had one question:

"Are you being followed?"

"Yes, I am," Greenglass said.

"What are you going to do now?" Rosenberg asked.

"I'm not going to do anything," Greenglass said. "I'm going to stay right here." Rosenberg left in a state of great agitation, ready now to make his own escape. But it was too late. Harry Gold had already tentatively identified a photo of Greenglass and, after searching his memory, recalled his name. On June 15, at 1:45 p.m., two FBI agents visited him at his apartment on Rivington Street. They advised him of his right not to make a statement and suggested that he might want a lawyer. Then they questioned him "regarding material which had been lost, strayed, or stolen from the Los Alamos atom-bomb project."

At 1:57, Greenglass, who was pleasant throughout his questioning, signed a waiver of search. In a footlocker, the FBI found some old photos of David and Ruth Greenglass taken in Albuquerque. These were rushed to Philadelphia for Harry Gold to examine. Meanwhile, Greenglass agreed voluntarily to accompany the FBI agents to the Federal Courthouse on Foley Square. He was questioned in Conference Room U on the 29th Floor where the Bureau is headquartered. At 8:30 p.m., word was received that Gold had made a positive identification. Greenglass was confronted with this and told of Gold's visit to Albuquerque on June 3, 1945, and of the transfer of classified information. He promptly confessed that he was guilty, signing a statement to that effect.

Julius Rosenberg should have known that the string had been played out. On July 17, three FBI agents presented themselves at the Rosenberg apartment at 10 Monroe Street. Ethel was brash, almost flippant. The FBI men were startled by the manner in which the two Rosenberg children addressed their parents, using first names. The children—particularly the older boy, Michael, who was under the care of a psychiatrist—were completely undisciplined. Julius was arrested that day, though he denied any complicity. On August 11, Ethel was taken into custody.

The trial of the Rosenbergs has been rehearsed in books and articles *ad infinitum*. But certain facts are of significance. The prosecution, expecting a long defense, had 102 witnesses ready to take the stand, but the entire Rosenberg defense consisted of a denial of the charges by Ethel and Julius. And even those denials were compromised by the frequent resort to the Fifth Amendment. Neither of the Rosenbergs showed any emotion as the government unveiled its evidence. When the sentence of death was pronounced, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were impassive, almost lethargic.

In the months that followed, as the case dragged through appeal after appeal, a vast propaganda campaign was mounted to prove that the Rosenbergs had not been given a fair trial, that Judge Irving Kaufman had shown bias, that anti-Semitism was the motive behind the arrest and prosecution, that it was all another Dreyfus or Sacco-Vanzetti case, and that the issue was "peace." The Rosenberg children were used as pawns to pump up sympathy for the condemned and exhibited at

mass meetings. Pickets paraded in front of the White House, and there were riots in Europe. Eminent citizens proclaimed the innocence of the Rosenbergs and made unconscionable charges against the FBI, only to admit that they had never even read the trial record. Millions of dollars were collected, though where they went has never been determined. It was a Roman holiday for the Communists, for their dupes, and for the uninformed—and generous men who conceded the guilt but sought a commutation of the death sentence found themselves involved in a hysteria of which they wanted no part.

During the period of mass insanity, few remembered that at the conclusion of the trial, after Judge Kaufman had pronounced sentence, both defense lawyers had risen to their feet to thank the Court for its fairness and its courtesies, to praise the FBI for the cooperation it had given them. A study of the record shows no mystery. It is conclusive in its proof of guilt. But one question has plagued many who have not chased a legal or emotional will o' the wisp: Why did the Rosenbergs accept death rather than confess? At the very moment that they faced the electric chair, a word would have saved their lives. At Sing Sing prison, a line was kept open to the White House, just in case they decided to talk. But to the end, the Rosenbergs remained silent—sending back the last meal because it was not precisely what they had ordered, complaining that the execution should be postponed because they had "unfinished business." Julius Rosenberg showed fear only once, on the last day of his life, when he learned that the last possible appeal had been rejected.

A psychiatrist who followed the case had this answer to the enigma:

"Julius Rosenberg was an unimportant man until he became an espionage agent. Then in his own eyes—and to use a word he knew—he became a *Mensch*, a man, a significant part of a great cause. His ego was nourished by the importance of his treason. And the Soviets flattered and manipulated him. They gave him motivation. They made him feel that he was walking the stage of history. The great demonstrations, the appeals to the President, the request for clemency from the Pope—all these fed that feeling. And the same applied to Ethel Rosenberg. If she could not sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, she could speak to the world. To confess would have destroyed this. To themselves, they would have become two more defectors, two more informers. They would no longer be heroic. From their behavior after the trial, it is clear that they had lost all sense of reality. They were shielded by a mystical belief that somehow the power they worshiped would liberate them. By stealing America's atomic secrets, they had made America tremble. How could they die?"

This could be the answer. A simpler answer would be that they were Communists.

That the paths of the Burgess-MacLean duo and Bruno Pontecorvo touched was probably as coincidental as any chain of events can be in the Communist conspiracy. Their paths crossed on both personal and espionage terms, if the hints and less-than-candid utterances of British authorities are to be believed. But how brief or how crucial these tenuous contacts may have been, the world may never know. It has been said that Pontecorvo's soul, like that of Klaus Fuchs, was bruised by World War I and the trauma of fascism. This, however, is far from the reality. Bruno Pontecorvo, one of eight children, was born to a prosperous family in Pisa. In the interbellum years, his Jewish origin did not bring him any religious or political discrimination. It was not until 1938, when anti-Semitism became a Fascist policy, that Pontecorvo had cause to complain of the treatment accorded his family by the Mussolini regime. For it was not until then that his father's business began suffering, and by that time Bruno had been out of Italy for two years.

Like his seven brothers and sisters, Bruno was a brilliant student. After attending the *Ginnasio* and the *Liceo classico*, he entered the University of Pisa, getting his doctorate in physics with honors at the University of Rome in 1934. He was then 21 years old. Continuing at the University of Rome as teacher and researcher, Pontecorvo was part of a group of advanced physicists working under one of the great men in the field, Dr. Enrico Fermi. This group, under Fermi's tutelage, developed a process for creating radioactive elements by bombarding them with slow neutrons—a step in nuclear theory which led toward the atomic bomb.

As a result of his reputation and achievement, Pontecorvo was awarded a national fellowship by the Italian government for further study in Paris at the Collège de France. He took with him to France, in February, 1936, a predilection for bohemianism and communism. The two may have been of a common origin, for the party encourages social and sexual nonconformism among its intellectuals. And if Bruno Pontecorvo at that time did not hold a party card, he had certainly received a thorough indoctrination from other members of his family. His brother Gilberto had from his student days been actively involved in party activities. His sister Giuliana married Duccio Tabet, also a functionary of the party. Pontecorvo's first cousin, Emilio Sereni, had the distinction of rising to one of the highest positions in the Italian Communist Party—member of the powerful Central Committee. In the confused days after liberation, Sereni held several ministries in the government and today represents a Communist constituency in the Chamber of Deputies.

The bohemianism took another form. During his Paris days, Bruno Pontecorvo worked with the Communist physicist, Joliot-Curie, at the Institute of Radium. At night, he frequented the Café de Floré on the Left Bank, and it was here—among the artists, eccentrics, and homosexuals—that, according to the Deuxième Bureau, he met Donald MacLean. It was here, too, that he met Helene Marianne Nordblom, a tall, slender platinum-blonde from Stockholm. Probably, she was already a Communist. She moved into Pontecorvo's rooms at 17 Place du Panthéon, and on July 30, 1938, bore him a son. He was named Gilberto, after Bruno's Communist brother. It was not until January 9, 1940 that the two were married. The Communists and bohemians who made up the Pontecorvo circle of friends accepted the irregular arrangement as a matter of course—and it did not hinder Pontecorvo's rise to the important post of research associate at the Laboratory of Nuclear Chemistry at the Collège de France. Espionage during that period was, of course, unnecessary. Joliot-Curie made certain that every scrap of knowledge in the nuclear field then residing in France was published.

Using Paris as a base, Pontecorvo traveled about Europe inspecting research centers. But the conflict between the West and the Axis powers kept inching up on him. Pontecorvo's only reaction to the Hitler-Stalin Pact seems to have been one of annoyance for the way in which it inhibited his movements and his possibilities for advance. He was not perturbed by the "phony war" during which Germany and France faced each other across the Maginot Line. When the Nazi blitz made Paris untenable for an Italian of Jewish blood with Communist connections, Pontecorvo, his wife, and the child born out of wedlock but legitimatized, fled south from Paris. They joined his sister Giuliana and her husband, Duccio Tabet, in Lisbon. On August 9, 1940, the Pontecorvos and the Tabets boarded the Portuguese ship S.S. "Oranza" for the United States. In New York, Bruno Pontecorvo immediately called friends of friends in the academic field who knew him by reputation. He was able to find a well-paying job with an Oklahoma firm as a consultant on radiographic oil-well logging. This was not precisely his field, but by applying himself he was able to work out new techniques for which he sought a patent. His presence in the United States was known, however, to the scientists who made up the first phalanx in the atomic energy project. His old mentor, Dr. Fermi, had been snatched from the jaws of the Axis by a careful and clever maneuver of a highly secret Intelligence group in this country.

Fermi remembered Pontecorvo and the contribution he had made to nuclear physics in Rome. A recommendation to the British authorities led to an assignment with the Anglo-Canadian research group in Montreal. Neither the Atomic Energy Commission nor Scotland Yard has been prepared to name the scientist or scientists who suggested Pontecorvo—and there can be legitimate grounds for conjecture about this silence. Pontecorvo was still an Italian citizen, though he had filed first papers for United States naturalization. It would have been standard procedure, had the recommendation come from Fermi, for him to have gone to Los Alamos or to the Metallurgical Laboratory in Chicago. By one of those tantalizing coincidences, Pontecorvo arrived at the Canadian atomic energy installation at just about the same time as Nunn May, who in turn was a friend of both Donald MacLean and Guy Burgess when all

three had been students at Cambridge and in London. (British Intelligence records indicate that the Nunn May-Burgess-MacLean association in London between 1940 and 1943 was very close.)

Hindsight raises a question about Pontecorvo's behavior in Canada between 1943 and 1949. In an extremely politicalized atmosphere, Pontecorvo refused to discuss politics. His colleagues, with a few notable exceptions, spoke out with great vigor about the course of the war, the performance of the Red Army, the strong points and the shortcomings of the Anglo-American leadership, the "second front," and the "stuffiness" of the military which demanded a modicum of security. After the war, many of them were equally vocal in condemning the United States for using the atomic bomb against Hiroshima and Nagasaki, in their horror over what their nimble brains had wrought, and in their ambivalence toward further experimentation in nuclear weapons of destruction. Pontecorvo, however, made it a point never to enter into these political bull sessions or into the shop talk of the nuclear fraternity. He limited himself to cheerful chatter and to innocuous flirtation at social gatherings. That he should have so acted proves nothing, except in the light of his later defection, but at the time his behavior was a great relief to security officials who were hard put to sort out the normally disgruntled from the dangerous.

In 1949, Bruno Pontecorvo again demonstrated a departure from the norm by requesting that he be retained at Chalk River. The British, however, had other plans and offered him an important post at Harwell, their newly established nuclear research center near Birmingham. He accepted, and there was no trouble over the transfer. In 1948, he had applied for and received British naturalization after a long interview with security officers to whom he blandly failed to comment on his Communist relatives or associations. The only reservations of Harwell's directors concerned Pontecorvo's weakness for women (his wife Marianne had left him in 1947 after one of his escapades, then reluctantly returned), and the far-flung net he was continually casting out for employment in British, French, and American universities. But this was accepted as the mild instability of a genius. Since Pontecorvo loved money and was for sale to the highest academic bidder, however, it came as something of a surprise to his colleagues when he turned down tempting and highly lucrative offers from Cornell University and from the General Electric Company to accept a post at Harwell which, though important in the nuclear field, paid much less.

But whatever external force impelled Pontecorvo to go to Harwell—as we know today, it was the Soviet apparatus—he continued to seek the kind of income which he considered commensurate with his fame in scientific circles. He openly flirted with offers from the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and from two Italian universities. But on arriving at Harwell, it was obvious that his personality had suffered a sea change. Pontecorvo seemed anxious to get out of the atomic energy program. He was no longer the life of the party. In fact, it was noted that something seemed to be preying on his mind, and his colleagues remarked that they saw signs of premature aging. Perhaps, very much like an addict, he was trying to kick the espionage habit. But the apparatus would not release him, and he was in no position to break loose. For Pontecorvo, the solution seemed simple. He would find some minor reason for losing his security clearance and accept a research and teaching post at Liverpool University. In this way, his reputation would remain unscathed —it might be given the added luster of martyrdom—and he would have a legitimate excuse to offer the apparatus for his departure from the green pastures of espionage at Harwell. When, early in 1950, the Fuchs confession had shaken England and the British Parliament, Pontecorvo thought he had found a way out. He suddenly appeared at the office of Wing Commander Arnold, the security officer who had handled the Fuchs case, with a "confession" of his own. In applying for British naturalization, Pontecorvo told Arnold, he had committed a sin of omission by not disclosing that his brother Gilberto was a Communist functionary. He did not mention his sister Giuliana, her husband Duccio Tabet, or his first cousin Emilio Sereni. Given the jittery state of British public opinion, this should have been enough to win him a polite request to resign from Harwell.

Arnold, like any good security officer, simply thanked Pontecorvo for his "frankness" and seemed to let the matter go. But two days later, he summoned Pontecorvo to ask him if it were not true that during a recent trip to a scientific meeting at Lake Como, he had conferred with Gilberto. Bruno admitted this, passing it off as a fraternal meeting, but his obvious agitation alerted Arnold. Nothing was said to Pontecorvo, but his conscience whispered that somehow he had betrayed himself. He did not know until some months later that he was under suspicion and that inquiries had been made to Stockholm by Scotland Yard. The information received was very damaging. The Swedish police reported that according to their record, both Bruno and Marianne Pontecorvo were members of the Communist Party.

The return to England in May, 1950 of Donald MacLean from a Cairo assignment which had been cut short after a riotous and scandalous drunken episode, brought the matter to a head. Technically, MacLean was back in England on sick leave, with no disciplinary implications. He therefore still maintained an easy social relationship with other Foreign Ministry officials, particularly those of the "Q," or security branch. And from them, he learned that his friend of Paris days, Pontecorvo, was being watched. That much is known, though it has been suppressed by the British. It is also known that this information was conveyed to Pontecorvo, though there is no "hard" evidence that MacLean was the messenger of mercy. Since MacLean was in communication with the Soviet apparatus in England, it is conceivable that he did not himself warn Pontecorvo. A word to his superiors would have been transmitted to the Center in Moscow, which would have had no difficulty in relaying news of this dangerous state of affairs to Pontecorvo. It has been established that he knew and that he inadvertently gave away this knowledge in a number of cryptic remarks he made to friends in June and July of 1950. They were of an *ave atque vale* nature: "I hope we will someday play again," to a tennis partner, as if in farewell; his wife's behavior at a party shortly before they departed on July 26, 1950 for a "vacation" in Europe (she burst into tears when saying what should have been a casual *au revoir* to their hosts). Optimist and extrovert, Bruno Pontecorvo believed that once out of England, he would be safe. He counted for protection on his well-founded reputation as western Europe's leading experimental nuclear physicist and on the British propensity to avoid scandal wherever possible. Universities in France or Italy, he believed, would not be shocked or intimidated by rumors that he was a Communist, and the British government was in no position to make a public announcement that he was an atom spy—a charge that would lay it open to cries of McCarthyism from the opposition and from the back benches. And so Bruno and Marianne Pontecorvo, with their three children, set out on a camping trip on the Continent. Wing Commander Arnold knew of the Pontecorvos' departure, but he made no effort to stop them. Later, British security pleaded that it had no right to prevent a British subject from leaving the island—but as any police officer can attest, a thousand excuses could have been found. It was simply assumed that he would return.

It was at Circeo, named after Circe, that Pontecorvo heard the siren call. On his 37th birthday, August 22, 1950, he was visited by Gilberto, his Communist functionary brother. The two men conferred long and seriously in what has been described as a "council of war." During this meeting Bruno Pontecorvo was either convinced or coerced into believing that the finger of exposure was about to be pointed at him, that he would not be safe anywhere in western Europe, and that his only recourse was to flee behind the Iron Curtain, where he would be welcomed, praised, and given an important post in the Soviet Union's nuclear research project. Pontecorvo agreed on that day to the plans the Center had made for him. That he was not happy about them is a matter of record. The evidence shows that from this point on, he seemed preoccupied and worried. His easygoing manner disappeared, and he became curt and irritable. The following day, he had a minor accident with his car and insisted on driving to Rome to have it repaired. The excuse was a thin one; the work on the car could have been done by any mechanic in a few hours. But Pontecorvo was needed in Rome for further planning of his flight. He returned to Circeo, gathered up his family and drove to Ladispoli to pick up his youngest child. Giuliana cut short her escape from the heat of Rome to return with him, and there were further conferences at her house on Via Gabi. Gilberto, too, was present at this gathering of the Communist side of the Pontecorvo clan.

On August 29, he appeared with Marianne at the Rome office of the Scandinavian Airways System. While he was talking to the airlines clerk, Marianne, thoroughly distraught and haggard, dragged him away from the counter, and the two were observed in a heated discussion. When he returned to the clerk, he asked that his own ticket be changed to include a return trip.

On August 31, he wrote to his superiors in Harwell complaining of "plenty of car trouble," promising to be back in England by September 7, apologizing for his failure to make an appearance at Chamonix, and ending, "Good-by, everybody."

From the scene at the SAS office, it is reasonable to assume that Pontecorvo had not at that time told his wife that he was planning to defect. Obviously, he had said only that he was leaving her and the children with the Nordbloms in Stockholm and returning to Rome on business. On September 1, the Pontecorvos boarded a plane in Rome. When they put down in Munich, they remained on board. They arrived in Stockholm at 8:50 p.m., and Bruno made inquiries about hotel accommodations. The apparatus was, however, taking no chances that Marianne Nordblom-Pontecorvo might call family or friends. That night, the family was held virtually incommunicado at one of the party's "halfway houses," where agents in transit can hide out. On September 2, the Pontecorvo family flew from Stockholm to Helsinki. Since they had no visas, their passports were impounded. Bruno was asked to fill out routine forms in which he stated that the purpose of the trip was "tourism," that they expected to remain in Finland for one week, and that their passports could be returned to them at a local hotel. He refused coach service from the airport to the city, and the family luggage, 11 valises, were piled into a large black Buick sedan with diplomatic license plates. It was shortly after 3 p.m. that Bruno Pontecorvo, still clutching the bulging brown briefcase, helped his family into the car and climbed in.

The Buick took off in the direction of Porkkala, a Soviet enclave near Helsinki, which has its own landing strip for military planes. And that was the last time that Bruno Pontecorvo was seen west of the Iron Curtain. Later, passengers on the Stockholm-Helsinki flight told British Intelligence that the youngest Pontecorvo boy had loudly announced that he was on the way to see the Soviet Union and had repeatedly asked, "Is that Russia down there?" A British report quotes Pontecorvo as having blurted out to a friend, shortly before his disappearance, "I dare not go back." Every effort, however, was made to keep the defection quiet as long as possible and to confuse efforts to determine where and how Bruno Pontecorvo had gone.

It was not until October 20, 1950, that the British authorities finally made public a terse account of Pontecorvo's disappearance. The Soviet minister in Helsinki, Lt. Gen. G. M. Savenenkov, immediately warned the Finnish government that any publicity about Pontecorvo would be "very unwelcome" to his government. By that time, Scotland Yard and MI-5, working with the police forces of Europe, had traced the movements of Bruno and his family to Malino airport in Helsinki and to the Buick which took them in the direction of Porkkala. But the government continued to argue that it had no idea of Pontecorvo's whereabouts, nor even that he had gone to the Soviet Union. Reports that he was behind the Iron Curtain gathering together a staff of nuclear scientists from the captive nations, that he was working on an atomic project in Sinkiang, and that he was seen at scientific gatherings in Moscow were brushed aside as rumor by British authorities determined to minimize their failure to keep a watch on Pontecorvo after he was under suspicion.

It was Bruno Pontecorvo, looking grim and emotionally weary, who eventually announced to the world from Moscow that he had defected to the Communists "because of Hiroshima." He did not explain why he would continue his nuclear researches in the Soviet Union or, on December 13, 1958, accept from his masters the Lenin Prize for constructing a 10-billion electron volt synchrophastron—an atomic particle accelerator. Nor would he comment on the information he bequeathed to the Communists—his highly expert knowledge of the Chalk River atomic installations, the solution to problems encountered by the United States in the construction of its plutonium pile at Hanford, or the theory and practice he'd got at Harwell.

In a way, what he gave to the apparatus during his years in Canada and Great Britain, or what he put down on paper when he reached Moscow, was secondary to the gift of his brilliant and inventive mind. He was, according to his former colleagues, one of the greatest experimental physicists—and Dr. Fermi would note, in a devastating understatement, that Pontecorvo "might be very valuable to Russia" for "his general scientific competence."

But though the Pontecorvo defection, coming hard on the heels of the Fuchs confession, disturbed the British, they were to be truly rocked by what followed. The impact was so great that, for a few weeks, they ceased their barrage of sardonic remarks about America's fear of Communist treason. The cause of this traumatic experience was the disappearance behind the Iron Curtain of two young men, British-born and educated at the best schools, not tainted by the accident of foreign birth, and of good family. That subconscious disdain and suspicion of all those not born British had cushioned the shock of Fuchs and Pontecorvo. Nunn May had been bad enough, but he had taken his medicine and remained in England. The case of Guy Burgess and Donald MacLean opened for England, if only somewhat briefly, an informative view of the nature of Communist perfidy.

Guy Burgess figures in this account only tangentially. He was a spy, but there is no evidence that he ever had access to atomic secrets. He is mentioned only because of his political, personal, and sexual association with Donald MacLean. Beyond this, he is one more skeleton that the British regret did not remain in the closet. For he is living proof of the conviction among English intellectuals that the most conclusive evidence of a man's non-communism is his confession that he is a Communist. Cyril Connolly, the British author and critic, recounts that, in the days before World War II, a very close friend of Burgess was startled by an almost incredible conversation. "Guy had confided to him," Connolly wrote blandly, "that he was not only a member but a secret agent of the Communist Party, and he had then invited him to join this work." Nevertheless, when the war broke out, he was given a sensitive position in MI-6—the British equivalent of the Office of Strategic Services. After the war, he was posted to the United States as Second Secretary to the British Embassy. This appointment came after a severe reprimand for divulging "secret matters about which he had official knowledge." His cardinal sin, however, was in lending himself to anti-British talk. But before any action could be taken against him, he had disappeared with MacLean. To the very last, he was talking about "those horrible American purges."

Donald MacLean had a somewhat similar, though more devastating, record. His father, Sir Donald MacLean, had been a distinguished statesman, respected by King George V and the Parliament until the day of his death. His son, therefore, could trade on that patrimony of honor. And to the very end, after his treason had been established, there were British leaders who sought ways to exculpate him—and themselves for tolerating his behavior. Despite his aggressive Communist activities at Cambridge—and his professed need for what he called an occasional drinking "orgy"—he was considered the "golden boy" of the Foreign Service. His very first assignment in 1938, to Paris, was a plum. He gravitated quickly to the Left Bank and to the Café de Floré, Bruno Pontecorvo's hangout, where the two became friends. It was at this emporium of liquor and phony art that he met Melinda Marling, an American heiress who was willing to marry and support him—and eventually to give up everything in order to join him in his Muscovite captivity. In 1944, he was assigned to the United States as First Secretary to the British Embassy.

Despite his heavy drinking and homosexuality—traits he shared with Burgess—and the irregularity of his family life (Melinda lived with her family in New York while he maintained "bachelor" quarters in Washington) he was given one of the most important and sensitive posts available to a British diplomat in wartime Washington—secretary of the Combined Policy Committee on Atomic Development, with a top-priority pass admitting him to all nuclear installations at any hour of the day or night. In this post, he was fully informed on all exchanges of atomic data between the United States and Great Britain. He happily forwarded what he knew to the Soviet Embassy. What scientific data he was able to absorb is still being debated. But he was able to tell the Soviets, in the years after the Hiroshima explosion, how many atomic bombs the United States had in

its arsenal, what the production rate and schedule of these bombs were, and how much uranium had been stockpiled—all matters of acute interest to the Center in Moscow.

In 1948, MacLean was transferred to Cairo with a promotion to Counselor of the Embassy. The Egyptian police complained that he associated with known Soviet espionage agents, but nothing was done. Then, in 1950, on one of his periodic "orgies," he assaulted an armed watchman and broke the leg of a fellow British diplomat. Two months later, he broke into the apartment of a friend, drank up all the available liquor, smashed the furniture, and wrecked the bathtub. For this bit of fun, he was sent home on sick leave, and punished by being ordered to consult a psychiatrist. When he returned to the Foreign Office, after a week's drinking, he was immediately appointed head of the American Department. One day a friend called Cyril Connolly, the unmoved repository of this kind of confidence, to say that, in his cups, MacLean had blurted out, "What would you do if I told you I was a Communist agent? Well, I am. Go on, report me." The friend and Connolly agreed that the idea was "preposterous."

Again, in April 1951, MacLean pummeled an associate who had spoken against Alger Hiss. "I'm the English Hiss," MacLean said before he stalked off. The Foreign Office, which was then seeking to discover who in its midst was giving the Soviets secret information, did nothing. Even after it had narrowed the suspects down to three men, including Burgess and MacLean, it refused to act. On May 26, 1951, the two men disappeared. When the story of their defection leaked to the British press, the stock excuse was given: The British government had no right to detain either man. As more than one irate member of Parliament remarked: Two atom spies, MacLean and Pontecorvo, were allowed to escape to the Soviet Union because a handful of civil servants had been too timid to do their duty.

History is a jigsaw puzzle. From time to time, the impertinent researcher fits in a new piece, making the configuration clearer. But in the attrition of time, some pieces are lost. Others are willfully destroyed by those who have something to hide or something to gain. The puzzle is never completed. Yet each piece, as it is fitted into place, generates its own fascination. Take, for example, the conversation between veteran correspondent Frank Conniff and Marshal Zhukov, then the Soviet Union's most influential military man, in 1955. Conniff, with William Randolph Hearst, Jr. and Bob Considine, was making a Pulitzer-Prize-winning investigation of the new men in the Kremlin—and of their hot-and-cold aggressions.

"If our intentions were to conquer the world," Zhukov stated, "we would have marched to the Channel in 1946 when your country had demobilized."

"But, marshal," Conniff answered, "it is generally believed that the reason you didn't march was because we had the atom bomb."

"Ah, yes," Zhukov said. *"But you only had five."*

In the context of this account, that remark assumes importance simply because Zhukov could so casually allude to what was considered in the early postwar era the free world's most strategic secret. For three American newspapermen to ask him how he knew would have been both futile and impolite. Hearst, Conniff and Considine, moreover, could have made some educated guesses. This single disclosure fits in neatly with two other pieces of the historical jigsaw—the first now forgotten, the second never generally known.

Piece 1. By December, 1946, production of atomic bombs had slowed down almost to a halt. Many scientists had departed from Los Alamos, trailing moral indignation, for lucrative positions and the luxury of demanding that the United States share the new and more sophisticated secrets of nuclear research with the Soviet Union. Walter Lippmann was excoriating Bernard Baruch for failing to trust the Kremlin. And David Lilienthal was proposing that this country build atomic energy plants in the Soviet Union as a token of good faith. Only the more dedicated scientists continued to work in the depleted laboratories of Los Alamos.

Piece 2. Though the American people were told in 1949 by the Joint Atomic Energy Commission's majority members that David Lilienthal had found a shambles at Los Alamos but brought order and efficiency to the bomb project—and again in 1954 by Dr. Oppenheimer that he had opposed the hydrogen bomb because he wanted all effort to be focused on perfecting the fission bomb—the facts were somewhat at variance. For in 1948, shortly before the Soviet blockade of Berlin, another inventory was made at Los Alamos by the AEC. A check of A-bomb components showed that most, if not all, of America's nuclear arsenal was probably worthless. An essential ingredient of the stored bombs, it was discovered, had deteriorated and could not be counted on to bring about the necessary chain reaction.

President Truman has been roundly criticized for resorting to an airlift when the Red Army interposed its forces between West Germany and Berlin by closing the corridor. But knowing that America's major deterrent had been tragically compromised —and suspecting that the Kremlin risked war because it knew of America's impotence—he could not do otherwise. Only the healthy respect for America's ability to rearm rapidly prevented the Soviet Union from embarking on a new military adventure in 1948. Russia's massive plot to neutralize the United States's nuclear strength had two phases: Phase One was straightforward espionage; Phase Two was a concerted effort to destroy the "community of aim and effort" (in Oppenheimer's words) among American scientists. The two Phases were closely interrelated. It is still asked by those who consider the random political pronouncements of scientists as more valid than those of experts trained in cold war strategy: "Did the Soviets really steal the secrets of nuclear energy and its military application?" The question has been exhaustively answered, but it continues to be repeated because what it really asks is something else again: "Do spies and traitors exist?" Protesting the purity of their craft and the brotherhood of the test-tube, the scientists in effect denied this. In the West, it is almost an article of faith that a scientist is by definition a free soul seeking data unadulterated by political bias. The next—and already answered—question is: "Wouldn't Soviet science have eventually arrived at the theoretical, experimental, and technological data of portable nuclear fission independently of the spy Center's efforts?" What Soviet science might have done begs the question. Far more important is what Soviet science *did* do, given the state of postwar technology and Russia's shattered industrial plant.

Knowing that controlled fission in a small package had been achieved by the United States, Soviet scientists could, once the state allocated money and materials, have duplicated the theoretical labors which preceded the development of American nuclear weapons and, in time, have also repeated the preliminary laboratory experiments of Fermi, Teller, and their colleagues. But this work would simply deposit them at the locked door of the Atomic Age.

Without the aid of the Center's spies and its far-ranging apparatus—and at a cost which might have thoroughly disrupted the shaky Soviet economy—the Kremlin's scientists would probably have built the nuclear devices now in their possession. But there is more than a possibility that without the certainty of success—a certainty which could come only from categorical knowledge that the blueprint was theirs and could not fail to be made three-dimensional—Stalin would have delayed while he took stock of the wreckage about him. He was a cautious and dubious man, and it was in his nature to look suspiciously at what had not been, in our contemporary gobbledygook, "concretized." Imagination and the venture spirit entered the Kremlin with Nikita Khrushchev.

In 1951, the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee was ready to concede that had the Soviets started from scratch, it might have extended the "nuclear gap" by up to 10 years. Other experts have set the figure higher. It took four years for the massed industrial might and accumulated efficiency of such industrial giants as du Pont, General Electric, Tennessee Eastman, the Bell System, and a host of other corporations—working with the greatest convention in history of scientific minds and mobilizing existent resources of trained labor and raw materials—to produce the primitive bomb which fell on Hiroshima.

Even with the mass of data supplied by Fuchs, Nunn May, Hiskey, and other agents to ease the Soviet way (and the millions of dollars in scarce metals and strategic supplies, specifically designed for atomic development and graciously donated by the Lend-Lease Administration), the U.S.S.R. took four years to explode its first atomic device. It will never be known whether this was, in fact, a bomb—but we have President Truman's word that it was not. We have no one's word that it was. Whether the fissionable materials used in the Soviet test of 1949

were manufactured behind the Iron Curtain or stolen from the United States is also a moot point.

To understand the magnitude of America's contribution to the Soviet atomic project, it is necessary simply to recapitulate in brief some of the facts, figures, and problems solved by Western inventive and engineering genius under the driving leadership of General Groves. The major point is not that the atomic bombs which ended the Pacific war cost *x* billions of dollars, but rather how those bombs were made. The scientists and engineers had no guidelines, no technological precedents. They took raw theory, sometimes imperfect or tentative, and almost by trial and error began to construct the tremendously complex plants at Hanford, Oak Ridge, and Los Alamos. No one really knew what would work and what would not. Everything was tried. Since time was an essential factor, Groves and his associates could not afford to worry about duplication or waste motion if this would advance the work. There was no certain knowledge that one process might be superior to another—the scientists often differed—so different methods were simultaneously employed, at a justifiable cost in money and man-hours.

No other country in the world could have sustained this push. Yet it took the United States, Britain and Canada four years. It took the Soviet Union four years.

Before the bomb could be built, means had to be found for the mass separation of fissionable U-235 from U-238 which contained it in very small quantities. To this end, the green light was given to three different methods: the gaseous diffusion process, the electromagnetic process, and the thermal diffusion process. Eventually, the gaseous diffusion process proved to be the most effective. And it was this process, which Klaus Fuchs helped develop, to which the Soviets became heir. Had the U.S.S.R. been compelled by sound security at the MED to duplicate this three-pronged assault, the story of the last decade would have been differently written. The bad quality of Soviet workmanship, to which any visitor to the U.S.S.R. can attest, would have led to serious failures. But with the knowledge that they were moving down an already blazed trail, Soviet scientists proceeded with confidence.

The electromagnetic process plant cost close to four hundred million dollars. Electric power, of which the Soviet Union had a drastic shortage, alone counted for ten million dollars. Earmarked by the Treasury for the MED's industrial use were 86,000 tons of silver. General Groves has written of the "fabulous" amounts of special equipment needed—"the enormous oval-shaped electromagnets, the process bins and the units enclosed in them, the control cubicles, motor generator sets, vacuum systems, chemical recovery equipment and thousands of smaller parts." To give a small idea of these requirements, Groves notes that 128 carloads of electrical equipment arrived at Oak Ridge in one two-week period. (It was the severe shortages in the Soviet Union of the materials to manufacture this equipment during the postwar years that led President Truman and others to conclude that the atomic explosions detected after 1949 were caused by laboratory-created devices rather than production-line bombs.) In building the plant and beginning operations, 24,000 skilled men were needed—and the MED was compelled to send many of them to school to learn their new and unprecedented tasks.

Groves drove ahead at a breakneck pace, refusing to allow the perversity of inanimate objects or a more nagging human obtuseness to deter him. "The task of whipping the bugs out of equipment, overcoming failures, low efficiencies and losses, with untrained personnel, while surrounded by the dirt and din of construction work, was a prodigious one," he has stated—and this was an understatement. Often equipment would be installed at one end of a plant while construction work was still going on at the other—and this in handling equipment where tolerances were microscopic. Yet by mid-July 1944, the electromagnetic plant at Oak Ridge was delivering required amounts of fissionable materials to Los Alamos. Could this "miracle of the MED" have been repeated in the chaos of postwar Russia without precise blueprints?

The gaseous diffusion process, according to General Groves' statement, was "completely novel." It was one, moreover, which required the ultimate in engineering and technological sophistication. Its purpose was to separate U-235 from U-238. Despite a crash program to develop the necessary barriers, it was not until the entire K-25 plant at Oak Ridge had been constructed (at a cost of two hundred million dollars and covering close to forty-five acres of space) that the problem was solved.

Every inch of the road which led to the Alamogordo test was dangerous and uncharted. Like the pioneers, the scientists and engineers had to cut through virgin forests, blunder into impassable terrain and retrace their steps, forge new implements in the wilderness. All the massed scientific and technological might of three nations had to be mobilized. A whole new world was created at Hanford, Oak Ridge, and Los Alamos. Yet such is the nature of science that Dr. Walter Zinn, director of the Argonne National Laboratory, would remark that these new discoveries could sometimes be reduced, for transmission to a hostile nation, to "just a number."

The Soviet Union received far more than a number from the traitors, the dupes, and the professional agents. Thousands of words in the precise handwriting of Klaus Fuchs, sketches from David Greenglass, applied theory from the Communist cell at Berkeley, data from Clarence Hiskey, experimental techniques from Pontecorvo, invaluable materials from Nunn May—this was the ball game. Every piece of information which reached the Center in Moscow for distribution to teams of Soviet and German scientists saved Stalin and his successors thousands of man-hours in laboratories and over drawing boards. Every piece of information sped the Soviet traveler down the road hacked out by Western scientific genius. Given this help, the wonder is not that the Soviet Union developed a nuclear device of its own in four years but that it took so long.

And what of the super bomb, which Oppenheimer had in 1944 urged as essential to America's postwar arsenal? What of the "community of aim and effort" which abruptly ended with World War II, when the Soviet Union, rather than Nazi Germany, became the potential enemy? This, too, has been discussed. But armchair analysis aside, the flat and incontrovertible fact has been stated by Joseph Alsop and the scientist Ralph Lapp: "Between July, 1945 and January, 1950, there was no serious or concerted American effort to make the hydrogen bomb." Neither the scientific community (as a whole) nor the Atomic Energy Commission was really willing or ready to push ahead in a manner comparable to the earlier Los Alamos effort.

This, then, is the unfinished chapter. For the full story will not be closed by history. All the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle will never be fitted into place. But most of the blank places can be filled when those who now refuse to observe the emerging pattern cease to deny the facts of Soviet espionage, to belabor those who expose it, and to hamper those who must detect it. The spies, when discovered, flee the country or go to prison. But the spies do not act alone. They are aided and abetted by an underground conspiracy which gives them cover and supplies them with a constant stream of new recruits. Phase One of the greatest plot in history would not have succeeded had communism been understood and rejected by all honorable men in the 1930's and 1940's. It would not have succeeded had the scientific community not been poisoned in its thinking by *apparatchiks* and friends of *apparatchiks* who convinced it that security and FBI vigilance were an abomination.

Phase Two would have failed had not the intellectual community absorbed, almost with the air it breathed, the notion that the world's most vicious tyranny was an occasionally misguided but essentially idealistic experiment in social engineering. It would have failed had it realized that the uncertain verities of science do not apply to a battlefield where secret armies clash. Scientists construct, but the Communists, in Harold Laski's phrase, are dedicated to "the organization of catastrophe." Science and communism are mutually antagonistic.

Until the Communists have told their last lie, betrayed their last friend, and conquered their last enemy, Phase Two will continue. Voices will continue to plead that the Kremlin be given still another chance to demonstrate its good intentions. Only when Communist perfidy has been forever ground into the dust can this chapter be ended. **—Ralph de Toledano**

NEXT MONTH'S BOOK CONDENSATION

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF QUENTIN REYNOLDS

The Fabulous Career of a Great Newspaperman

---

this funny Life

A few weeks ago, a friend of mine, a seaman stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, told me of his first day's assignment as a radio man. In the radio room, the communications officer was explaining to him some of the tricks of the trade he had picked up.

The officer pointed to an intercom on the table near the ship's radio and warned, "Always be careful what you say around this squawk-box. The idiots in the front office (bridge) have it wired so that we don't know when they're listening in, and there isn't any way we can turn it off."

Immediately from the box came these words: "This is your commanding officer. If you were a good communications officer, you'd find a way!"

Allen K. Herring
Weston, Mass.

A business executive had to leave the house early one morning to meet an incoming associate at the airport, and he did so without disturbing his wife. Promptly at 7 o'clock she awoke, got up and prepared a delicious breakfast for him and went back to bed. When she got up much later she saw that nothing had been touched and she marched straight to the phone and called her husband at his office.

"Darling," she wailed in mock despair, "you don't love me any more!"

There was a short pause at the other end of the wire.

"Who," demanded her husband finally, "is this calling?"

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

A new employee in an office seemed to be a hopeless case. It made no difference how the office manager explained things—they were always done wrong, and for weeks the employee showed no signs of improvement. One morning after the inept fellow made a half dozen mistakes in office routine in rapid succession, the manager said wearily: "Can't you *ever* do anything right?"

There was a long moment of silence, followed by the reply: "Well, I've got eight kids!"

Daniel Brevetti
Chatham, N. J.

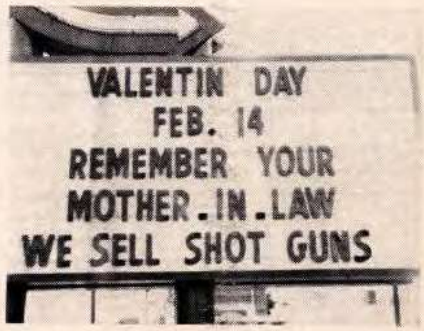
When Franklin D. Roosevelt was a young lawyer starting out in New York, he was retained to handle a difficult civil case. His opponent was a very effective jury pleader who knew he could outshine Roosevelt in the eyes of the jury. But he made the mistake of talking for several hours and Roosevelt noticed that the jury didn't pay much attention.

Playing a hunch Roosevelt said, "Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence. You also have listened to my distinguished colleague, a brilliant orator. If you believe him, and disbelieve the evidence, you will have to decide in his favor. That's all I have to say."

The jury took only five minutes to bring in a verdict for Roosevelt's client.

E. M. Marshall
Hamden, Conn.

Attached is a photo of a marquee at a shopping center at Castro Valley, California. Despite the misspelling, it seemed too good to be restricted to such a small area as Castro Valley.



George Barton
Concord, Calif.

On opening day of deer hunting, game protectors put a sign on a main road which read: "Check station 1 mile ahead." At the sign was a convenient side road. Lawful hunters went straight ahead. Overlimit and doubtful hunters ducked down the side road. The check station? You guessed it. It was 500 yards down the side road.

Paul Brey
Ontario, Wisc.

My brother-in-law, a farmer, was suing Mr. Bleck for injuries sustained when Mr. Bleck's truck ran into the back of my brother-in-law's wagon. The defense attorney asked my brother-in-law why he now testified that he was injured, while at the time of the mishap he had remained silent.

"Well, sir," replied my brother-in-law, "Mr. Bleck got out of his truck and came over and looked at my horse. Seeing he had a broken leg, Mr. Bleck went back to his truck and got a *double*-barreled shotgun. Blam! He shot my horse. He then walked over to me, lying in the ditch on my back, and asked, 'Mister, are you hurt?' "

Robert K. Rosencrance
Hawthorne, N. J.

While making the rounds of bars in the Shimbashi area of Tokyo one night we came upon a small joint that was really jumping. We decided this was just the place for that evening's activities, but just above the door was a large white sign lettered in black to read: OFF LIMITS TO GIs.

Being good soldiers we entered to find the tiny quarters packed with other servicemen. When we were finally served we asked the bartender if business was always so good.

He answered in his broken English, "No business at all until I painted Off Limits sign. Now full with GIs all the time."

George E. Cook
Amarillo, Tex.

Two men, walking home from a night of poker playing, were feeling a bit gay.

One of the two turned and said to his partner: "I've read so much about the bad effects that drinking and smoking have on a man that I've decided to give up reading entirely."

Wilfred Beaver
Chicago, Ill.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

In Turkey, they almost cooked my goose with their Ring-of-Fire leap

1. "It was too late to back out," writes Chuck Kern, American friend of Canadian Club, "but as the flames crackled around the ring I had to jump through, I called myself seven kinds of idiot. In Turkey, only top athletes from colleges and military academies dare the 'ring-of-fire leap' but I let my friends kid me into making the try. It seemed simple—just a run ending with a dive through a hoop. But what a difference when they pour on gasoline and set the ring on fire!

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF 'CANADIAN CLUB' WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

2. "The flames formed a searing curtain. Miss the center and more than my pride would suffer. I sprinted down the path. With every ounce of strength I had, I leaped headfirst at the ring.

3. "I aimed for the center but I jumped too high. A flame licked at my shirt and I was on fire! Even before my feet touched the ground, my Turkish friends were on me, tearing off the flaming shirt.

4. "I was more than a little shaken by my close call so I welcomed my friends' suggestion of a consoling drink of their favorite whisky . . . and mine . . . Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to start enjoying Canadian Club—*the world's lightest whisky*—this very evening.

Canadian Club **6 years old. Imported in bottle from Canada**

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L&M's the filter cigarette for people who really like to smoke.